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A LASTING PEACE

A Conversation between X. (a neutral)
and Y. (an Englishman)

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BY

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*A Conversation between X. (a neutral)
and Y. (an Englishman).*

X. Let me ask you two questions : Why the Allies reject the proposal to make peace at once? And secondly : Why they are unable to accept the idea of a peace without victory?

Y. These two questions are closely connected; indeed, they are the same question in two different forms. To put the answer quite simply, the Allies refuse to make peace now, because it would mean a peace *without* victory to them, but *with* victory for Germany. At the present moment Germany is undefeated, though we believe she is nearing defeat. We are not victorious, though we believe our victory is at hand. How can you expect us to give up the reward when it appears to be within our grasp?

X. But why continue the bloodshed in order to obtain a result which you allow to be uncertain? Your enemies are now willing to give you practically all you want, or, at least, all that an impartial outsider would say you are entitled to expect.

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Y. Well, heaven knows, we should all be glad to stop the bloodshed, but are the facts really as you say? Is the enemy willing to surrender his conquests, even so far as to restore pre-war conditions? We have no reason to suppose that this is the case.

We are without positive information on the subject, but all that we *do* know points to the conclusion that Germany means to keep all she can hold. The German Chancellor has told us more than once, and so late even as last June, that the terms of peace will be settled according to the war map, that is, that, generally speaking, the military *status quo* is to be maintained. Last April he declared that Belgium and Poland must be brought under German control. In September, again, he referred to this speech as still expressing his views. Prince von Bülow, ex-Chancellor, and one of the most important men in Germany, in the new edition of his book "Imperial Germany," revised since the War began, repeatedly says that Germany is entitled to guarantees in the form of large additions of territory, and he explicitly refuses to hear of giving back Alsace-Lorraine. The different parties in the Reichstag, except the Socialists, are unanimous in demanding large territorial annexations. The "intellectuals" and the great groups representing commerce and industry, in their published manifestoes, follow the same line. The leading newspapers, again excepting those of the Socialist group, are unani-

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mous in claiming the fruits of victory. In short, Germany, official and unofficial, shows no intention whatever of making such concessions as would be acceptable to us, so long as the Allies have a regiment in the field or a pound in their pockets.

Moreover, the refusal of the German Government to state any terms in answer to President Wilson's request for information shows that their terms are not such as will bear publicity at this juncture, or would be approved in the United States. To offer to negotiate on such a basis as this, when we have laid our cards on the table, while Germany keeps hers up her sleeve, would be to play the game of negotiation under a fatal handicap. Besides, to negotiate now would not only be a terrible discouragement to our troops, but it would be equivalent to a confession that our resources are exhausted, and would be a direct incentive to Germany to raise her terms.

X. But, surely, if you enter on negotiations now, the Germans will be compelled to show their hand. Some concessions they will certainly make, for it is evident that they want peace. Why not be content with what you can get and spare yourselves all the additional loss of lives and treasure?

Y. I answer : What you suggest is a compro-

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mise, and we cannot accept a compromise unless we are forced to do so.

X. I do not see why.

Why no Compromise.

Y. Because, in the first place, a compromise would imply condoning the gigantic crime of forcing this war upon Europe, the invasion of Belgium, and all the hideous wrongs that have accompanied the conquest of that country, of northern France, of Serbia and Poland, the sinking of unarmed and peaceful ships, the murder of their passengers, the Armenian massacres, and all the endless tale of iniquities which we, at least, can never forget. For these crimes it would be impossible, under present military conditions, to exact any retribution or indemnity; and yet they cry aloud, not, indeed, for vengeance, but for just retribution. To right them fully is impossible. We cannot restore to life the murdered civilians of Dinant and Aerschot, or the passengers in the *Lusitania*, or Nurse Cavell, or Captain Fryatt; but neither can we pass over those deeds as if they had never been done, or desist from endeavouring to rectify them, and from taking measures to prevent their recurrence, so long as we have any strength left. What happens to a State which allows its laws to be broken with impunity and crime to go unpunished? It breaks up; anarchy takes the place of order, and civilisation perishes;

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and so it would be with a community of nations if it condoned, while it had the power to punish, such intolerable injuries as have lately been inflicted on it.

In the second place, a compromise would mean that Germany would be left in a position to renew the struggle whenever it suited her, to organise her forces for victory even more completely than before, to break up the present alliance by buying out one or other member of it, to prepare her fleets and armies for a fresh and greater effort. And she would do this with the comforting assurance that the forces of the four greatest States of Europe, outside her own League, had not only been unable to break her resistance, but had been driven to leave her in a more advantageous position than before; for, whatever concessions she might make, she would undoubtedly retain some, probably a large portion, of her gains, those, namely, which would contribute most to her future strength, and be most helpful in a further advance. The alliance which she now dominates would remain unbroken. Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria would feel that they had done right in siding with Germany, and would be bound to her more closely than ever, while Greece would lose no time in joining the League which had defied the rest of Europe. On the other hand, disappointment would prevail in the camp of the Allies; dissatisfaction, mutual distrust and recrimination would split the Alliance into

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fragments; and, with an enfeebled Europe, Germany would have in another ten or twenty years an easy task.

The German Character.

X. But are not these fears exaggerated? Will not the Germans perceive the impossibility of succeeding in their attempt to dominate Europe? Surely they are sensible enough to perceive that fact, and, therefore, to abstain in future from such ambitious designs?

Y. I must venture to dissent from your conception of German character. We have come to know that character by bitter experience in these latter years. We have studied their literature, their speeches, the character and actions of their public men, and we have only too much reason to believe that the hopes you express are vain. We know their aims and ambitions; we know their capacity for framing a national ideal, and for devoting themselves wholeheartedly to its attainment; we know their wonderful power of organisation, their combination of docility and self-confidence, their unbounded belief in German Kultur. The ideal they have set before themselves is, we must allow, an inspiring one, though we believe it to be destructive to all true civilisation, to nationality and freedom. They will not abandon this ideal so easily. They might abandon it if they were really beaten and knew that they were

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beaten, but you are supposing a compromise which would imply that they are *not* beaten. They might recognise that to achieve world-domination is no easy task, but they would not have been brought to see that it is impossible. They know they have made mistakes, and to these they would attribute their partial failure. Mistakes may be rectified; and they are wonderful learners. With fuller preparation and all their experiences of this war, they will naturally think they could do better another time. We must remember how nearly they succeeded on this occasion, how close to a crushing victory they have been. Leave them any ground for hope, and they will certainly build upon it a fresh structure of ambition and of effort to gain their end.

X. Well, it may be so, but at least you will allow that your view is arguable, and that your diagnosis of German character may be incorrect.

Y. My conclusion is, of course, arguable, for nothing in the political future is certain. In politics we always have to act on probabilities, but a review of the past makes my conclusion as nearly certain as any political anticipation can be; and, since we must act on probabilities, it would be mere unintelligent optimism to adopt any other view.

X. I am not yet satisfied as to the impossi-

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bility of accepting a compromise. Let us go a little further into that question. What are the possibilities as to terms of peace?

The Three Solutions.

Y. Of course, in so complicated a matter, involving nothing less than a re-constitution of Europe and affecting also other parts of the world, infinite gradations in the terms of peace are possible. We cannot go far into details, but, roughly speaking, there are three possible solutions. First, what we may call the German solution—a peace based on present military conditions, involving some concessions, but retaining the present features of the War Map in a greater or less degree—in short, a compromise. This would be the result of a peace *now*. It would be a peace with victory—for Germany. Secondly, a return to pre-war political conditions. This would be a peace without victory for either side. Thirdly, acceptance of the Allies' terms, as stated in their answer to the President, or something resembling them. This would be a peace with victory—for the Allies. Let us look at these three solutions in order, and examine their probable results.

(I) *Possible German Concessions.*

First, then, as to the German solution. What are the concessions that Germany might be induced to grant? It will simplify our ideas if we divide the possible concessions into three

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groups—the Eastern, the South-Eastern, and the Western. This grouping arises naturally from the facts of the case, and it corresponds to the existence in Germany of two schools of political thought, apparent to close observers before the war, and more obvious since, both in the alternations of German strategy and in their utterances respecting terms of peace. Of course there are extremists like Count Reventlow, who loudly proclaim their intention of keeping all their conquests both East and West. They would establish Germany in an absolutely secure position against all possible opponents, and would extend her control not only over Eastern and Western Europe, but over a great part of Asia as well. This is, of course, the fully-developed Pan-German plan, which some chauvinists in Germany still think it possible to realise at once as the outcome of the present war. It would be interesting to examine in detail the views of this party; but, as it is clear that without a crushing German victory such views could not be realised, we may dismiss them for the present.

X. In this case, is it worth while to mention them at all?

Y. Yes, it is worth while, because such utterances, even the most extravagant, indicate ideals which may one day be realised, and to the realisation of which the conquests already made

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by Germany will conduce. We must remember that the full Pan-German scheme, grandiose as it is, is not in itself absurd or impracticable. It is not only a logical and a feasible plan, but it is one towards which they have already made a great advance. It would be quite possible for them to give up part of their conquests while keeping enough to make the attainment of the whole only a question of time and determination. Supposing, then, that they are ready to abandon part of their conquests, the question arises what parts might be abandoned. On this point the Eastern and the Western schools are in conflict.

The Easterners, who regard expansion towards the East and South-East as the primary aim of German policy, who dread, or pretend to dread, Russia as the great menace to Germany, who have their eyes fixed on Constantinople and the Bagdad Railway—these men would be ready, in order to retain their Eastern and South-Eastern conquests, to give up Belgium and Northern France, insisting only on certain strategic rectifications of frontier in the West. Of these men, Prince von Bülow is, perhaps, the chief; Hans Delbrück, a very important publicist, seems to adopt similar views; the great bankers and others, who see unlimited possibilities for the lucrative employment of capital in the Balkans and in Western Asia, take the same side. To abandon their Western conquests would, they think, buy off

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the opposition of the Western Allies, and at the same time conciliate neutral feeling.

The Westerners, on the other hand, who are not afraid of Russia, but regard England as the great enemy, would cling at all costs to Belgium and the North-western French coast, feeling that, if they could be in a position to threaten England and to overrun France at any moment, they could revive their advance in the South-East whenever they pleased. Admiral von Tirpitz and the Navy League are strong supporters of this policy; so also are the Colonial Party and the great manufacturers of Westphalia, who find the natural exit for their overseas trade in the North Sea. In fact, all those who believe that "the future of Germany lies upon the water," in the Kaiser's phrase, would cling to their Western conquests, especially Antwerp and the Flemish coast.

Now, even if we leave the extremists out of account, there is no probability whatever that Germany, entering a Peace Conference in the present state of things, would go beyond making one or other of these groups of concessions. She would certainly not make all three. She might abandon either Belgium and Northern France, or Poland and Curland, or Serbia, Montenegro and Wallachia; she would not dream of abandoning all these conquests at once. Why on earth should she? She is not beaten yet. She holds these conquests still, and would make full use of the principle *Beati possidentes*.

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Results of a Compromise.

Now, in whichever way a compromise of this sort were made, what would be the inevitable result? The first result would be that Germany would drive a wedge into the hostile alliance, which it would be unable to resist. If satisfaction were given to England and France in the West, so far as evacuation of the occupied territory is concerned, and if, further, the Trentino were abandoned to Italy, while the Eastern and South-Eastern conquests were in some way or other retained, how would Russia, Serbia, Montenegro, and Rumania fare? Serbia and Montenegro would cease to exist. Russia and Rumania, losing large territories and all chance of influence in the Balkans, would be permanently alienated from the Western Powers and driven sooner or later to enter the German camp. If, on the other hand, Germany and Austria-Hungary agreed to withdraw in the East and South-East, while retaining their conquests in the West, England and France would be permanently alienated from their Eastern Allies. In either case the Alliance would cease to exist; and this result was probably the first aim of Germany in proposing a Peace Conference at this stage.

Apart from this difficulty (though, indeed, it is an insuperable objection to any compromise), what would be the political result of leaving Germany in possession of any of its

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conquests, in the East, the South-East, or the West? Suppose, first, that Germany retained the conquered parts of Russia, Curland, and the Baltic Coast up to, and perhaps including, Riga, and made Russian Poland an autonomous kingdom, as she has proclaimed her intention of doing. Russia would be left in a defenceless condition. Strategically, the loss would be fatal, for Germany would take care to secure an impregnable line of defence. The new kingdom of Poland, which it is proposed to put under a German or an Austrian prince, would inevitably gravitate to the Central Powers and be absorbed in the German Zollverein; and economical absorption would lead on to political. We must remember that the Central Powers have no intention whatever of releasing the Polish provinces—Posen and Galicia—which now form part of their dominions. These are to remain as they were. Such a result would be intolerable for Russia, and would leave Germany free to pursue her machinations in the Balkans unchecked.

Suppose, next, that Germany retained the advantages she has won in the South-East. The destruction of Serbia, the annexation of Montenegro and the greater part of Albania, as well as of Wallachia, the enormous additions to Bulgaria and her alliance with the Central Powers, would make those powers dominant in the Balkans and would mean also the absorption of Turkey into the Central-European system. From Constantinople eastward, German influence

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would be extended by the Bagdad Railway and its branches over Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, over Syria and Palestine; and British hold on Egypt and India would be gravely imperilled. It would be in the power of Germany, whenever she felt ready for a new advance, to deal a deadly blow at the British Empire in its most vulnerable parts. German writers like Paul Rohrbach, Reventlow, and many others, make no secret of the fact that this is their principal aim in the *Drang nach Osten*—the eastward expansion of Germany. And what would become of the principle of nationality, which the President, agreeing in this with the Allies, adopts as the governing principle in the reconstruction of Europe? It would be violated in Poland, in Serbia, and Montenegro, in Macedonia and Rumania—in short, all along the line. A compromise of this sort is evidently inadmissible.

There remains the third possible compromise. Suppose that Germany consented to give up her conquests in the East and South-East, but retained those in the West, at all events her hold on Belgium, with a rectification (for strategic purposes) of the French frontier. What would be the result? In the first place, France, surrounded on two sides by the German Empire, would be helpless before the advance of the German armies. Next, Antwerp would become what Napoleon called it—a pistol pointed at the heart of England; and Zeebrugge, already

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a great submarine depôt, would be little less important. I need hardly point out that, with Belgium in German hands, Calais, Boulogne, and even Havre, would hardly be tenable in the event of war. Antwerp could easily be made an impregnable fortress. The Dutch would be forced to abandon their hold on the Scheldt and probably on Flushing as well, and to allow free passage for German ships of war and commerce up and down the river. The mouth of the Scheldt would be converted into another and a stronger Wilhelmshaven, a great military harbour within 80 miles of the mouth of the Thames.

Nor would the expansion of Germany stop there. Holland, thus encircled by German territory would, even if she did not in theory lose her independence, inevitably become, to all intents and purposes, part of the German Empire. Rotterdam would soon be as much a German port as Antwerp. Denmark would probably have to follow suit; Norway and Sweden and Switzerland would be practically helpless before such a power. The principle of nationality would be violated not only by the conquest of Belgium, but by the practical absorption of the other small States.

It is obvious, then, that to leave Germany in possession of Belgium would be fatal to the security of France and Great Britain; and I lay stress upon this fact, because the first duty of any State is self-preservation—the safe-guarding

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of its own independence, without which it can do nothing to protect its honour or the interests of its weaker friends and neighbours. But, quite apart from this, it is equally clear that we could not, while we have breath in our bodies, abandon the cause of Belgian independence, which we are bound in honour to defend, and for the sake of which we entered on this war. It was not only the prime cause, but, at the outset, the sole cause, for which we elected to fight. It was the cause which united the whole nation, without respect of creed or party, in one solid resolve. Our national honour was involved; we could do naught else.

The German attack on Belgium, apart from the atrocities which accompanied it, was as flagrant a violation of national rights and international law, of common justice and the dictates of humanity, as has ever been committed in the history of the world. It is a test case, not for us only, but for all mankind. To condone such a wrong, to leave the plunder in the hands of the criminal, would be fatal to the honour and to the interests, not of Great Britain only, but of all her Allies. Even neutral States—such at least as are in a position to resist—if they consented to such a failure of justice, would be participants in the crime. The whole world may be thankful that the most powerful neutral, the United States, has now come to see the necessity of intervention, and has decided to throw its moral weight and its immense resources into the

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scale. Such an addition of strength to the cause of justice and liberty will be irresistible.

Therefore no Compromise possible.

I conclude, then, that none of the compromises to which I have referred would be acceptable. And I would offer these further considerations. Whichever form of compromise we adopt, there would be no hope of permanent peace in such a solution. It would merely be a truce. Armaments would be redoubled. The utmost tension would continue, and before long another war or a series of wars would break out, to end only in a crushing victory for one side or the other—the side which claims universal dominion, or the side which supports freedom and nationality. Where, again, would be the “freedom of the seas,” with Germany holding the Dutch and Flemish coasts in the hollow of her hand, and able by her influence in Denmark to close the Baltic? We have seen a little lately of the way in which Germany interprets the phrase, and can guess what sort of freedom seafaring neutrals would enjoy when Germany possesses a fleet equal to the British (as she would strive to make it) and a host of U-boats, or rather submarine commerce-destroyers, as superior to those with which she began the war as a swarm of hornets is to a column of gnats hovering in the summer sun.

Lastly, what would be the fate of democracy in Europe? It would have failed—dismally

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failed—in the conflict with organised and intelligent autocracy. And it would have failed owing to the defects which seem characteristic of democracy—unpreparedness and want of foresight. Germany would have won, for I must repeat that a compromise of any sort would be a victory for Germany, even if her gains were less than I have supposed. And she would have won by virtue of the advantages which an intelligent autocracy can offer—because she was organised and ready, and the Allies were not. She won in the first fifteen months of war; the Battle of the Marne merely prevented her victory from being crushing and complete; and we have been trying ever since, so far without much success, to undo the results of those early victories. Democracy might retain the sympathies of all lovers of liberty as the best method of domestic government, but it would have shown itself to be a system unable to save the State from loss or even from destruction.

Autocracy v. Democracy.

X. But is this conclusion so sure? Germany, after all, is constitutionally governed, while Russia, your Ally, was, till the other day, an autocracy. How, then, can you talk of the war as a conflict between autocracy and democracy?

Y. The objection is fair, but I think it can be easily answered. It is true that Germany is constitutionally governed, but her constitution is far from being democratic, or what we should

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call politically free. In regard to foreign policy, and in regard to peace and war, the German Emperor is independent of parliamentary control. He is "Kriegsherr" (Commander-in-Chief), and has absolute control of the fleet. His Ministers are not responsible to Parliament, but to him. To all intents and purposes, therefore, so far at least as its relations with other countries are concerned, the government of Germany is autocratic. On the other side, Russia was, no doubt, for the first two years of the war, an autocracy, though she had already made large advances towards democratic government, and, considering her established constitution and her Duma, could hardly be said to be more autocratically governed than Germany. But, even granting this, my statement holds good. For, in the first place, the Allied States, with the exception of Russia, were, from the outset, democratic; and the fact that autocratic Russia was a member of the Alliance would not have precluded us from saying, even in 1914, that the future of democracy was involved in its success. And, secondly, you will observe that I described the conflict as one between democracy, on the one side, and "organised and intelligent autocracy" on the other. Now, no one would contend that, in the matter of intelligence and organisation, the Russian autocracy could compare with the German. It was an incapable and corrupt autocracy, and, even if it did not contemplate treachery to the State and its Allies, showed a lamentable want of

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efficiency in the conduct of the war. Hence its fall. But, in comparing the respective merits of two forms of government, you must take the best types of each. If you are pleading the cause of democracy, you will not allow your opponent to take Mexico as a type; you will refer to the United States, or France, or the British Empire. Similarly, in estimating the value of autocracy, you must take Germany as an example of autocracy at its best. I repeat, then, that this war is a critical test of what democracy and autocracy, each taken at its best, can do to save and to advance the State in an hour of supreme trial. I do not say that the victory of Germany would prove autocracy to be the best form of government in the long run, or in all circumstances—far from it—but I do say, that it would prove autocracy to be, at a time when the very existence of the State is in jeopardy, a far more efficient form of government than democracy. And the cause of political liberty would suffer from such a verdict, not in the defeated countries only, but throughout the world.

X. But would not the future of democracy and the peace of the world be secured by a solution which gave victory to neither side? This, it has been said on high authority, is the only sort of peace which the United States could endorse.

(2) *Return to Pre-war Conditions.*

Y. Your question brings us to the second of

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the three possible solutions I laid down just now, namely, a return to the condition of things which existed before the war. Now, this would be, no doubt, in a sense, a desirable solution. It would be desirable for the Allies, because it would mean the defeat of the soaring ambitions nourished by the monarchs and the governing classes of the Central Powers. They would, at least, have failed in their effort to establish a world dominion; and the consequences of failure might recoil on their heads. But it would be anything but satisfactory to the people of Germany, and still less to their rulers. How could it be anything but profoundly unsatisfactory to Germany and Austria-Hungary, not to mention their Allies, to have suffered such losses of men and treasure, to have gone through all the agony of such a conflict, and yet to have nothing to show for it in the end? Now the bulk of the German people have been deluded by their rulers into the belief that the war is a purely defensive war on their side. Believing this—and I have no doubt most Germans honestly believe it—they would feel entitled to large compensations, territorial and pecuniary, and would naturally claim material guarantees, not mere “scraps of paper,” to secure them against the repetition of the alleged attack. They have conquered vast territories in this war. Why should they give them up without a *quid pro quo*? On the other hand, they have lost their over-sea possessions; why should they not retain

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their European conquests, at least till they get their colonies back? In such circumstances as now exist it is ridiculous to suppose that they would accept the return to pre-war conditions without more ado. We must look facts in the face. The Germans are actually in possession of these conquered territories. There is not a man among them, except a few extreme Socialists, who would be ready to surrender their conquests without a further struggle. To do so would be to recognise defeat; and they are not yet defeated.

What then? If they will not voluntarily surrender these territories and restore Europe to its former condition, nothing but defeat or exhaustion will force them to do so. If this be true—and no one can doubt that it is true—what becomes of your “peace without victory?” If, after two and a half years of war, the war map still corresponded with the political conformation of Europe before the war began, then, indeed, the time might have come for “peace without victory,” for the result would be a stalemate which both sides might accept as final. But that is far from being the case. A return from the present state of things to what existed before the war is utterly impossible without a decisive victory for the Allies. Observe, I say “decisive,” not “crushing.” We have no wish to crush Germany. To talk of crushing a nation of seventy millions is, to begin with, absurd. We do not wish to split up

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Germany or destroy its unity or alter its internal arrangements, or to limit its honest industry and commerce, but we do wish to put an end to its aggressive tendencies, to abolish the fear of war which has overshadowed Europe for the last five-and-twenty years, to defeat once for all the German effort to create a world-empire at the point of the sword.

X. Well, granting that this result could not be achieved without victory, would it not be a fully satisfactory result? The defeat of Germany's ambitions in the present war, the sobering sense of unrequited loss, would probably tame the Germans into decent members of the great family of nations. Why, then, demand so much more? Why insist, as you do in your reply to the President, on a number of alterations in the map of Europe which will be resisted by Germany to the last? These alterations seem to many neutrals to be unnecessary; and your insistence on them will prolong the war.

Pre-war Conditions unsatisfactory.

Y. I answer that we cannot be satisfied with the solution which we have just considered, because it would keep open all the questions which have disturbed Europe for the last forty years. It would leave unhealed the running sores which so long have poisoned the body politic, and it would therefore render another war or series of wars all but inevitable. Look at the question

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of Alsace-Lorraine ! Look at that of Poland ! Look at the group of problems which make up the Eastern Question—at the condition of the Balkan Peninsula, at that of the Ottoman Empire, and the constant temptation it presents to ambitious and aggressive powers, at the disturbed state of Austria-Hungary, which is a mere political name for an agglomerate of races, two of which hold down the rest by force ! Most of these problems involve breaches of the principle of nationality, a principle which has come more and more to the front during the last hundred years, and is now recognised as supplying the only safe basis on which a group of States can rest with any hope of lasting peace. Nationality is to a group of human beings what individuality is to the individual. The sense of nationality is to a nation what self-consciousness is to a man. Once it has become ingrained in a people you cannot destroy it. But you may violate it by dividing that people up or subjecting a part of it to alien rulers ; and such violations are, in our days, when the sense of nationality is more fully developed than ever before, among the most fruitful sources of international quarrels.

X. Allow me to interrupt you for a moment. You set great store by the principle of nationality, and rightly so ; but is not Great Britain itself an offender in this respect ? How about Ireland and South Africa, India, and Egypt ?

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- *Great Britain and Nationality.*

Y. That is a pertinent question, but I think I can show that the principle is not violated in any of these cases. To explain fully and to defend adequately our position with regard to each would require a very lengthy discussion. I can only answer briefly, but this much may be said, and it will be enough.

(a) *Ireland.*

Let us take Ireland first. We often hear, nowadays, the phrase "Ireland a nation." But Ireland is not, and never has been, a nation in the proper sense of the word—in the sense in which we use it of, say, Poland or Serbia. For more than 700 years she has been under the same crown with England; for three centuries she has been part of the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." She has long been on the same footing as Scotland and Wales, who are perfectly content with their position; she has her share, and more than her proper share, in the parliamentary representation of the whole. It is true that the bulk of the Irish people, anxious to manage their own affairs and insisting on their separateness from the rest of the United Kingdom, have for some time demanded the right of self-government. But it must be remembered that at least a third of the population, representing more than half the wealth and industrial prosperity of the country,

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adheres with passionate loyalty to the old connection. In spite of this difficulty and many others, little understood abroad, Parliament has now conferred on nationalist Ireland the autonomy she desires. Home Rule is on the Statute Book; the execution of the measure merely awaits the end of the war. Not content with this, some Irish demand complete separation and independence, and with this object they rebelled a year ago. But this demand we cannot concede; to break up the Empire in such a way would be suicidal. In 1861, the Northern States of the American Union refused to give way when a similar demand was made by the South, rightly conceiving that to yield the point at issue would have been to seal their own death-warrant. Yet, whatever claim Ireland has to independence could have been advanced with equal justice, and with more of legal right, on behalf of the South. In refusing independence to Ireland we are merely following the example of the United States.

(b) *South Africa.*

To turn to South Africa. Now it may be allowed that the Dutch Boers have a strong sense of nationality, and that they are in many ways distinct from the British inhabitants of the country. But, apart from the just cause of quarrel which we had with the government of the Transvaal, two things must be remembered. First, that the Boer States in 1899 were not

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independent, but were actually subject to British sovereignty, and formed (though their situation was vaguely defined) a part of the British Empire. The Boer War was thus, in a sense, our Secession War. Secondly, we did not declare war on the Boer States, but they on us. Encouraged by the hope of German aid, and with the intention not only of gaining independence but of expelling us altogether from South Africa, they broke off the negotiations that were in progress, and invaded Natal. But within four years of our success, we voluntarily restored to the vanquished party their autonomy, with the full rights of self-government enjoyed by Canada and the other Dominions of the Crown. And what has been the result? Two years ago a small fraction of the people sought to take advantage of our difficulties, but their rebellion was easily suppressed by the South African Government, with General Botha at its head; and the very men who fifteen years back were in arms against us, are now fighting loyally shoulder to shoulder with the British troops. It does not appear that the Dutch of South Africa conceive their nationality to be violated by their incorporation as free citizens of the British Empire.

(c) *Egypt.*

Of Egypt and India less need be said. In both countries an infinitesimal portion of the people nourishes nationalist aspirations, but the vast mass of the population is entirely devoid of

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national self-consciousness. And it must be remembered that nationality is a moral rather than a physical fact; where a people is unconscious of the community which it implies, where, in other words, it has no *sense* of nationality, nationality cannot be said to exist. Now the Egyptians have never been a nation since the days of the Pharaohs, if then; and their condition, for ages past, has been such as to prevent them from acquiring the sense. Conquered by the Saracens in the seventh century, and by the Turks in the sixteenth, they have been almost consistently badly ruled. For the first time since the days of the Roman Empire, the British occupation, beginning thirty-five years ago, gave Egypt the blessings of orderly and enlightened government. Under British guidance Egypt has made since then amazingly rapid progress in general prosperity. If we withdrew at this moment, not only would that progress cease, but Egypt would pass again under the pernicious rule of the Turk, or would become, what it has so often been before, the battle-ground and prize of the warring European nations. Does anyone in his senses wish it to succumb to either fate?

(d) *India.*

To talk of Indian nationality is still more absurd. India is not a country, but a continent. In the vast congeries of peoples which make up its 300 millions of inhabitants, there are differences of race, language, creed, and civili-

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sation, as wide as those which separate, say, the Spaniard from the Sudanese, or the Europe of the tenth century from that of the twentieth. You might as well talk of a European as of an Indian nationality. There is no unity in India except that of the British Raj. But we have not been unmindful of the fact that eventually a sense of nationality may and should develop in our great dependency, and that it is our duty not only to govern, but also to educate towards political liberty and self-government. In this direction India has made considerable advances in recent years; and such steps, cautiously and wisely made, may ultimately lead to some form of Federal State, able to take its place among the great self-governing Dominions of the Crown. But that day, if it is ever to come, is far ahead. For the present we have shouldered "the white man's burden" in these backward portions of our Empire; and we cannot throw it off if we would. To abandon our task now would mean inevitably the return of India to a state of anarchy and internecine war, one of the first results of which would be the extinction of the so-called "nationalists" at the hands of the more war-like races, the Mahrattas, the Sikhs, or the Rajputs; and this warfare would only end, after the utter destruction of its present prosperity, in the substitution, by reconquest, of some other external control for that of Great Britain. No well-wisher of India would desire for that country so disastrous a lot.

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Nationality in Europe.

Such considerations as these—which might be indefinitely expanded and strengthened—will dissipate, I venture to hope, the objection that a supporter of the British Empire has no right to come forward as a champion of oppressed nationalities. Let us now return to Europe, for it is there that the question presses for immediate solution. We are anxious, as I have said, to put an end, so far as we can, to this source of trouble at our very doors. I say, so far as we can, for there are regions in which races and nationalities are so mixed up, as, for instance, in Macedonia, that it is almost impossible to disentangle them. All we can hope to do in such cases is to come as near as possible to carrying out the principle, in the hope that, in course of time, neighbourly feeling and decent government will obliterate ancient animosities and induce a new sense of common nationality.

In the Balkans generally, the difficulty of applying the principle is great, but with firmness and goodwill there is no reason why its application should not succeed, with infinite consequences for good in a region which has long been the storm-centre of Europe. In Poland, on the contrary, the solution is comparatively simple and easy, and it is hoped that it may be attained in the peace which will end this war. The American public sympathises with the wrongs of Poland. The President has instanced her

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case as that in which the application of the principle is most obviously required. The Emperor of Russia has pledged his word to emancipate the Polish nation; and the Allies have formerly included this solution in their conditions of peace.

It is, however, in the Austro-Hungarian Empire that the problem is most acute and also most difficult of application, because it involves the disruption of a great and ancient monarchy with whose existence the interests of Germany are closely bound up. But the Austro-Hungarian problem has to be faced, because it is here that the greatest wrongs have been and still are inflicted. In that Empire the Slav nationalities are tyrannised over by the German and the Magyar. We have therefore stipulated for the emancipation of the Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia, the Slovaks of Northern Hungary, the Slavs of Croatia and other districts, and their formation into independent States. If they choose ultimately to form a federation, or two or more federations, they should be at liberty to do so; that is *their* concern. But, so long as the present system exists, it is impossible. Italy also has a rightful claim against Austria on behalf of the Italians of "Italia Irredenta" living under Austrian sway; while the Trentino, which in Austrian hands dominates the Lombard plain, exposing Italy to the risk of invasion at any moment, must be restored to the country to which it rightfully belongs.

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To Rumania, Austria-Hungary should give up the three millions of Rumanians who live under the Hungarian yoke westward of the Carpathian Mountains. On the same principles the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine must be restored to France. They were torn from her in 1871 without the consent of their inhabitants, who, whether they talked French or German, are French in their characters and aspirations to the backbone.

Lastly, there is the Ottoman Empire, an anachronism and a monstrosity in Europe. The Turk came in as a conqueror some five centuries ago, and he has lived in Europe as a barbarian and a tyrant ever since, impervious to European civilisation except on its worst side. Almost all the European territories over which he once ruled have been taken from him in the last hundred years, but he still retains a foothold in one of the noblest cities of the world. In this war he has leagued himself with the supporters of despotism and the oppressors of nationality, in the hope of recovering some of his lost possessions and perpetuating his corrupt and pernicious rule. Forty years ago Mr. Gladstone declared, in a famous phrase, that it was high time that the Turk should be expelled "bag and baggage" from the lands she had devastated and despoiled. We made the mistake of saving him in 1878, but we have no intention of repeating the blunder. President Wilson has recognised the right of every great and progressive nation

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to have a free outlet to the sea when its economic life depends upon it. In placing Russia in command of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus we shall secure for her such an outlet. Nor does it appear possible to attain this end in any other way. For another Power, whether great or small, in command of the Straits, could at any moment, with the aid of modern appliances, close them to Russian ships, and thus debar Russia from the only outlet open to her for half the year.

X. All this sounds very well, but are not the changes you propose conquests on a large scale ? And, if so, is there much to choose between your aims and those of Germany ?

Allied Policy not one of Conquest.

Y. I do not think that this objection can hold good for a moment. The changes in the map of Europe which we advocate are all, with the one possible exception of Constantinople, changes which would emancipate peoples or provinces now under an alien yoke. They are not conquests made by a great Power for her own ends, conquests which violate the principle of nationality. No State profits by the changes in Poland or in the Austrian Empire or in the Balkans, excepting the States which are themselves to be emancipated. The retrocession of Alsace-Lorraine would merely be the undoing of a wrong done nearly

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forty years ago, while the expulsion of the Turk from Europe would be the well-merited reward of century-old misconduct and cruelties innumerable. Our aims, therefore, cannot fairly be put in anything like the same class as those of the Central Powers.

X. How, then, do you sum up the situation?

Summary.

Y. Let me put it this way: I have, I think, shown that peace made now on the basis of the war-map of to-day could not possibly embody the principles which President Wilson has stated as requisite for permanent peace. On the contrary, it would violate them by sanctioning some at least, probably a large part, of the conquests made by Germany; therefore, such a settlement would be merely a truce, teeming with the germs of future wars. In any case it would not be a peace without victory, for it would mean the victory of Germany—not perhaps such a victory as she at one time expected, but still a very real victory, which would leave her in an advantageous position for reviving her career of aggression with good hope of success. Secondly, I have shown that a peace restoring pre-war conditions would leave unsettled all the questions out of which the present war arose; that consequently war would be likely to recur as soon as the exhaustion of belligerent resources had passed away; in short, that it could not be a

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permanent peace. Moreover, to obtain even such a peace as this without the decisive defeat of Germany is evidently out of the question. Lastly, I have shown that a peace based on the conditions set forth by the Allies is the only sort of peace which has a chance of being permanent, because it would heal those sores in the body politic which are the germ of future wars and would apply those principles which are recognised as necessary for permanent peace.

X. But would not such a solution be objectionable, as the President has indicated, on the ground that it would leave great soreness behind, a sense of injury and wounded pride, which would force a high-spirited nation to resolve on revenge and strain every nerve in order to renew the struggle ?

Y. I answer that this depends on the conditions imposed. The conditions we propose would, it is true, entail the disruption of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the overthrow of Turkey, the two chief Allies of Germany; but both these States have become anachronisms, and Austria-Hungary in particular embodies the most flagrant violations of the principles of nationality that are to be found in the modern world. But to Germany herself we desire to do no violence beyond the retrocession of Alsace-Lorraine, and the surrender of Prussian Poland in order to form an independent Polish Kingdom. As I have

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already said, we have no wish to impose on Germany such conditions as Napoleon imposed on Prussia in 1807. Germany would remain a great and potent nation, possibly even stronger than before if the German parts of Austria should gravitate, as they well might do, towards the German Empire. She would still be free to develop her industry and commerce on peaceful lines, and would be able, as before, to play a leading part on the political stage of the world. Why should such a solution leave behind it a permanent sense of soreness or desire of revenge ?

The Verdict of History.

What is the verdict of history as shown by earlier wars and pacifications ? In theory, a peace without victory sounds well ; but, as a matter of historical fact, permanent peace has never resulted from such a conclusion to a great war. Take the wars fought in opposition to Louis XIV.'s attempt to dominate Europe. One after another these wars recurred for some fifty years ; and, none of them having been really decisive, it was not until 1713 that the Peace of Utrecht finally settled the question by the defeat of France. Take again the War of the Austrian Succession, which began in 1740 and ended in a sort of draw. The Peace of 1748 was merely a truce ; it led on to the Seven Years' War, which ended in 1763 with the defeat of France and Austria, and with the final triumph of Frederick the Great in Europe and of England

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in India and the New World. Take, finally, the wars against the French Revolution and Napoleon. Coalition after coalition was formed and broke up without reaching a definite settlement. The Peace of Amiens in 1803 was merely a truce between the two chief opponents—England and France. It was not till after the Battles of Leipzig and Waterloo and the complete defeat of France that a settlement was reached in the Peace of 1815, which gave Europe repose for at any rate forty years. In fact, the only war I can recall which ended in a peace without victory and yet a permanent peace, was the war of 1812, which arose out of a comparatively trivial dispute, and ended when, with the cessation of the war in Europe, the dispute itself came to an end. The two great wars which the United States have known, the Revolutionary War and the Civil War, both ended in decisive victories. Nothing less would have satisfied either the revolted colonies or the Northern States. Everyone knows how Lincoln repudiated the idea of an inconclusive peace in the dark days of the Civil War. There never was a more crushing victory than that of the North in 1865; yet permanent peace was the outcome of that victory as of that of 1783. Whatever soreness was left behind it did not lead to other wars. On the contrary, peace was maintained, because the great questions at issue were settled in each case once for all. In short, I think it may fairly be said that the idea of establishing a permanent peace by a

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peace without victory is falsified by history and is nothing else but a delusion.

Conclusion.

To sum up, I put before you this dilemma : You may have peace *now*, but it will not be a peace without victory, for it will mean victory for Germany ; or you may have a peace without victory, if you mean by that phrase a return to former conditions, but it cannot be *now*, for the Germans as at present situated would not dream of allowing it. Moreover, a peace now would not be a permanent peace, for it would lead on to other wars ; and the same may be said even of a peace without victory for either side. The one solution which offers any real chance of permanent peace is that embodied in the terms of the Allies. But victory, even more decisive than that which might lead to a restoration of pre-war conditions, is required to bring it about. And that is why the Allies refuse to contemplate peace at this moment, in spite of all the sufferings they have endured and have still to endure ; and why they will not contemplate it until they have reduced Germany to such a condition as will make her ready to accept their terms.

BRITISH UNIVERSITIES AND THE WAR

A Record and Its Meaning

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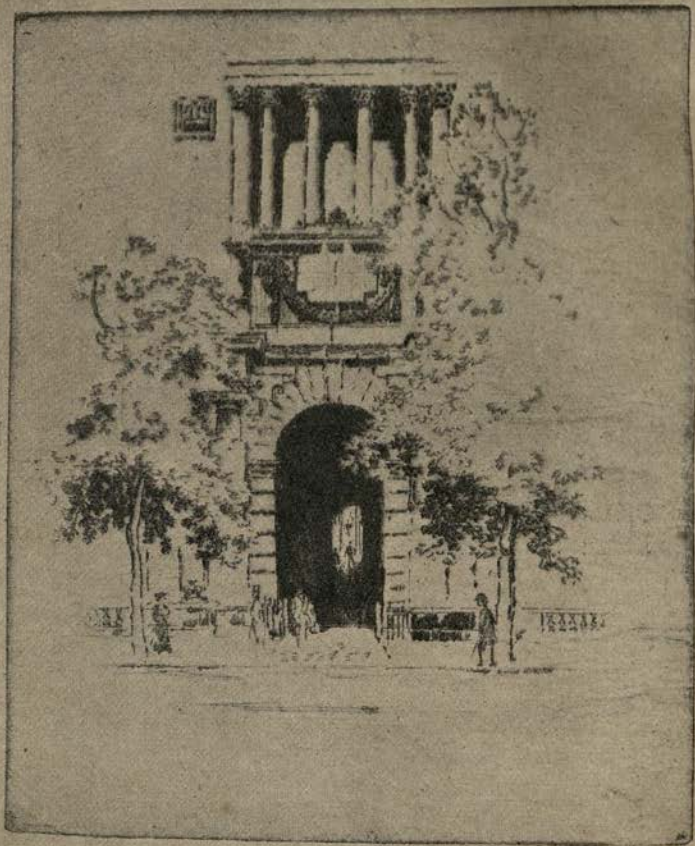
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BRITISH UNIVERSITIES AND THE WAR.



Entrance to King's College
from the Eastward. Pennell

BRITISH UNIVERSITIES AND THE WAR.

A RECORD & ITS MEANING.

With a Preface by

RT. HON. H. A. L. FISHER, M.P.

(President of the Board of Education).

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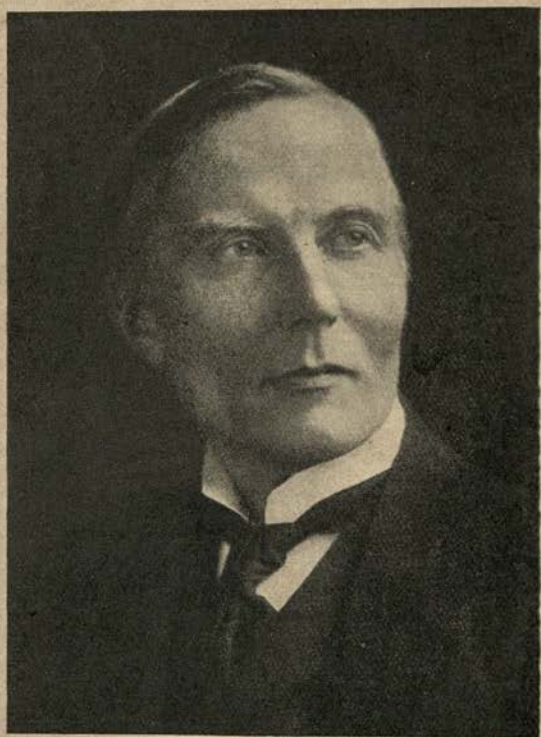
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Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P.

Editor's Note.

THIS little book was compiled at the request of several correspondents in the United States who expressed the wish to have some permanent record of the response by the Universities of the United Kingdom to the country's call for volunteers. It was thought that the facts collated and the sentiments expressed would be welcomed by, and might still further inspire, readers at home. Hence this English edition.

I have to express my thanks to the President of the Board of Education for his Preface; to the Vice-Chancellors, Principals and Masters who so willingly and so promptly responded to an appeal for a brief contribution relating to their respective Universities; and to Sir Theodore Cook for his article on English and American Universities.

A. W. M.

London, April 1917.

Preface to American Edition.

By **RT. HON. H. A. L. FISHER, M.P.**
President of the Board of Education.

I HAVE been asked to write a word of introduction to this volume, which is designed to provide for American readers an outline of the work done by British Universities during the War. When I consented to undertake this Preface I thought that it would be easy to express my own feelings as well as the essential facts of an experience so salient and penetrating that no one who has lived through it can regard himself hereafter as an object of any special interest or importance. But as I reflected I experienced a singular difficulty in saying anything at all.

The War came to us, as you know, very suddenly. It was in the month of August 1914, in the depth of the long vacation, a time when the young University men of the country were scattered abroad and in the enjoyment of their summer holidays. At the first word of warning they streamed in to offer their services to the country. Their spirit was so simple, so unaffected, so devoid of any pretence or

ostentation—it was marked by so much high spirit and boyish good-humour—that it seems a kind of impertinence to allude to a business conducted with so much natural modesty. Nobody thought that he was doing anything specially great or noteworthy, or if he thought so he was careful to keep his thoughts to himself. It was not an easy decision to make—this resolve to abandon all the pleasant prospects of an easy and honourable career for the chance of wounds or death, but the young men of our Universities made the choice for the most part instantaneously, and the rest of the country followed.

In the older Universities, where the undergraduates come to a very large extent from families inured to the tradition of arms, this spontaneity in the offer of military service is perhaps not difficult to understand; but in the newer Universities, where the students are mainly drawn from the commercial and industrial classes, from families which have never numbered a soldier in their pedigrees, the response was hardly less ready. Eventually, as you know, and after raising five million volunteers, the country found itself compelled to resort to conscription, but no measure of compulsion was needed to bring the Universities into the great National Crusade against the German Crime.

In all this movement no line can be drawn between student and teacher, between young and old. Many of the most brilliant teachers in the country have given their lives on the battlefield; many a bright star in the firmament of Science has been prematurely eclipsed. The chapels of Oxford and Cambridge display long lists of the fallen, and no institutions have suffered greater or more irreparable losses than these ancient shrines of learning and piety. But the work of the Universities has not been confined to the task of providing officers to the British Army. This War, in a degree far higher than any conflict in the whole course of history, has been a battle of brains. It has been a war of chemists, of engineers, of physicists, of doctors. The Professor and Lecturer, the Research Assistant, and the Research Student have suddenly become powerful assets to the Nation. Whatever University you may choose to visit, you will find it to be the scene of delicate and recondite investigations, resulting here in a more deadly explosive, there in a stronger army boot, or again in some improvement to the fast-advancing technique of aerial navigation. Even the teachers of subjects apparently so remote from the practical world as Archæology and Ancient History find their new and proper spheres of

activity. A lecturer in Hellenistic Greek is sent out to Salonika to interpret for the British Forces, an ancient historian is impounded by the War Office for his singular knowledge of the geography of Asia Minor, former scholars of the British School at Athens become suddenly involved by reason of their peculiar knowledge of the Levant, philosophers and poets leave the quiet groves of Academe to blockade Germany or to shepherd neutral trade from the busy centre of a Government office in Whitehall.

Before the War some people may have doubted whether the Universities were properly discharging their function in the economy of the National life. Those doubts have now been effectually and finally dispelled. The War has shown that one of the great needs of England is that a larger proportion of the population should find its way through the Secondary Schools into the Universities. We want more brains, more knowledge, a more scientific method in National life. The habit of frequenting Universities is, if we make exception of the upper class, comparatively a new thing in England, a tender plant which needs to be fostered in its growth and development. Prophecy, as George Eliot reminds us, is "of all forms of error the most gratuitous," but that the Universities will take a place of increased

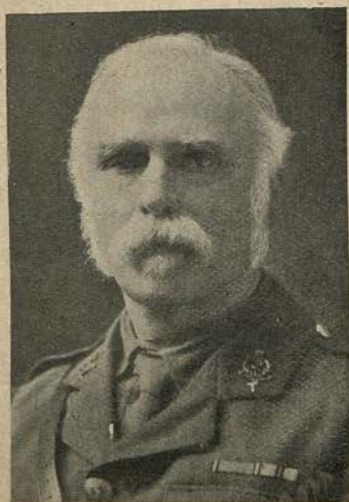
importance in the scheme of English life is one of the most assured results which the experience of this tremendous conflict will bring in its train.



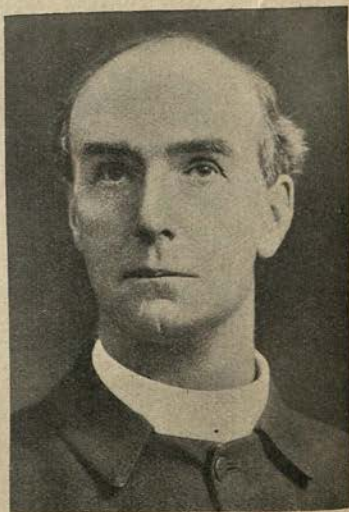
Sir Herbert Warren
OXFORD



A. C. Benson
CAMBRIDGE



Lt.-Colonel Sir Alfred Pearce Gould
LONDON



Dr. Henry Gee
DURHAM



OXFORD.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN,
Sir Herbert Warren, K.C.V.O.

NO city in England is more changed by the War than Oxford. None speaks its effect more eloquently than this fair, mournful witness. It is with the eloquence of her sad, mute self, but the figures given below of the Oxford "Roll of Service" are also eloquent. Eleven thousand old Oxford men have passed into the service of their country. Over 1400 have already fallen; 100 more are missing—1500 in all, among them many of the best scholars, the finest athletes, the leaders of their years. But this does not bring home the absolute devastation and desolation of what may be called actual living Oxford as she was before the War. There should be well over 3000 undergraduates at this moment in residence. In June 1914 every college was full to overflowing. Step into any one to-day! If it is full at all, it is full of young soldiers in khaki! When they are out it is empty. The remnant of undergraduates, the invalid, the crippled, the neutrals, make absolutely no show at all. They can hardly be discovered. Colleges which before the War contained 150 now contain half a dozen. Emptiness, silence, reign everywhere. The younger teachers are gone too.

Some touching verses sent to the *Spectator* on March 3 by Mr. Tertius van Dyke, a young American

graduate, describe the scene, and his feelings, very vividly :

The Chapel-organ rolls and swells,
And voices still praise God :
But ah ! the thought of youthful friends
Who lie beneath the sod.

Now wounded men with gallant eyes
Go hobbling down the street,
And nurses from the hospital
Speed by with tireless feet.

The town is full of uniforms ;
And through the stormy sky,
Frightening the rooks from the tallest trees
The aeroplanes roar by.

Old Oxford's walls are gray and worn,
She knows the truth of tears,
But to-day she stands in her ancient pride
Crowned with eternal years.

Gone are her sons ; yet her heart is glad
In the glory of their youth,
For she brought them forth to live or die
By freedom, justice, truth.

Yes, they are gone. They are all gone. Ask for them in the trenches of Flanders, in the dusts of Egypt, in the swamps of Salonika or Mesopotamia. That is what war means to a country. If its fields still stand unravaged, its walls erect, it is at this price—to have sent out all its healthy young men—all, all.

All my pretty ones ?
Did you say all ? Oh hell-kite ! All ?

Yes, if the cause is not to go by default, if the neutrals are not hereafter themselves in their turn to be summoned by the brazen challenge of a nation

in arms for its own ends, this must be suffered by those nations that to-day offer themselves as the barrier.

Many Americans, young and old, knew Oxford of yore. They knew her ancient walls crowded with young life, her study and sport justling each other in happy, gay confusion. Let them realise her as she is now, her buildings tenantless or turned to strange uses, her true life reduced to a memory, a dream, a hope! Let them realise this and ponder what it means!

Herbert Warren.

The total on the Roll of Honour of past and present members of Oxford University up to the end of 1916 was :

<i>On Naval or Military Service</i>	<i>10,688</i>
<i>On Civilian War Work</i>	<i>488</i>

11,176

Of this total, 1412 had laid down their lives and 100 were "missing."

The Honours gained included: Victoria Cross, 10; Mentioned in Despatches, 944; Distinguished Service Order, 128; Military Cross, 490; Bars to Military Cross, 5; Distinguished Service Cross, 3; Distinguished Conduct Medal, 5; Military Medal, 1; Grand Commander of the Bath, 1; Knight Companion of the Bath, 2; Companion of the Bath, 15; Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, 19; Grand Commander of the Victorian Order, 1; Knight Commander of the Victorian Order, 1; Member of the Victorian Order, 8; Foreign Orders and Decorations, 55. Total, 1688.



CAMBRIDGE.

BY THE MASTER OF MAGDALENE,

A. C. Benson, LL.D., C.V.O.

I WAS in residence at Cambridge when the War broke out ; and in the months that followed I had many interviews with undergraduates on the one subject that filled all minds—the question what they could do. I say what they could do, because there was little question at all about what they *should* do ; the chief preoccupation was how best to do it. I heard very little said about duty and nothing about necessity—that seemed to be taken for granted. There was no disposition to reason or argue. It was a question of instinct and feeling from the start.

The first flight was of the adventurous and high-spirited men, the natural combatants, I might say, who rushed into the nearest gap, as if drawn into an irresistible current, not so excitedly as eagerly. Then there followed the sedater sort, good comrades and sensible fellows, who must go where their friends went. Then came the men of an altogether quieter type, who had no taste for military things, natural lovers of peace and peaceful pursuits, who probably did not care for military discipline, but said good-humouredly that they would soon be used to it : and then those who were really naturally averse to the fighting life : but even these showed no sign of having to make a serious decision between alternatives. They did not try to persuade themselves that they could be of more use at home. They saw

that something was expected of them, and never questioned the imperativeness of the call. And I can honestly say that I admired the conduct of those last more almost than that of the rest, because the choice was made against instinct rather than in virtue of it.

Among them were some, such as those preparing for the medical profession, who were distinctly told at first that they had better continue their work and qualify for medical service; but most of these, after a little, broke away, because they could not bear to be out of the main current of life.

I had a good deal of talk with thoughtful and intelligent young men about the whole matter. It is hard to analyse their feelings exactly, but I could discern very little theorising or argument in their attitude. I do not think they were much moved by the idea that Germany was carrying out a long-prepared design for the establishment of a commercial or cultural supremacy: still less by political considerations as to where and how Germany had overstepped her solemn pledges. The case was a far simpler one than that. It was just an unhesitating conviction that England was bound by honour and morality to intervene, and that Germany had launched herself, in an orgy of pride and envy and fury, at the peace-loving nations. England had cried shame, and had thrust her little force—all she had hitherto prepared—like a sharp spear-point into the mass, while she trained her whole fighting material to follow. That was the call—to follow; and that was the impulse—a sense that all were concerned to do whatever was needed, without any

counting of the cost, or any imaginative review of possibilities. There was simply no alternative at all.

Then, too, all along I have had many letters written from trench or base, from huts of training camps, from dug-outs and hospitals. Little, of course, can be told in such letters. But I have been deeply interested and moved by many of them. There is no glamour or romance about war; "it is a beastly business, first and last," says one, "but I would not be anywhere else for anything." That is the note of it all, and there are fine things by the way, new scenes, new friends and comrades, and a great sense of a new sort of health and utility, things desperately moving and interesting, and the wonderful surprise of finding oneself equal to anything, however horrible. In some a serious enough note, that the one use of it all is to end the very idea of war; but of losses, fears, hardships, sufferings, nothing at all. The whole experience is to themselves so absorbing that there seems no room for sentiment or theory or philosophy or religion; that is all outside the urgent business of the moment—God's concern, perhaps; the immediate duty to go where one is sent, to do what one is told, and to hope that one will be equal to any emergency. "Don't trouble to say anything about the War," says one. "I know all about that; let me just hear what, if anything, is happening at Cambridge—that the old place is there, at all events."

What I would make clear, above everything, is the extreme simplicity of it all. It is just the steady setting of a great current of emotion in one direction. It is not a question of argument or motive or

excitement, or even of indignation ; it is not even a conscious sense of duty or honour. It is something stronger and finer than all these, a passion of citizenship and humanity, which, so far from growing dim and faint in long peace and prosperity, seems to have been nurtured into a freshness and spontaneity which no imagination could have foreseen. Englishmen are often accused of individualism and an almost fantastic personal independence ; it is all true, so far as the smaller things of life are concerned. But the war has revealed that when once a national need stands out, there is no sacrifice, no endurance, no loss which the Englishman is not prepared to face ; and not to persuade himself into it, or to trample upon one part of his nature, but to mingle with the stream, to flow with it, and to find in this prodigious unity the satisfaction of his best hopes and desires.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "A. C. Benson". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, sweeping "S" at the end.

Up to the end of 1916 there were 13,128 past and present members of Cambridge University serving in the War. Of these 1405 had made the "great sacrifice," 1945 had been wounded, and 212 were missing up to February 1, 1917.

Among the very large numbers of Honours gained were the following: Victoria Cross, 5; Mentioned in Despatches, 914; Distinguished Service Order, 113; Distinguished Service Cross, 7; Military Cross, 422; Distinguished Conduct Medal, 2; Knight Commandership of the Bath, 2; Companionship of the Bath, 11; Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, 35; St. John of Jerusalem, 1; Albert Medal, 1; Foreign Distinctions, 78.



LONDON.

BY THE VICE-CHANCELLOR,

Lt.-Colonel Sir Alfred Pearce Gould, K.C.V.O., M.S.

It is quite impossible to make any public statement that gives an exact account of the part taken in the War by the members of the University of London. This arises in part from the peculiar constitution of this University—including its great external side, with unnumbered students working in all parts of the Empire. The University has no means of telling how many of their men are serving their King and country in a military or civil capacity. I hear that, in common with other Universities, many of our experts are engaged in most important scientific and other researches of a confidential nature to which it would be wrong, even if it were possible, to make any public reference. And it must not be forgotten that the women members of the University, numbering many thousands, are in a large proportion of cases taking their share in the national effort, either directly as doctors, nurses, administrators, and civilian officials, or indirectly as substitutes for men set free to serve in the Navy or Army. We have to be content with the general statement that no part of the community has responded more fully to the national call than our Universities.

No figure has yet been obtained showing the total number of external students and graduates

who have joined the forces; but in May 1916 I reported that upwards of 600 members of the College staffs, and more than 6000 of their present and former students were on active service.

Returns from the Colleges and Schools for the session 1915-16 showed that they were depleted of students to the extent of about half of the number in attendance in the pre-war year 1913-14, and as the figures for the Women's Colleges remained steady, it is clear that the percentage of men students who volunteered for active service was a high one. College staffs have correspondingly been depleted through war service; and at the same time scientific work of the highest importance in direct connection with the war is being carried on for the Government in many laboratories of the University. Over 3300 commissions in the army have been obtained through the University Officers Training Corps. Refugee students of Allied nationality have been admitted by the University and the Colleges without fee or at a reduced fee. War degrees are on certain conditions granted by the Senate. Women graduates and students have assisted in voluntary work and as substitutes for men in teaching, Government offices, etc.

The following are typical examples of war service at individual Colleges and Schools:

At one College the number of students in attendance in the session 1915-16 was 1133, as compared with 2206 in the session 1913-14. Total number of members on active service (Dec. 1916), 1554

(including 64 members of the academic and administrative staffs, and 19 College servants). Number killed to December 1916, 125. In the session 1915-16, 51 refugee students of Allied nationality were admitted, many of them without fee or at a reduced fee.

At another College, 1171 students were in attendance in the session 1915-16, as compared with approximately 1900 during the session 1913-14. About 900 of the staff and past and present students were serving with the forces in December 1916, of whom 85 had lost their lives. In addition, many members of the staff are combining College work and part-time war work at home. During the session 1914-15 120 refugee students, mainly from Russia and Belgium, were doing work at the College. Many of these have now left for military service or for work in munition factories.

At a third College, the "Roll of Honour" published in June 1916 showed a total of 1749 present and past students and members of the staff who had joined H.M. forces, of whom 95 lost their lives.

At a fourth College, 14 members of the staff had in July 1916 undertaken duties in connection with the war; and the "Roll of Service" for the sessions 1914-16 includes 299 staff and past and present students on war service, of whom 14 have lost their lives. Valuable assistance has been given to the Government in munitions and chemical work and aeronautics.

The Medical Schools without exception have sent every available member of their staffs



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

28th. February, 1917.

Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the letter addressed by you on February 28th. to Lord Stamfordham, together with the copy of the Report for 1916 of the Military Education Committee of the University of London.

These documents have been duly laid before the King, and I have received His Majesty's commands to convey to you an expression of the gratification he feels at the fine record of services rendered by the University of London Officers Training Corps during the War, as is shown in the Report, which the King was interested to read.

I am to add that, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Officers Training Corps, the King was pleased to notice the smart and soldierly bearing of the officers and men on parade when a Guard of Honour was furnished by the University of London contingent of this Corps at the recent opening of the School of Oriental Studies.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

Sir Edward H. Busk,
Chairman of the Military Education Committee,
University of London.

and every available student into medical war service.

Alfred Pearce Smith

It has been calculated that about 20,000 University of London men are now serving in the Navy and Army. Over 500 distinctions have been won by men in the War.



DURHAM.

BY THE MASTER OF UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE,

Rev. Henry Gee, D.D.

THE University of Durham, like the University of St. Andrews, is a dual University. At Durham it has several Colleges, but its larger half is at Newcastle, where Armstrong College and the College of Medicine are its constituents.

The University, as a whole, is maintaining the same high standard as the other British Universities in connection with the War. The Colleges are much depleted; 2024 past and present members of the University are serving or have served in His Majesty's forces. Of these forty-five are present members of the University Staff; 550 are members of the College of Medicine, serving—the graduates as commissioned officers in the Royal Army Medical Corps, the undergraduates as combatants, surgeon probationers, sick berth attendants, etc.; and 225 are ordained men from the various Colleges serving as chaplains. At least 160 graduates and undergraduates have been killed, and 180 wounded. Forty-nine men have gained the Military Cross, one (a chaplain) the Victoria Cross, one the Military Medal, and one the Distinguished Service Cross. Of other English honours thirteen men have been appointed Companions of the Order of St. Michael and St. George;

four Companions of the Order of the Bath; eight Companions of the Distinguished Service Order; and two Members of the Victorian Order. Of foreign honours one graduate has been awarded the Serbian Order of St. Saba, and another has received the Croix de Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. About 150 members of the University are receiving military training in the Durham University Officers Training Corps. Nearly 700 cadets who are not members of the University have been or are being trained in this Corps.

Some members of the staff of Armstrong College and many of the students are engaged on munition work, or on work connected with the design and construction of ships for the Admiralty. The exact number is difficult to ascertain, since the College buildings were at the beginning of the war taken over as a Military Hospital, and the College is therefore unable to offer the Laboratories for the public service. Hence all the Government work of this kind has of necessity been done in temporary accommodation, or in connection with works, etc., outside the College. The staff of the hospital mentioned above is largely provided by the College of Medicine.

The Agricultural Department has been active in work connected with the development and economy of the food supply. In the early autumn of 1914 it issued a scheme in connection with the Home Food Culture Committee. Since then it has done a good deal of work in the form of lectures, demonstrations, etc. It has recently co-operated both with Lord Grey's Committee for the Improvement of Horticulture in Northumberland and with the

proposals of the Durham County Council to devote special attention to the food supply.

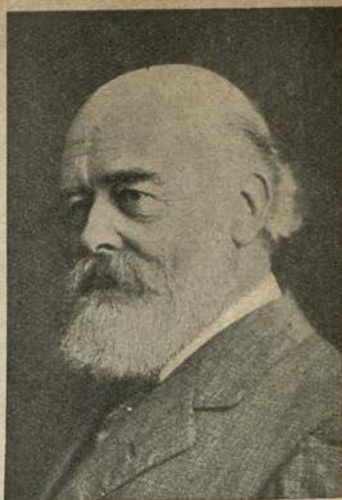
A number of women graduates and undergraduates have taken up various forms of war work, such as nursing, munitions, clerkships in the War Office, or in various ways have taken the places of men who are serving in the army and navy.

It may be added that of the members of the University serving with the forces at least nineteen-twentieths were volunteers before the Conscription Act came into force.

Henry Gee



Sir Henry A. Miers
MANCHESTER



Sir Oliver Lodge
BIRMINGHAM



Sir Alfred Dale
LIVERPOOL



Michael E. Sadler
LEEDS



MANCHESTER.

BY THE VICE-CHANCELLOR,
Sir Henry A. Miers, D.Sc., F.R.S.

ON the outbreak of war the entire contingent of the Officers Training Corps who were then training at Salisbury Plain volunteered for service, and that spirit has been maintained throughout, the University of Manchester having thrown itself with zeal and energy into both military, naval, and national service. 1700 past and present members of the University have joined the forces, of whom 58 are members of the teaching staff. About 190 have lost their lives; 90 have received decorations. In many of the departments, some members of the staff, and those graduate students who were previously engaged in research work, are entirely occupied with investigations for military or naval purposes. The special experience of the professors has been placed at the disposal of the Government. Some of them are absent on full time Government work; others are devoting the whole of their spare time to advisory, inspecting, and testing work.

The number of men students has been reduced to about 25 per cent., made up of those who are medically unfit or too young for military service, or who are retained for special reasons.

Many of the women students have devoted a great deal of time to V.A.D. work, and the hospital

trains arriving in Manchester are invariably met by a detachment of them.

The whole University has been resolved throughout to give its services whole-heartedly so far as they are required for the prosecution of the War, and at a recent meeting the whole of the teaching staff expressed their willingness to undertake any form of national service that would be required of them.

In a word, the spirit of loyalty, determination and self-sacrifice in this time of national crisis dominates the whole University.

Herbert Aspinwall

Over 1600 members of Manchester University had joined His Majesty's forces up to the end of 1916. About 160 of these had lost their lives; 70 had received decorations. The figures exclude the numerous members of the University who are engaged in Red Cross work, munitions, etc.



BIRMINGHAM.

BY THE PRINCIPAL,
Sir Oliver Lodge, D.Sc., F.R.S.

IMMEDIATELY on the outbreak of War the University of Birmingham lent the whole of its new buildings, erected and equipped at a cost of about half a million pounds, and standing on 40 acres of recreation and garden land, to the War Office as a Military Hospital. The buildings include the Laboratory-blocks for Physics and for Chemistry, the Library and the Great Hall, as well as the main blocks for the different branches of Engineering—Civil, Mechanical, and Electrical—as also the establishments for Mining and for Metallurgy, and likewise the Power Station, which supplies them all with heat and light and electric current. The whole of the accommodation was placed at the disposal of the War Office without rental charge of any kind, and a thousand beds were speedily installed there under complete military domination.

The neighbouring hall of residence for women students was subsequently requisitioned as a home for the staff of nurses who work among the patients.

The medical staff of the University, it is needless to say, have been utilised in war work, and a great number of students also. Some of the staff and students volunteered for a medical expedition to Serbia when the dire needs of that country for surgical and medical aid became known.

Many of the staff volunteered for military service abroad—the number on active service is now 77—

and the University made arrangements to pay them their full salaries while away, or to make up to them any deficiency between their official pay and the salary they had been receiving. The same arrangement was also made for the University servants of every grade.

Losses have, of course, been numerous. The Professor of French died while serving as a private in the French army. The heads of the Men-teachers' Training College and many others of the staff have fallen in the War.

As to the students, practically all those of military age joined the colours; and the heavy death-roll is increasing every week.

The work of the University itself continues, under difficulties which are made light of, in the old central or Mason College building of the University, with an overflow into the premises of the Municipal Technical School, where some of the scientific and technical departments are provisionally accommodated.

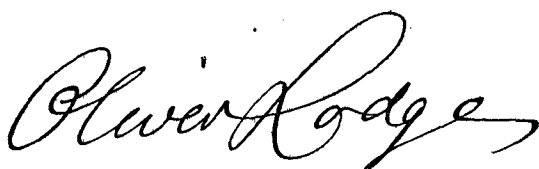
The number of women students, especially in Medicine, is larger than usual; and there are a number of men who are either allowed to complete qualification or who are below military age, but who, by joining the Officers Training Corps, are securing some military training while still continuing their studies.

Services of a more confidential character have been rendered by every department of the University so far as opportunity offered, and the specific activities of the Chemical and of the Mining departments have turned out of special importance, though of a strictly confidential character.

Members of the Biological staff have been employed in Eastern expeditions. The Pathological department has been busy in hospital diagnosis. Electrical engineers have been engaged in wireless telegraphy. A mathematician has volunteered for the artillery, chemists for advice to the staffs at the front, etc.

The women students have organised themselves in the vacation for work on the land, especially in fruit-picking and harvesting operations.

Members of the Faculty of Commerce have sat on Government committees and industrial tribunals. And every grade of the University has been keen to render service in every way that was possible. In fact, the spirit here has been similar to the spirit at probably every other University throughout the Dominions of the Crown.

A large, elegant handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Oliver Lodge". The signature is written in dark ink and occupies a significant portion of the middle of the page.

303 students and 77 members of the staff of Birmingham University were serving in the War up to the end of 1916. These figures do not include past members of the staff and past students of the University. Among the distinctions won are 12 Military Crosses, 1 Companionship of the Order of the Bath, and 1 Order of the White Eagle; while 14 have been "mentioned in despatches." Recently a Croix de Guerre has been added.



LIVERPOOL.

BY THE VICE-CHANCELLOR,

Sir Alfred Dale, LL.D.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago I was at Harvard, and though many memories have become faint since then, one remains fresh and clear. For standing in the great hall built in memory of the members of that University who had given their lives for the unity of the nation and the freedom of man, I asked myself, if the same call came to us that had come to them, how should we answer it? I was a college tutor at Cambridge in those days, and it was of Oxford and Cambridge that I thought. But when a few years later I came to the north, to take part in building up one of our new Universities, the same question, the same doubt still haunted me. The struggle in South Africa, slight and short as it was when compared with the conflict in which we are now engaged, had revealed possibilities and had encouraged hopes. But until the storm broke upon us in the summer of 1914, had I dared to prophesy, it would have been with more faith than assurance.

All doubts have been shattered now. The records that follow, incomplete as they must be, show in some measure how the Universities of Britain, old and new alike, have met the nation's need; and how eagerly the men they had trained or were training offered all they had to give—their powers, their hopes, their ambitions, themselves

—counting the cost, but not grudging it, to ensure that the freedom which we have inherited from our fathers shall be the heritage of our children; that oppression and cruelty and unrighteousness shall not prevail for ever; and that the world shall find peace at last, even though we must seek it with the sword.

Some of us had been preaching for years that service comes before success, and that they owe most to whom most has been given. We need say no more. That law, or rather that gospel—for it is both promise and precept—is written for ever in living letters known and read of all men. Of those who have made the sacrifice many, if not most, made it hardly knowing why, but knowing well that they must. For when Duty speaks in the supreme moments of life, every true heart “vibrates to that iron string.”

The records cannot show the variety of service that the Universities have rendered in response to the complex claims of modern warfare. For, quite apart from the men that they have sent to the colours, they have provided countless workers with specialised knowledge in all kinds of subjects; have trained men and women for numberless activities; have set themselves to solve problems; have undertaken tasks of organisation and inspection on an enormous scale. For the first time in their history they have mobilised their whole strength. The nation has discovered the Universities, and the Universities have discovered themselves.

Of our losses, grievous as they are, this is not the time to speak. Pride triumphs over pain. And

those whose hearts and homes are desolate, even in the midnight of their sorrow, will say, in the words of a father who has lost his only son—"It is a great thing to have had so much to give, and to have given it."

Asper Dala -

The University had the following representatives in military and naval service up to the end of 1916: Staff, 88 serving, 4 killed in action; Students, 468 serving, 31 killed in action; Former Students, 717 serving, 51 killed in action; Office and Administrative Staff, 37 serving. Total: 1310 serving, 86 killed in action.

Members of the University have secured the following Honours in the War: Victoria Cross, 4; Distinguished Service Order, 8; Companion of St. Michael and St. George, 1; Military Cross, 27; Military Medal, 3; Distinguished Conduct Medal, 2; Foreign Decorations, 5; Mentioned in Despatches, 37.



LEEDS.

BY THE VICE-CHANCELLOR,

Michael E. Sadler, LL.D., C.B.

THE War has been a crucial test of the power of modern Universities to render aid to the State. For nearly three years their resources have been placed at the command of the Government. The founders of the modern English Universities did not foresee that the first great ordeal of public duty to which they would be subjected would be the ordeal of war. But the constitution of the modern Universities was so well designed, their activities have become so various, their association with national life so close, that, when the unexpected test came, every side of the new University life responded to it with vigorous and useful service.

Speaking on behalf of one of the Northern Universities, I may sketch in outline the various ways in which its members have been able to bear their part in the national emergency.

First, on the side of military service: More than 1500 of the members of the University have joined the colours. Of these, 140 have fallen for their country and 230 have been wounded. Five-sevenths of the members of the University who are on active service hold commissions. Since the outbreak of war more than 100 military distinctions have been gained.

On the Medical side, members of the University have been called upon to play a particularly

important part. Officers drawn from the Medical Faculty have administrative and professional charge of two of the largest military hospitals in the North of England. Three of their number have also given lectures on venereal diseases to the troops throughout the Northern Command, and have imparted instruction on this subject to 160,000 officers and men. The members of the Dental School of the University have been able to give assistance in the dental treatment of recruits and of wounded soldiers. In addition to this, many medical men connected with the University have served abroad in the R.A.M.C., and the Department of Organic Chemistry has conducted, on a large scale, the manufacture of antiseptics and anæsthetics. The work of Dr. Dakin, F.R.S., and of Professor Cohen, F.R.S., in this connection calls for special mention.

The Coal Gas and Fuel Industries Department of the University has been charged by the Government with the duty of testing high explosives produced in the Yorkshire district, and of analysing coal tar for toluene and benzene. The Leather Industries Department has given advice with regard to the leather equipment of the forces, and has also been engaged in the preparation of bacterial culture media for the use of the military hospitals. The Engineering Department has tested metals and aeroplane spars for Government use, and has organised instruction in elementary machine-work for intending munition workers. Practically the whole of the members of the Engineering Department and of its staff are on active service, and have placed their special knowledge at the service of the Government.

The Textile Industries Department has tested army cloths and aeroplane fabrics and has been active in giving advice in war problems arising in the woollen and worsted trades. One of the members of its staff holds a very responsible position in a Government department which assembles the textile materials required in the production of munitions.

The Colour Chemistry Department of the University has been able to take an active part in scientific researches connected with the production of dyes.

The Agricultural Department, which is one of the largest in the University, has been charged with important duties in connection with the food supply. The Professor of Agriculture is District Commissioner for Yorkshire under the new scheme of the Board of Agriculture, and the Head of the Animal Nutrition Research Institution is now serving on a consultative committee in London dealing with food production, under the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. The Flax Experiment Station at Selby has continued its work during the War and has been able to render considerable public service in connection with the growth of flax. A member of the staff of the Agricultural Department gave instruction in farriery at the camps in the Northern Command. At the Experimental Farm at Garforth women volunteers for farm work have been trained. Members of the staff of the Department have helped in organising training centres for this purpose throughout Yorkshire.

The Department of Economics has been active in the study of social questions arising out of the

War and in the organisation of relief. The Department of History has arranged courses of lectures on the modern history of Europe and other subjects connected with the War. Lectures have been given in camps in this country and abroad by various members of the Boards of Arts and of Science.

The women students took an active part in the organising of the National Register and in the reception and care of refugees from Belgium and from Serbia.

But in spite of these new and special duties, the normal work of the University as a place of education has been continued. Depleted of all its men who are of age and capacity for military service, it has to provide for an increasing number of women students, both in the Faculty of Arts and in the Faculty of Medicine. So far as has been necessary, the regular courses of the University have, up to the present time, been continued without intermission, special arrangements being made in order to fill the gaps in the staff caused by the demands of active service. The Officers Training Corps continues its work, though its numbers have been greatly reduced.

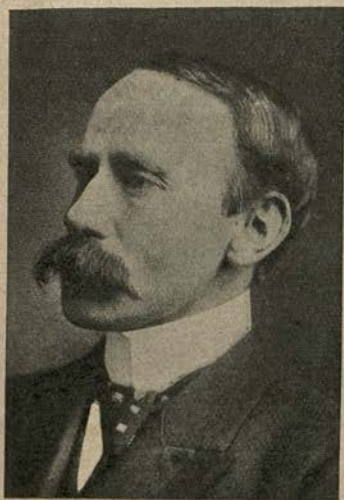
Every month brings some new duty to the University in connection with the War. But when peace returns it will be able without delay to meet the increased educational demands which will then be made upon it.



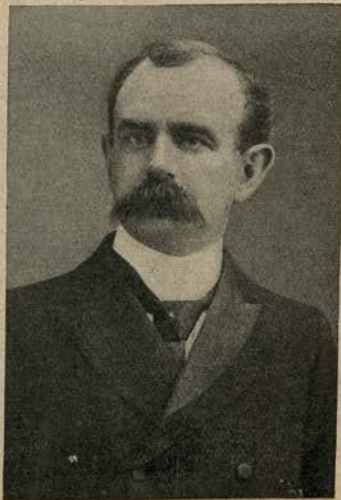
Prof. J. A. Green
SHEFFIELD



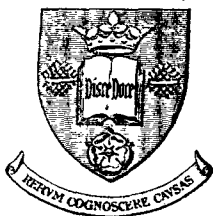
Sir Isambard Owen
BRISTOL



Principal T. F. Roberts
WALES



Sir John Herkless
ST. ANDREWS



SHEFFIELD.

BY THE DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF ARTS,

Prof. J. A. Green, M.A.

FACTS are more impressive than words! The spirit of this, almost the youngest of our Universities, is best revealed by what it has actually accomplished. Surely no sorer trial of the mettle of a new institution could have been devised. We had not passed our tenth birthday when War broke out, the new official head of the University was hardly in the saddle, and yet the men, past and present, rose to the national emergency with a spontaneity which surprised us all.

It was vacation time when the occasion came. Telegraphic enquiries were sent out to all asking if they would accept commissions in the army if such were offered. Thus were we shorn of nearly all our men before the winter term of 1914 opened, for those who were not already partially prepared for commissioned rank had gone as privates into the City battalion or enlisted into regiments of the line. "Freshers" there were, of course, but they were rapidly caught into the spirit of the place, and through the O.T.C. prepared themselves for national service. The more restless among them enlisted before commissions came their way. It was a wonderful time to live through, especially for those of us who had felt real concern about

the capacity of our country to rise to the great crisis.

The spontaneity and promptness of the response was all the more significant and pleasing because, like most of the newer Universities, we stand nearer to the great mass of the population than do Oxford and Cambridge, fed as these latter are so largely by the Public Schools, whereas our students are chiefly drawn from families who use the elementary and secondary school system established by Parliament.

The older institutions are rightly proud of their traditions of loyalty and public service. How far these come from the training and spirit of the institutions themselves or from the class to which the students for the most part belong is perhaps uncertain. In any case could the newer schools and Universities produce anything comparable? Such a question, put three years ago, would have been answered very doubtfully. The men have answered for themselves in the record of what they did long before there was even a whisper of compulsion.

The men have given a good account of themselves, and those they left behind have not been backward in their efforts. It would require a volume to record all that has been done in scientific, technological, medical and educational directions by the various departments of this University. Without exception, the whole energy of the place has been spent ungrudgingly in the national service. The women have spent their vacations on the land, and their term's leisure time in helping the vigorous

hospital supply depôt established by the wives and friends of the staff of the Medical School.

Japan

Up to the end of 1916 there were 705 representatives of the University serving in the War. Of this total, 360 held commissions. The casualties included 65 killed, 91 wounded, 14 missing, and 1 prisoner of war. Distinctions gained were: Victoria Cross, 1; D.S.O., 2; Military Cross, 24; Croix de Guerre, 2; Military Medal, 3; and Mentioned in Despatches, 26.



BRISTOL.

BY THE VICE-CHANCELLOR,
Sir Isambard Owen, D.C.L., M.D.

OUR University is a very young one, the youngest in the British Isles, having come into existence only in the latter part of 1909; but it started with certain definite ideals, the realisation of which has necessarily been somewhat interrupted by the War, but which we hope it will be able fully to attain when peace returns.

The founders of the University realised that the part of a University was to be a seat of learning and science as well as a place of undergraduate education, and that its function was the creation, no less than the distribution, of knowledge. Among the aims of our University the promotion of scientific research has taken a foremost place. Bristol was the first University in the United Kingdom to require the practical pursuance of research as a qualification for University honours in the Faculty of Science, and our example is now being followed by others. Our authorities have also realised the necessity of restoring to Universities the international and "universal" position which they occupied in the Middle Ages. From the first our higher degrees have been freely open to graduates of other Universities, as well in foreign countries as in our own

Dominions and in the United Kingdom, who have pursued research within our walls.

Its seat being in the immediate neighbourhood of two large public schools which make a special point of preparation for the Army, our University has entertained the ambition of developing a School of Military Training in connection with itself. The War broke out soon after this project had been entered on, but our University has none the less been, during the War, a centre of training for Officers, the value of which has been recognised. Our contingent of the Officers Training Corps immediately on the outbreak of the War rose to the level of the occasion. Full-time service was at once required of its members; professors and lecturers in the University became, by dint of hard work, thoroughly capable instructors; and up to the present time nearly 400 men have passed through the ranks of the contingent, some of whom have subsequently distinguished themselves in the War. At a later period Bristol was selected by the War Office as the seat of an Officer-Cadet Battalion, which is mainly housed in the University buildings. In addition, the University has taken the original step of attaching to itself a battalion of the Volunteer Force that has been formed in Great Britain, mainly of men past military age, to reinforce our home defence if the need should arise.

Service in the Officers Training Corps is far from being the only direct contribution which the University have made to the War. The greater part of our men students who were not qualifying for commissions enlisted, and left us, within the first few

months of hostilities, as well as those members of the staff who were still of military age and sound constitution. The response of our Medical Faculty in its own especial field of duty was equally prompt and effective. Nearly the whole of the work of the 2nd Southern General Hospital, situated in Bristol, is carried on by members of the University's Faculty of Medicine.

Nor were the women of the University left in the rear. For some months after the commencement of the War the public rooms of the University were mainly occupied by ladies connected with the University engaged in the preparation of necessities and comforts for our soldiers and sailors at the front. Our Faculty of Engineering has been busily employed in training the women as well as the men of Bristol to the work of the fabrication of munitions, and has been holding courses for the instruction of the flying services.

The members of the University staff who are left behind are largely occupied in conducting scientific researches and carrying out scientific tests at the behest of the various departments of State concerned with the equipment of the Navy and the Army. The departments of Physics, Chemistry, Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Botany, Physiology, and Pathology have been equally drawn upon for the purpose of the paramount issue.

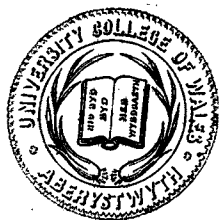
A handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to read "Herbert Asquith". The script is fluid and cursive, with a large initial 'H'.

249 students of Bristol University are serving in His Majesty's forces, and the majority have received commissions.

36 members of the teaching staff are at present away from Bristol on active service; 4 more are commissioned in the Officers Training Corps, and 31 others, commissioned in the R.A.M.C., are serving in connection with the 2nd Southern General Hospital. 4 members of the office staff, the clerk of the medical library, and 17 members of the working staff of the University are also engaged on active service.

The number of members of the teaching and working staffs, graduates, students and ex-students of the University, and of the colleges which entered into its foundation, who have sacrificed their lives in their country's hour of need amounted at the end of February to 62; 33 have been wounded.

The following distinctions have been gained: C.B., 1; D.S.O., 1; M.C., 15; D.C.M. 2; Croix de Guerre, 2; Mentioned in Despatches, 7.



WALES.

BY THE PRINCIPAL OF THE UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF WALES, ABERYSTWYTH,

T. F. Roberts, M.A., LL.D.

IT was at the very beginning of the War, when Belgium was invaded, that the high-water mark of insight and devotion was reached which drove the noblest of the youth of Britain to man the hastily-dug trenches. It was no lust of power, no trace of incipient militarism that sent them there. If any such thing should follow, it will not be a flower from the soil which their blood enriched. An aftermath of materialism, which some have prognosticated, would ill become a country set about with "so great a cloud of witnesses." In such a scene, can it be imagined that the Universities will set themselves to invent hostile weapons for the use of internal conflicts of labour and capital? So far from this being the case, the comradeship re-established between employers and employed by the War has probably solved in advance some of the problems of the future, which might otherwise have defied solution. This has been effected through the mediation of the Universities. No one can understand the spirit of the Universities without taking account of the situation as it was before the War. The great majority of the teachers and students had no idea that it was imminent. Many of them, as for instance in Wales, were entirely absorbed in other affairs. It is a long way from an inherited

and inveterate pacificism to the firing line; yet the transition was accomplished in Wales with a wonderful speed and decision. The Officers Training Corps, which had been recently established in the Universities through the foresight of Lord Haldane, saved the students from having to confront the foe with the helplessness of undisciplined courage.

By the aid of this training many students, including future elementary teachers, went almost direct from their colleges to the front, and in the dearth of officers were rapidly placed in positions involving the responsibilities of human leadership in their most heroic forms. They knew the language of their Welsh fellow-countrymen, and were acquainted with their moods and needs, and with the airs that could breathe in them deliberate valour when their country demanded their best. Under such leadership at Ypres and Mamette Wood was the watchword "Stick it, Welsh!" honoured to the death by Welsh miners.

There had been at work in the British Universities for some years before the War a movement in the direction of the study and investigation of social and economic problems and a spirit of sympathy with the working community, which were met by a surprising wave of interest in the higher things for their own sakes on the part of the younger workmen who formed the new University Tutorial Classes. Alas that so many of the teachers and taught should have been cut off in the prime of their newly-found companionship!

At the same time, the Students' Christian Movement, a world-wide enterprise originating in

the United States, was teaching many University men the value of practical religion.

The days preceding the War were days of unprecedented mental activity and numberless plans of social reconstruction. But what came to test the value of the new social enthusiasm was not the carrying out of its projects—except such of them as had just been plucked like brands from the burning and placed hurriedly on the Statute Book—but the War. The War put the question roughly and drastically, in such a manner as to stir the manhood of the country to its depths. If these lines should come before any students of Welsh origin in the American Universities, they will understand that in playing their part in this world-conflict their kinsmen in Wales, from the present Prime Minister down, have done so not because they have abandoned the quest of perpetual peace rooted in their consciousness as a nation, but because of their conviction that its vindication and whatever things make the name of Wales precious to mankind are at stake in the contest and depend on the issue.

ἡμῶς δὲ μεγάλου Διὸς παθώμεθα
 ὡς πᾶσι θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισιν ^(βουλή)
 εὖ οἰωνὸς ἄριστος, ἀμύνεσθαι ^(ἀνάσσει.)
πᾶσι πᾶσι

J. F. Roberts

Aberystwyth

St. David's Day, 1917

It has not been possible to compute the exact total of members of the three colleges of the University serving in the War. But it is probable there are 1350. Of these, about 80 have already fallen, and a large number have been wounded.



ST. ANDREWS.

BY THE VICE-CHANCELLOR,
Very Rev. Sir John Herkless, D.D.

IN August of 1914 the University was not in session, and when October came the matriculation roll showed the absence of a goodly number of the students. They had not waited till the exigency of the situation, the persuasion of their elders, or the enthusiasm of a crowd should invite them to service. Of those who entered the University not a few were under the age for the army, but as he reached the age youth after youth disappeared from the quadrangles. One and all of the younger men of the teaching staff, not required in the laboratories turned into factories, offered for service. The teachers inspired the students, and the students inspired the teachers. Hardly one man failed. Their country needed them. The call to duty sounded by Admirals, Generals and Statesmen was repeated in the University, and the solemn issues were made plain. There was no shirking, no craven cowardice, no faltering step, and men heard only to obey. They were not all Scots, these men, nurtured on the tales of Wallace and Bruce and the story of Bannockburn; but they were all St. Andrews men, and the splendid tradition of the place did not appeal in vain. In the city, before the Reformation, martyrs had died for their faith; and from

the University had gone forth martyrs for the Covenant. George Buchanan, Andrew Melville and Samuel Rutherford, Principals of the Colleges, had been the apostles of liberty. Argyll, Montrose, Claverhouse, loyal each to his cause, had been *cives universitatis*. The memory of these martyrs, apostles and soldiers was an inspiration. Youths, with greatness only in dream or in vision, set out on the path of service, and they went as bravely as the heroes of the romantic past. Some fell, giving all they had ; some have won glory on the field ; some are but doing their duty. Their country needed them. Britain must preserve her honour, and her freedom must be guarded. The honour of Britain was their honour ; the freedom of Britain was their freedom. The call of the country was enough for these University men, of the country that, in spite of blunders, mistakes, and errors, had won freedom and had preached freedom in all the world ; and they went forth, with courage and determination, to fight for the sacred cause.

John Huthless :

So far as can be computed, up to February 1917 there were 670 members of St. Andrews University serving in the Army and Navy. Of these, 50 had been killed and 3 were missing. Four had gained the D.S.O., 23 had been mentioned in despatches, and 16 had been awarded medals.

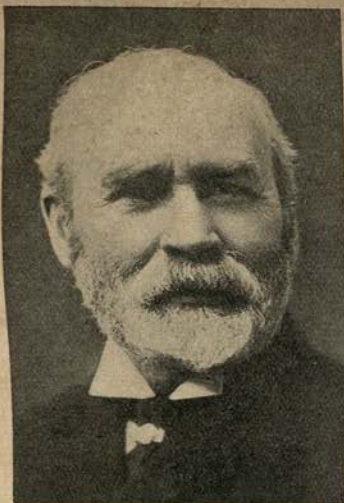


GLASGOW.

BY THE VICE-CHANCELLOR,
Sir Donald MacAlister, K.C.B.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY in the year before the War (1913-14) had 2916 students. Of these 2254 were men, 662 were women. At the outbreak of the War, University companies were formed in three Scottish regiments, and were rapidly filled up by the students. From that time until February 1917, 2994 alumni and students have gone to serve with the army or navy. Men-students, to the number of about 430, have enrolled themselves as munition workers. About 230 women students took up Red Cross or other war-service; and about 130 volunteered for emergency work in the Post Office or other Government departments. Of the teaching-staff of Professors and Lecturers, fifty-five are on leave of absence for war-work, many holding commissions in the Engineering, Aircraft, Naval Construction, or Hospital services of the State. Senior medical students, and teachers, were ordered by the authorities to continue their professional studies in combination with military training. These are accordingly enrolled in the University Officers Training Corps, to the number of 330, and are receiving instruction in preparation for commissions in the Royal Army Medical Corps or the Infantry.

The Engineering Laboratories are occupied by the Admiralty, a staff of graduates and workmen being employed there on work connected with



Sir Donald MacAlister
GLASGOW



Sir George Adam Smith
ABERDEEN



Sir Ludovic J. Grant
EDINBURGH



Dr. J. P. Mahaffy
DUBLIN

munitions and shipbuilding. The Physical Laboratories are utilised for work on aircraft and compasses ; the Observatory for chronometers, etc. ; the Chemical Laboratories for testing steel, and the making of special drugs and the like.

At the beginning of 1917 the number of men students was reduced to about 730, the majority being in the Medical Faculty, and the other either foreigners or men ineligible, by reason of youth or physical unfitness, for military service. About twenty a month, however, leave their studies on reaching military age. Most of these receive commissions as officers.

Two other facts bespeak the spirit of the students. They have the right to elect the Lord Rector of the University, who is *ex officio* President of the Governing Body of the University. They have unanimously elected M. Poincaré, President of the French Republic. Glasgow has housed nearly 17,000 Belgian refugees. The students, by weekly collections, subscribe about 100*l.* a year to maintain, in conjunction with the other Scottish Universities, one of the hostels in which the refugees are lodged and fed.

Donald Mac Alister

Glasgow University had in February 1917 as Commissioned Officers (Naval or Military) 2374 ; as Non-Commissioned Officers, 156 ; as Privates (or equivalent naval rank), 464. Total, 2994.

The casualties have been as follows : Killed in action, died of wounds, and died on service, 329 ; wounded, 349 ; missing, 18 ; prisoners of war, 6.

Among Decorations, Military Awards, etc., have been : Victoria Cross, 2 ; D.S.O., 19 ; Military Cross, 85 ; French Croix de Guerre, 6 ; Mentioned in Despatches, 136.



ABERDEEN.

BY THE PRINCIPAL,

Very Rev. Sir George Adam Smith, D.D., LL.D.

THE roll of graduates, non-graduate alumni, undergraduate-students, and members of the staffs of Aberdeen University on naval and military service during the War now amounts to about 2220, of whom nearly 1900 joined the Imperial forces while the voluntary system of enlistment still prevailed. The roll is not complete, as full returns have not yet been received of graduates and alumni serving in the forces of the Overseas Dominions.

Of nearly 1100 graduates who have received commissions, 44 are in the Royal Naval Medical Service, and 709 in the R.A.M.C. and the Indian and other Overseas Medical Services; between 40 and 50 are chaplains; and over 290 are officers in the combatant forces; while in addition 260 graduates have enlisted—making a total of graduates in the navy and army of rather over 1350. In addition between 30 and 40 are in charge of Red Cross Hospitals.

Of alumni 85 hold commissions, and 70 serve as non-commissioned officers and privates.

Of about 520 students on service, 150 hold commissions, the rest are non-commissioned officers and privates. By April there will fall to be added to these 50 or 60 students called up under the new

order for men over 18 years of age. This winter about 90 students are cadets in the University contingent of the Officers Training Corps (Medical Unit).

One hundred and forty-two graduates, alumni, and students have fallen in action or have died of wounds or of disease contracted on service or have gone down with their ships; and over 250 more have been wounded or invalided from the front.

The List of Honours includes one K.C.M.G., three C.B., four C.M.G., fifteen D.S.O., thirty-five Military Crosses, two Military Medals, and seven Foreign Orders; and about thirty-five other names have been mentioned in despatches.

Among the higher ranks there is one Lieutenant-General commanding on an Eastern front, ten Lieut.-Colonels in command of Battalions of Infantry and two of Brigades of Artillery; three are Surgeons-General, two Deputy-Surgeons-General, and six Fleet-Surgeons in the Navy; while thirteen are Colonels and a large number Lieut.-Colonels in the R.A.M.C.

At the outset of the War three sections of a Highland Field Ambulance and one company of a Territorial Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders were composed of Aberdeen students and officered by graduates of the University. For a record of their services during the first two years of the War see the *Aberdeen University Review* for June 1916.

The University War Work Association, accommodated in one of the Medical departments of the

University, was formed in the summer of 1915, and up to this date has completed and issued over 15,400 garments and hospital comforts, and over 257,000 war dressings for military and Red Cross hospitals and ambulances at home and abroad.

George Allen Smith



EDINBURGH.

BY THE SECRETARY OF SENATUS,
Professor Sir Ludovic J. Grant, LL.D.

THIRTY-THREE years ago, when the University of Edinburgh was celebrating its Tercentenary Festival, generous and graceful acknowledgment was made by sister seats of learning in all parts of the world of the great work which it was accomplishing as an instrument of culture and centre of research. Who, hearing these tributes, would have dared to predict that before another fifty years had passed a page would have been added to Alma Mater's history more glorious and more stimulative of the glow of pride than all the records of her achievements in the arts of peace? Yet this is what has happened. When lust of dominion, supported by the forces of barbarism and materialism, launched its fell attack in July 1914, the flower of the University's manhood instantaneously dedicated themselves in a splendid spirit of self-sacrifice to the task of upholding the cause of justice and freedom, of civilisation and humanity. And the readiness of the response to the call to arms has only been equalled by the gallantry and fine fighting qualities displayed by our student-soldiers in the field. Upwards of 1200 young men who, but for the War, would have been peacefully pursuing their studies here have gone to the front. The result is that in some cases classes which three years ago were crowded have practically ceased to exist, while in all the Faculties, except the Faculty of Medicine, which, in a very

real sense, is engaged on war work, the Professors for the last three years have been lecturing to audiences composed chiefly of women students, of students of colour—of whom there are always a large number in the University of Edinburgh—and of students who are not physically fit for active service.

The extent to which the graduates and former students of the University have come forward is only being ascertained by degrees, and perhaps will never be fully known. Hardly a day passes but some fresh name is sent in to be added to the Roll of Honour, and the total of old members now recorded is considerably over 3000.

The list of Distinctions gained by members of the University present and past is already long and varied; long too is the list of those who have made the supreme sacrifice. At the Memorial Service held last January 264 names were recorded, and since then many have been added to the roll.

But the University's effort in the hour of national need is not to be measured solely by the number and activities of its members who have gone to the front in some branch of H.M. forces. It may be said without exaggeration that from the very outset the University organised itself for war. A special word of praise is due, in the first instance, to the Adjutant and Officers in Command of the various units (Artillery, Infantry, Engineers, Medical) of the Edinburgh University Officers Training Corps for their untiring energy and enterprise. As soon as the War broke out, intensive training was provided; and since 1914 an immense number of cadets have passed through the Corps, not only matriculated

students but also numerous approved extra-mural men. Of these no less than 1287 have been given commissions. In addition to the work done in the Corps proper, camps and schools of instruction for Artillery and Infantry officers have been carried on periodically, both inside and outside of Edinburgh, and the results in all cases have been most gratifying. Certain portions of the University Buildings have been freely placed at the disposal of the Officers Training Corps, and the spectacle of cadets drilling in the quadrangle of the old buildings is of daily occurrence.

One of the first steps taken by the University authorities themselves in the autumn of 1914 was to encourage all male students who were still pursuing their studies in the University to undergo military training, and special arrangements were made for this purpose. At an early date, too, the question of the special privileges to be granted to those whose studies had been interrupted by war service engaged the attention of the authorities; schemes of privileges were drawn up in the various Faculties, and these have been periodically revised and renewed. The University also in conjunction with the other Scottish Universities promoted emergency legislation with a view to enabling the authorities to suspend certain provisions of the Ordinances in their application to students, etc., engaged in naval, military, or other public service. During the current year the classes in certain Faculties are being compressed so as to enable students to complete their academic year by the Spring before leaving for military duties.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the work directly relating to the War which is

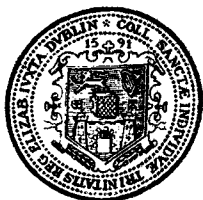
being accomplished in the various University departments. The testing plant in the Engineering Laboratory has been placed at the disposal of the Munitions Department, and the Engineering Workshops are being utilised for the training of men and women to serve as skilled workers in munition factories, under the supervision of one of the Lecturers. The Professor of Natural Philosophy and his assistants have been constantly engaged in researches undertaken at the instance of the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Ministry of Munitions. In the Chemistry department the staff has been chiefly engaged in the manufacture of high explosives, though other activities have also engaged their attention. In the departments of Physiology, Pathology, and Bacteriology many investigations of the highest value have been carried out in the treatment of septicæmia, trench frost-bite, wound infection, amœbic dysentery, and the effects of chlorine gas.

Lastly, it has to be recorded that the Women's Committee of the Students' Representative Council have been rendering substantial services by organising a department for the supply of comforts to the troops, and by their zealous co-operation in many schemes connected with the War.

L. J. Grant

Up to the end of February there were upwards of 5000 names on the Roll of Honour of Edinburgh University. Of this total about 300 had laid down their lives, the fallen including Lord Kitchener, Secretary of State for War, who was unanimously appointed Lord Rector by the students in November 1914.

The following Honours had been gained: Companionship of the Order of the Bath (Military Division), 4; Companionship of the Order of SS. Michael and George, 16; Distinguished Service Order, 20; Military Cross, 60; Distinguished Service Cross, 2; Distinguished Conduct Medal, 2. Over 180 had been "mentioned in despatches," and several had received French and Belgian decorations.



DUBLIN.

BY THE PROVOST,
J. P. Mahaffy, D.D., C.V.O.

THE War list to February 18, 1917, contains the names of: (A) 2612 graduates and undergraduates (of whom 120 are privates); (B) 237 members of the Officers Training Corps who were not members of Trinity College; (C) 33 employees of Trinity College. Total, 2882.

The first list (A) may be further analysed as follows: 665 are undergraduates who gave up their College work to join the army or navy since the War began; the rest are graduates and old undergraduates, and a few men who were trained in the Medical School but did not enter Trinity College. Of the graduates 761 are Medical; 156 Engineering; and 162 are Chaplains.

Of the 2612 in (A) 218 were wounded; 239 killed in action or died on service; 163 were mentioned in despatches; 68 won the Military Cross; 21 got the D.S.O.

The following Distinctions have also been gained: C.M.G., 10; K.C.B., 1; C.B., 2; C.I.E., 1; Croix d'Officier, 1; Croix de Guerre, 1; Order of St. Anne, 3rd Cl., 1; Croix de Chevalier, 2; Legion of Honour, 1; and Red Cross Decoration, 1. All the figures in the last two paragraphs will most probably be largely increased when we get further information.

J. P. Mahaffy

American and English Universities.

By Sir THEODORE COOK.

ON November 12, 1914, died George Williamson, Lieutenant in the English Army, in Belgium. He was the first Harvard man (class of 1905) who fought and fell for the Allies in the great European War. Forty-one of his comrades had served in various British regiments up to September 1916, in the Coldstream Guards, the 6th Dragoons, the Black Watch, the Irish Guards, the Grenadier Guards, and other units. Major Robert Emmet (class of 1883), of the Warwickshire Territorials, became a British citizen. Another who did the same was Filley, stroke of the Harvard crew in the match against Cambridge University at Putney in 1906. Nineteen of the Harvard men who served in one or other of the Allied armies laid down their lives for the cause. Five more were drowned on the *Lusitania*. Another, George Perkins Knapp, died of fever at Diabekir in August 1915, after helping Armenians to escape from the Turks. This is a fine record for a single American University when it is remembered that not a man was then fighting under the protection of his own flag; and though Englishmen may think that this war began—as it is being fought out—for the same principles which the United States were founded 140 years ago to foster and protect, we cannot but remember that no similar number of English University men ever dreamt of crossing the Atlantic so soon after the American Civil War had begun, a war which caused

the most acute and widespread desolation in one of our own populous manufacturing districts, and a war which was fought for principles of freedom and of nationality which have been held to be the tradition of the British race for centuries.

It may well be said that the issues raised in August 1914 were of incalculably vaster import than any domestic crisis faced by Abraham Lincoln when Fort Sumter fell fifty-three years earlier before the guns of his own countrymen; and that this crisis not unnaturally left unmoved the majority of Englishmen, who did not realise that the principles for which Lincoln fought were verities both world-wide and eternal. But we should remember this to-day. For the fall of Liège actually meant much less to the average unit in the vast American populations than the surrender of Fort Sumter did to Englishmen; and the whole tradition of the American schoolboy used to be that England was not only his daily rival but his secular enemy. Yet it was to British regiments that Harvard and Yale sent their volunteers before 1917, even more numerous than to those colours of France which have been associated since Lafayette with the earliest and most successful struggles of American chivalry for independence and for freedom.

Let me add that the total of Americans who had fought on our side in France and elsewhere, before the United States had declared war, is very much larger than any that was then imagined. By the autumn of 1916 Mr. James Beck was able to announce that no less than 16,000 Americans had enlisted in our Canadian regiments and 10,000 under the flag

of France, many of them having become the best pilots in the *corps d'élite* of French aviation. Nor did this by any means exhaust our debt to the United States even in the period before they broke off diplomatic negotiations with Germany.

I now say nothing of their contribution to every Allied army in the industry of munitions and armament, or in loans for war material; I now say little of their munificence in help given to the destitute populations of Belgium, Northern France, Poland, Serbia, Roumania, or Armenia. I need but touch upon the unforgettable and continuous assistance, freely rendered by their diplomatists and others, from August 1914 till January 1917, to our prisoners and wounded soldiers and interned subjects, and to those of all our Allies, within the enemy countries—a debt we never can begin to repay in our own lifetime. These things, though not as widely known or recognized as they ought to be, are still familiar to the majority of thinking Englishmen.

What has not been fully understood, even by these latter, is the generous and self-sacrificing spirit which animated the personal service rendered before 1917 by thousands of the best American University men in countless ways to the Allied cause in Europe. These were services that were not irradiated by the martial glamour of actual conflict—a glamour which can repay many a man for hardships and sufferings that end only with life itself. They were unpaid, often unseen, almost invariably involving a separation from home ties and home interests which is often only compensated—as in other instances—by the consciousness of duty done.

The great American Universities have set an example of high-principled conduct and of strenuous effort which any of the older European Universities might be proud to imitate and none of our English Universities will ever forget. The number of Harvard men who did ambulance work before 1917 under fire in France and elsewhere, together with all those who fell fighting, will inspire a memory of this War apart from every other memory in the hearts of Oxford or of Cambridge men. It will form a link—a symbol written in our common blood—which will bind the Universities on each side of the Atlantic together, as even Cecil Rhodes and all his far-sighted munificence had never bound them before.

I was myself at Oxford, "the class of 1890," as they say across the water. But I am sufficiently broad-minded to recognize the varied excellencies of Cambridge, although the gift of her education is in my case limited to that less pleasurable kind which we are told results from several unequivocal defeats inflicted on me by my friendly Cambridge foes. And that phrase strikes the first note of difference I have observed among the University men it has been my privilege to meet on both sides of the Atlantic. The United States cover a very large amount of ground, in fact about thirty times as much ground as England, and consequently the somewhat urgent rivalry that is taken for granted between Oxford and Cambridge can hardly be predicated of any two out of the very numerous American Universities. Even though some travellers may think it reflected in the eternal duels between Yale and Harvard, the comparison is far from exact. Each of these institutions has at least

three other rivals (and sometimes more) for every form of supremacy. And there are many more Universities, pulsating with just as much energy as Oxford or Cambridge, which compete with each other gaily in every form of physical or mental exercise, without caring whether Harvard can beat Yale or not; and without realising that Oxford and Cambridge are much more than geographical expressions.

But this does not imply by any means that the actual competition in any given case is any less keen than Dark or Light Blues know it here. It is infinitely keener. As in everything else they do, American University men concentrate strenuously on success in sport, train with a rigour we have never faced, and fight with a bitter earnestness that (to our minds) intensifies every feature of the actual contest—I mean that it precedes and outlasts the fight itself to an extent which Englishmen have never contemplated. That spirit is reflected in the national attitude towards all University games. Such enormous crowds attend American football and baseball matches that undergraduates have very little to pay in the way of subscriptions towards their recreations. Gate-money does all that, and does it with an elaboration of detail and a luxury of equipment unknown anywhere else. This has its effect, of course, and I am far from deploring it. But while I watched it, I was often struck with the dangers of over-specialisation it involved, dangers not visible so much in mere perfection of paraphernalia (at which we also aim, in our small way) as in the various developments of professional coaching.

An example will be clearer than any explanation. Nothing so much astonishes an American rowing coach, when he comes over here, as the freedom with which an Oxford coach and crew will watch a Cambridge coach and crew at practice. This is because one result of American specialisation is that each coach (in rowing for example) thinks he has a better system of propulsion than any other coach has discovered, and therefore he does not wish his rival to see what he is doing with his men. Such an incident as R. C. Lehmann of Cambridge coaching Oxford and preparing their victory over his own University would be unintelligible in a land where a coach's income depends on his success. It does not in the least imply that American oarsmen are less sportsmanlike than our own. It is the result of the fact that in the United States hardly any amateur has time to be a coach. Not only is an American undergraduate's career far more strenuous, but his business life begins directly afterwards, and often (to his infinite credit) has begun during his terms at the University where he has paid his fees with his own work—practically an impossibility at Oxford or Cambridge, though it is well known in Scotland and in some of our newer English Universities.

It must also be remembered that the institutions we call "public schools," which are the foundations of our University life, do not really exist in the United States. Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, and the rest have no exact parallels across the Atlantic, though, of course, I could recall many names of schools there (such as Exeter, St. Paul's, Groton, and others) which deserve mention with

the best of any land. The question is complicated by nomenclature, but it is not obscured; and it is the fact that the bond of school companionship which persists through life in England, and colours our University years especially, does not exist among Americans to anything like the same extent. This has been recognised in the arrangement made by the Rhodes Trustees for choosing scholars. For the secondary school in the United States sends on boys to some of their Universities (not all) at an earlier age than we do. So it sometimes happens that a Rhodes scholar in Oxford finds himself at a disadvantage against an English freshman who has taken a scholarship from some famous Sixth Form, and that they are often nearly the same age. The athletic prowess of Rhodes scholars is not, in fact, always associated with high intellectual attainment; for American sport is so highly specialised that (apart from "track athletics") you do not so often find a "First Class man," who has also "won his Blue," as is the case in England.

These considerations might lead me into disquisitions about the athletic value of the Rhodes Bequest to Oxford, now enjoying a benefit from Colonial and American talent (chiefly in track athletics) of which Cambridge is deprived. But I will dismiss the problem very briefly by saying that though it has been possible to take Rhodes scholarships away from Germans and give them more abundantly to our own Colonies, it has not been possible so far to disregard the firm views of the testator as to change the place in which he

personally preferred that they should be enjoyed. More than this, I believe that the advantages accruing to Oxford by the inclusion of American athletes (who could not be refused admission to any branch of life in the University of which they are full members) have not acted so much in the direction of increasing Oxford's score of victories as they have in the direction of raising the actual standard of excellence at both Universities. Even though we may abominate specialism and all the vices called for short "professionalism" in any sport, there is no reason why we should not do our bit as well as we are capable of doing it; and it is common knowledge that in the Hammer and the Weight—to name no more events—we were quite childishly inadequate till "foreign" competition taught us the lessons inseparable from continuous defeat. This is one reason why I always upheld "foreign competition" at Henley before the War. We may all here believe (and I confess to the belief) that the rowing style taught by Dr. Warre of Eton is the best in the world. But if we had not had the sharp reminder that any crew except the best we could turn out might be beaten by a Belgian eight, and thoroughly hunted home by an American, we should have quite possibly degenerated into a far lower standard of excellence than that which brisk and world-wide competition must inevitably evoke.

Since Rhodes scholars are chosen from States, the competition for the selected candidates from each State naturally produces a majority of University men of at least one year's standing and sometimes more. It is also true that not all American freshmen

have invariably reached either the physical or the mental standard of their English contemporaries. But the American University itself presents many differences from what we call a University in England, where we find (as at Oxford) groups of ancient independent Colleges, each having its own life, and only coming in contact with "the University" (a sort of Platonic "idea") in connection with a few prizes and with their degree in one direction, and in connection with the University teams chosen out of the best of every College (for the purpose of competing against Cambridge) in another. This is all very different from the American's outlook. His University is (to our minds) a very large College, with very rich and stately buildings and appurtenances, whether these are halls, libraries, gymnasiums, stadiums, playing-fields, living-rooms, or chapels. The point is that whereas in Oxford or Cambridge every one of the Colleges has its own complete organisation both for work and play, in the United States each University has only one such organisation in different compartments. The result is that American oarsmen, for instance, have only one or two races, involving twenty or thirty men. In Oxford or Cambridge, on the other hand, about 400 men are racing every year, and a good oar will have at least a dozen different races, without counting the University match at Putney or the many races at Henley. This is why an American crew can seldom row itself right out and never "race" in our meaning of the term. It has probably trained for six months for one contest. We have trained (in the case of Henley) for about three weeks and we have had half

a dozen races in as many months. After Harvard had raced Cambridge, I had the pleasure of motor-ing to Audley End with the American stroke. His name was Filley, and he was an old Rugby boy. Since the war, as I have said, he has naturalised himself as an Englishman, an incident which created almost as much interest in one direction as did the action of Henry James in another. Filley explained to me that since his crew had done faster time over the course than the Englishmen had ever accomplished, he had "rowed to the watch" and paid no attention to his opponents. I saw every inch of that race. Cambridge went away with the lead and increased it. Before Barnes Bridge they were very tired, in spite of having had a breather, and Harvard were coming up. From Barnes to the finish the Americans gained steadily. Cambridge just won, utterly rowed out. Harvard finished second, comparatively fresh.

There are other differences arising from this essential difference in our idea of a University. At Cambridge or Oxford it is the exception for a healthy athlete to spend his time in looking on at other people. He plays, instead of watching. There is, in fact, room for the second-rater, and a very good time he has, whether he be a freshman or not. Americans only care for the first-rater, and the interests of the rest are rather too much sacrificed to his production. The second-rater, in fact, is chiefly organised into a "claque," which cheers to the word of command and applauds to order, in vast numbers and with terrifically sonorous effect. Besides this, the freshman never gets his real chance in his first

year. The American divisions are horizontal, according to years, as opposed to the perpendicular divisions of the Colleges in England. The idea of a freshman representing his University against the best of any age its rival could produce is alien to the American conception. They desire to prevent men matriculating, and in fact being hired, for the sole purpose (for example) of playing football; and they are right. Still, the English system (and I strive to be impartial) seems to me to give the best chance to the greatest number, both in work and play, and the value of "play" has been emphasised for ever by the experience of this War.

By the end of 1915, 8000 Oxford men, and as many from Cambridge, were on active service of one kind or another under naval or military orders. Nearly 800 Oxonians had laid down their lives by the middle of 1916, and the total will be considerably larger when these lines are published; and it must be remembered that only a very small proportion of all these had ever even contemplated a military profession before the War broke out. Some pathetic distinctions have already been obtained. At Oxford, Balliol had the first rowing Blue who fell; All Souls, the first Don; Queen's, the first territorial officer to win the Victoria Cross. In 1915 eighty of the eighty-nine "Blues" of 1913-1914 were on active service, one of the greatest testimonies ever given to the value of sport to the nation. Twelve hundred beds for wounded soldiers were in the new Schools, in the Town Hall, and in Somerville, whence the young ladies have migrated to the North Quad of Oriel, now known in consequence as "Sororiel."

But Cecil Rhodes's College has proved well worthy of his memory. At the time I mention she had sent a larger proportion of her members to the front than any similar institution in the city.

Let me say something more of the Rhodes scholars; for, as the living link between the Universities of the United States and England, they are especially appropriate to the main theme of these pages; and the first thing to say about them, here and now, is that the American Rhodes scholars were never "neutral." They were too close to the actual conflict to misunderstand its vital issues. I have already suggested the work which some of them have joined their compatriots in performing in the ambulances under fire, in diplomacy, in charity, in half a hundred different ways; and none of them worked on an American Relief Committee for more than a fortnight without becoming violently anti-German in sentiment. But, as you would expect, it is real fighting they have wanted. As one of them said this last January, "I want to declare war at once." Another of them, who "declared war" very effectively some time previously, has just been buried in Dakota, and the French Médaille d'Honneur had been pinned on the French uniform that is in his far-off grave. Four more of them, quite lately, having opened their hearts to their parents and received these parents' full and free permission, proceeded to get commissions in the English army at once.

This leads me to quote a letter, not from a Rhodes scholar, but from Alan Seeger (Harvard, 1910), who was killed in action on the Somme

in the Foreign Legion of the French army in July 1916. Like our own Rupert Brooke, he was a poet who reached his true height only under the stress of actual warfare. His "Rendezvous with Death" was written very shortly before he was stricken by a double wound in a bayonet charge, and his comrades as they swept on "heard him singing a marching song as his soul marched out to God." The letter to his mother which I quote here was read from the pulpit in Westminster Abbey on February 11, 1917:—

You must not be anxious about my not coming back. The chances are about ten to one that I shall. But if I should not, you must be proud like the Spartan mothers, and feel it is your contribution to the triumph of the cause whose justice you feel so keenly. Everybody should take part in this struggle, which is to have so decisive an effect not only on the nations engaged but on all humanity. There should be no neutrals. Everyone should bear some part of the burden. If so large a part should fall to your share, you should be in so far superior to every woman, and should be correspondingly proud. There should be nothing to regret, for I could not have done otherwise than what I did, and I think I could not have done better. Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something even more wonderful than life. It cannot mean anything worse to the good soldier.

I should like all my readers to take that as typical of what University men are feeling to-day on both sides of the Atlantic; and I should wish to emphasize my own opinion that the Rhodes scholars have done their part in the strengthening of that feeling among Americans. And you are to remember that nearly 400 of these scholars are already in existence, counting those who have just been elected. This means that, as the years go on, a permanent group of about 3000 will come into

regular existence all over the world, embodying University men selected from the United States and our own Empire, with the added traditions of Oxford at their back. I can conceive few more beneficent forces in the cause of all that is highest in civilisation, in scholarship, in spiritual and physical endeavour; all of it born, and chiefly bred, outside Great Britain. Certain it is, at any rate, that when the Kaiser definitely stated that he was fighting against all that was implied by the ideals of the Anglo-Saxon race, he had no notion of the strength which those ideals could count upon in the future from this source alone. And it is significant that when he spoke he had himself for some time suffered a degradation, unique in history, from the noblest and most ancient order of Anglo-Saxon chivalry; while his German scholars had, more recently, been banned for ever from that participation in the Rhodes Bequest, of which their nation had proved itself so utterly unworthy. I cannot refrain from the observation that, if Cecil Rhodes, a typical Englishman if ever there was one, could have definitely decided to extend these scholarships to Germany, a large part of the German argument about our constant hatred of Teutonic developments must fall to the ground. Rhodes felt, what so many of us imagined, that Germany had only to know us better to give up her suspicions and her bitter jealousies. He was mistaken. Neither he nor the rest of us could have had any sane imagination of the morose insanities that have deluged Europe in misery and roused the civilised world against the common enemy of mankind.

But to return to our Rhodes scholars; they have come from the more individual type of American University to the College type we know in England, and they experience influences that are novel to them, not merely in the spirit of Oxford but in the material management of her students' lives. They find that nothing is known to us of the process they have known (and no doubt personally experienced) as "hazing." A freshman at Oxford is accepted at the value his personality can establish without reference to his standing as a student; and if he has no personality he is only neglected. "Hazing" and the equally curious forms of "initiation" into various clubs have never been practised in England, and will, I imagine, soon fall out of fashion in the United States. They are merely symptoms of temporary revolt from a permanent outlook that is more strenuous, more businesslike, more immediately practical than ours.

Oxford and Cambridge have not hitherto professed to turn out men fit to make a living the day after their degree. They have not encouraged either haste or money-making; and no doubt they went rather too far towards opposite extremes. There will be changes; for the value of a more general scientific knowledge has been ruthlessly demonstrated. What will happen after the War I know not, and I am glad to be too old to be an undergraduate again, because I hold with the old traditions, with that leisurely atmosphere of slow development which Rhodes could laugh at as heartily as anyone, but which he could choose as the best atmosphere for the noblest individual

experiment in education the world has ever seen. He realised the type of man which Oxford counts as her best and her most typical product: Prime Ministers who could discourse on the connection between Homer and the Assyrian Deities as easily as on the subtleties of ecclesiastical procedure, as did Gladstone; or who wrote reviews in our most brilliant journals before directing the destinies of the nation, as did Lord Salisbury; or who delighted every literary critic with essays on Napoleon as soon as they laid down the cares of office, as did Lord Rosebery, the owner of a Derby winner. Many other examples of that essential product of our Universities—"the scholar and the gentleman"—could be quoted, not from Oxford only; from the University of Newton, of Darwin, of Milton, and of Byron too.

But if Oxford be permitted any special honour above her sister, I venture to think it might be found in the quality of Empire-building which her greatest sons (and Rhodes not the least among them) have so conspicuously shown. It would seem as if the seeds left on her generous mother-soil by such pioneers of faith, of freedom, and of education as William of Wykeham, Latimer and Johnson, had blossomed into a splendid racial tradition that should prove of special value, not to our own youth only, but to Americans who are beginning to shoulder their world-burden as well.

Let us be under no delusion: the Declaration of War against the German Empire by the United States is an event bounded neither by the lives of the Kaiser and the President nor by the territories

they each control. Its moral not less than its material results are incalculable in every sense. For centuries in time, for many a thousand miles of land and sea in space, that one action will have a meaning which will become clear even in our lifetime, though its full effect will but begin when our descendants have grown up. If Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa will never be the same again, so will the outlook of every citizen in the United States be changed as regards his responsibilities towards the world at large. He will no longer be content with a Monroe Doctrine depending for its sanction upon a British Fleet. He will not only realise that the principle behind the Monroe Doctrine will be inevitable for all our own free Dominions; but he will demand that this doctrine itself, as regards his own continent, shall be founded on his own strength. And the strength that is to mould the future will not be the might of a despotic militarism, reckless of every promise as of every honourable obligation, and imposing its own greed by force of arms on every weaker neighbour. That cruel dream is vanishing in the smoke and blood of its own votaries. The future is to the builder, not to the destroyer; to the men who know that life is neither machinery propped up on bayonets, nor chicanery puffed out by lying credit; but a system of fair competition for the happiness and peace that is the birthright of the human race.

For the practical working out of some such vision of the future, I look with confidence to the University men on both sides of the Atlantic; and when I think

of those I knew, my first feeling is very naturally one of deep regret for the losses which that future already has sustained. With the lists of Harvard men and of American volunteers in France, given in other pages, will be found mention of some of the more famous University scholars and athletes whom England has lost in the War. It is my instinct to think of rowing first: of Maclagan, best of all coxswains and bravest of the brave; of Chapman, the finest blade I ever saw in anyone of his size; of Fairbairn, Cockerell, Bron Herbert, Le Blanc Smith, Kirby, and de Knoop; of F. S. Kelly, the best amateur who ever sculled the Henley course, one of the finest musicians of his generation, one of the most sterling, refined, and intellectual men who ever rowed for either University—and that is saying a good deal. Every American knows the name of Wilding and remembers his lawn tennis; he is gone too; so are Kenneth Powell and Ashington, both from Cambridge. Football will never again see Poulton or Bedell-Sivewright. Never again will Anderson fly his hurdles like a flash of perfect motion. And there are many more. I have chosen most of these because they emphasise a point I wish particularly to make clear. They were not merely athletes and no more. Even before the test of war had tried them out, they had become a part—in one way or another—of national endeavour, national energy. And they recall to me not only many things that are typical of the Oxford and Cambridge they so worthily represent, but many a struggle between the athletes of England and the American Universities which has become a part of the life history of both nations.

Harvard's first race in England took place at the end of August 1869 at Putney, rowed on fixed seats in fours with coxswains. The American crew, from bow to stroke, was Fay, Lyman, Simmonds, and Loring, with Burnham steering. Frank Willan was bow of the Oxford four, and he has told me what happened. It was the exact reverse of the race of 1906. "Our fastest pace," he said, "was 39, while they could row 46. I knew that if we tried to cut them down at the start we should only go slower, so they went away with the lead, and we set to work to row them down at the finish. As it turned out, we got to Mortlake first. My impression is that we were so splendidly fit that we were almost fresh at the finish. I only weighed 11st. 10lb., though I never rowed under 12st. 5lb. for the Varsity. The general interest, enthusiasm, and excitement were wonderful, and the crowd at the race was the largest I ever saw. We rowed through a lane of people all the way." In a letter to the *Times*, after the race, Mr. Willan recorded that his crew was about four lengths ahead at "The Ship" (near the finish), and was taking it fairly easily. "But the Harvard men were still rowing on hard with that pluck and determination which they showed all through the race; and it may therefore be readily conceived that they gained on us considerably. . . . I hope people understand that we did not row the race to win them money, and that it was immaterial how much our crew won by." I need only add that Harvard held the lead for eleven minutes, and that for the next minute the crews were dead level, until Oxford drew clear at Chiswick Church, and won in 22min. 40sec.

The first meeting between the picked men of each country in track-athletics, on this side, took place on a hot afternoon in September 1895, and we were not beaten till four new world's records had been set up by the Americans :—The Hundred in $9\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, the Two-Hundred-and-Twenty in $21\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, both by B. J. Wefers; the Half in $1-53\frac{2}{5}$ by C. H. Kilpatrick, and the High Jump of 6 feet $5\frac{5}{8}$ inches by M. F. Sweeney. That was a raising of standards if you like; but it is not always by the actual quality of the results that the real excellence of a meeting can be judged, at least to my mind. The day at Queen's Club when Oxford and Cambridge met Yale and Harvard in 1899 will always stand out in my memory as typical of what such a day might be; and of all its splendid races I remember the Quarter Mile best; it has become historic; and it deserves record here. Hollins of Oxford was not quite sure of his training, owing, characteristically enough, to cricket. But he noticed at practice that the Americans (Fisher and Boardman of Yale) did the first 300 yards at a pace that would ensure victory if they were allowed to use it as they liked. So he determined to give up his own chance and make the pace so hot from the start that even our speedy visitors would have to run a bit above themselves. He soon took the lead from Fisher, and fought Boardman dead level from the first corner all down the second straight. As he had hoped, the Americans were slightly tired at the last turn,* and Davison of Cambridge, who had been lying four yards behind, swept right round to his left and passed them both. Hollins stopped, but had wind enough

left to cheer his comrade on, and Davison won in 49 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, a new University record for this side.

But I must not give any more examples of this kind, or I may be suspected of laying too much emphasis on sport at a time too full of far more serious subjects; so I will only say that, as far as track athletics go, Americans have beaten us far more often than we have beaten them, while we redress the balance slightly when it comes to rowing. But I have mentioned these events because they mean far more than many people realise. They involve a comradeship in competition which has done more to explain these young men to each other than almost anything else. Rhodes recognised this in those famous provisions of his will which directed that in elections of a student to his scholarships regard should be had to "(1) his literary and scholastic attainments; (2) his fondness of and success in manly outdoor sports, such as cricket, football, and the like; (3) his qualities of manhood—truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for the protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness, and fellowship; (4) his exhibition during school-days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates, for those latter attributes will be likely in after life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim." It would be difficult to express more concisely those English ideals of the result of University training which Rhodes desired Americans to consider, and possibly to assimilate. If they had already begun to do so by means of his bequest this War has certainly shown that they are eager to do so

of their own free will; and it need not be forgotten that American Universities are neither so young nor so destitute of history as many a complacent Oxonian may believe.

One of the most interesting points of the Harvard race of 1906, which I have already briefly described, was that it was rowed on September 8, the day when the Act was passed (in 1636) by the Legislature of the Colony of Massachusetts which brought the University of Harvard into being; and the President of the General Court which passed it was Henry Vane of Magdalen, Milton's "Vane, young in years but in sage counsels old," whose statue might well stand near that of the young Cambridge scholar in Harvard's buildings, to commemorate the share which Oxford also had in that far-reaching and beneficent decision. But it is, of course, the connection of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, with the University which bears John Harvard's name that makes an episode of such outstanding picturesqueness in academic annals.

Emmanuel College was founded by Sir Walter Mildmay, under a charter granted by Queen Elizabeth in January 1583-4. Before 1639 a number of men afterwards prominent in "New England" entered, among them being such well-known names as Hooker, Ward, Cotton, Rogers, Saltonstall, and Waterhouse. Of John Harvard himself (who was the son of a butcher in Southwark) there remains in Cambridge no personal record save a signature in a book of receipts and an autograph in a small volume on theological subjects. But his effigy is set in the third window on the north side of

the College chapel, with the magnificent motto, "Populus qui creabitur laudabit Deum"; and in the same chapel his grateful Americans have set up a brass inscribed as follows:—

Veritas Christi et Ecclesiæ. In memory of John Harvard, A.M., a member of Emmanuel College who emigrated to Massachusetts Bay, and there dying in 1638 bequeathed to a college newly established by the General Court his library and one-half of his estate, wherefore his name is borne by Harvard College, that eldest of the seminaries which advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity throughout America, this tablet erected by Harvard men records their gratitude to their founder in the college which fostered his beneficent spirit.

His bequest came to £779 17s. 2d., which meant a great deal more than it would nowadays; and his library of 320 volumes included the works of Aquinas, Beza, Chrysostom, Calvin, Luther, Bacon, Camden, Homer, Lucan, Plutarch, Sallust, Terence, Juvenal, and Horace. These books were increased by gifts from John Winthrop and Sir Kenelm Digby. Richard Dana gave cotton cloth. Other donations included pewter flagons, fruit dishes, sugar spoons, saltcellars, "silvertipt jugs," and other excellent gear. The name of Henry Dunster, who took over, as president in 1640, the work begun by Nathaniel Eaton and Samuel Shepard, is commemorated to-day in one of the best of the modern "Halls" of students' living-rooms. But most of his own buildings were of wood, which rose soon after Nicolas and Dorothy Wadham had finished their stone quadrangles in Oxford, before Milton had made his name or Cromwell was more than a mere country gentleman.

Like Oxford, Harvard has known the dangers and the pride of war. Not a furlong from her

buildings stands the elm beneath which Washington first took command of the American Army on July 3, 1775. His is the first name on Harvard's long and brilliant list of honorary degrees; and in the house that was Washington's headquarters Longfellow lived afterwards. Among others of her more famous alumni are Story, Dr. Warren (nephew of that English general who fell at Bunker Hill), Oliver Wendell Holmes, Prescott, Emerson, Motley, Charles Russell Lowell, who fell at Cedar Creek, and many more whose portraits are preserved in Memorial Hall.

It is true that only one college at Cambridge (Downing, 1764) is younger than Harvard; and at Oxford only three: Worcester 1714, Keble 1870, and Hertford 1874. And our two Universities themselves go back to about the same period in the last quarter of the thirteenth century, when University College became a separate entity at Oxford, and St. Peter's Hospital at Cambridge was converted into a similar institution by Hugh de Balsham. How long before either of these foundations there existed a University, apart from any Colleges, I do not know. In any case tradition, history, and architecture combine to-day to give something to the two great English homes of youth which no New World could ever equal in the time which has elapsed since then. But I am quite ready to believe that all these things and more also shall be added unto Harvard when she too can count seven centuries of uninterrupted progress upon one consecrated site.

Yale is also far from being the mere stripling in years which Englishmen too often fancy. It was

chartered in 1701; it was opened at New Haven in 1718; and it contains some of the most impressive buildings of its kind in existence. The pleasant impressions left by the visit of the Yale crew to Henley in 1896 have never been forgotten. Princeton, where Washington beat Cornwallis, became a College of New Jersey in 1746 (at Elizabethtown) and was opened on its present site in 1757 with buildings which were occupied by both American and British troops during the Revolutionary War. Columbia University was founded in New York in 1754 as "King's College," to change its name some thirty years later; and from Columbia came the first four that ever took a Henley Challenge Cup across the Atlantic, in 1878. The University of Pennsylvania was founded by Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia in 1751; and the origins of the University of Virginia are imperishably connected with one of the greatest statesmen of the English-speaking race—Thomas Jefferson.

Cornell, though one of the youngest of the group, enjoys perhaps the most magnificent situation—above Cayuga Lake—which any University possesses in the world. Tom Hughes of Oxford gave the cup which started its class-races in rowing. Its opulent endowments, its spacious "campus" of 200 acres, its splendid library, combine to make it an outstanding possession even in a nation of wide spaces and unbounded wealth. But I must not degenerate into a guide-book for those less fortunate Englishmen who have not seen these places of amazing hospitality, of inexhaustible industry, of multi-coloured progress. The similarities in sentiment are

far more striking to any Englishman than any superficial differences ; and it is the united sentiment of civilisation that will win this War.

One of the most touching things I saw in the whole of the United States was the Memorial Hall at Harvard, where the names of those students who fell in their Civil War are preserved. In 1914 the United States were no farther off from England than England was from the United States in 1863. To-day we stand together ; and if their Civil War made them a nation, so this far mightier European conflict has not only welded the British Empire into one, but has brought the whole English-speaking race into a close relationship of common tasks and common interests which will prove the mightiest guarantee of peaceful progress that the world has ever known.

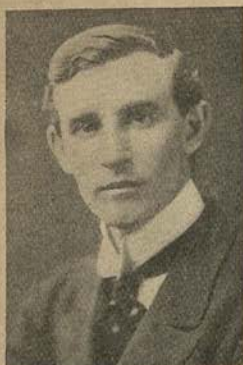
It is the University men on both sides of the Atlantic who laid the first foundations of this brotherhood in duty and in courage ; it is they, too, who are proving themselves fit champions of that high ideal upon the battlefields of Europe ; and it is they, once more, who must go out through all the world, in the great future of our reconstruction, as the best prophets of the promise of our race. The groaning world is now in travail. In those mighty birthpangs we are caught ; we suffer. But at the rising of the dawn we shall go forth together, " our manhood faultless and our honour clean."

A Few Who Have Fallen.

*To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes ;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.*

HENRY NEWBOLT.

Hon. Thomas Agar-Robartes, son and heir of Viscount Clifden, entered Parliament from Oxford. His ability as much as his personality impressed his colleagues in the House of Commons. He died of wounds received in France.



H. S. O. Ashington was one of the finest athletes ever bred by Cambridge. He eclipsed C. B. Fry's long jump record with 23 feet 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and won the high jump with 5 feet 8 inches. He won three events in the same year against Oxford. A Captain in the East Yorkshire Regiment, he was killed in action at the end of January 1917.

Lieut. Raymond Asquith.

Raymond Asquith. Hardly any death among young British officers made a deeper impression than that of Lieut. Raymond Asquith, of the Grenadier Guards. His father was Prime Minister at the time; he himself intended to enter Parliament. At Oxford he had a brilliant career, following in the steps of his father as a prizeman. He was President of the Oxford Union. A barrister of rising fame, he answered immediately to the call of his country. By the men of his regiment he was as much admired as by the wide circle of his friends. The French Government sent a beautiful tribute to his soldier's grave.

H. G. Bache was a great footballer—Cambridge and England. He was twenty-five when, a Lieutenant in the Lancashire Fusiliers, he fell in 1916.

Donald Bain had played football both for Oxford and Scotland. He joined the Gordon Highlanders, who, true to their history, fought some of the "hottest" corners in the first year of the War. Lieut. Bain was killed in action.

J. E. Balfour-Melville captained the Association football team at Oxford, where he was very popular. He was killed in 1915.

E. W. Benson, a son of the great actor, Sir Frank Benson, soon rose high in military service; he was one of the youngest Lieutenant-colonels. A scholarly man, he impressed his personality on all who met him.

Rupert Brooke, Royal Naval Division, was one of the rising poets of the day, and a critic of great charm and precocity. He volunteered for service and displayed conspicuous ability as a Sub-lieutenant. He died at Lemnos. His sonnet is famous:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed.

No soldier-poet of the War left a larger following.

G. K. Butler was a son of the venerated Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. He had been a student at Cambridge, winning many academic distinctions. He was twenty-four years old.

Oswald Carver was a fine oarsman. He was a Blue and a member of the Cambridge Olympic Crew. He died from wounds at the Dardanelles.

H. T. Cawley was a son of Sir Frederick Cawley, M.P., and, like him, a Member of Parliament. He was at New College, Oxford, winning honours in the History School. His brother also gave his life in the War.

S. P. Cockerell, with a great record on the river, turned his energies to air-manship. His life was yielded in the War's first year. A Trinity man, he rowed for Cambridge in the Boat Race. He had entered the Foreign Office. First joining the Flying Corps, he was with the Expeditionary Force in Egypt, where he died.

M. M. Cudmore was a splendid sculler. He joined the Royal Field Artillery on the outbreak of War, and won the Military Cross for valour.



Captain H. S. O. Ashington.

Sir Foster H. E. Cunliffe was a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, and a famous sportsman. A strong taste for history had made him a rising historian. War called him from the study to the battlefield. His death in action was a serious loss to English literature.

Christopher Dearmer was a son of the Rev. Dr. Dearmer. His mother died as a hospital nurse in Serbia. He joined the Royal Naval Brigade, and lost his life in Gallipoli in 1915.



Lieut. H. G. Bache

A. J. Dingle, Lieutenant in the East Yorkshire Regiment, had played for Oxford and England at football. A brilliant forward, he displayed the same dauntless courage on the field of battle. He laid down his life in Gallipoli in 1915.

C. H. Eyre was Head of Harrow School and a fine cricketer. He had played for Cambridge against Oxford. His high ability as a scholar foreshadowed a brilliant career.

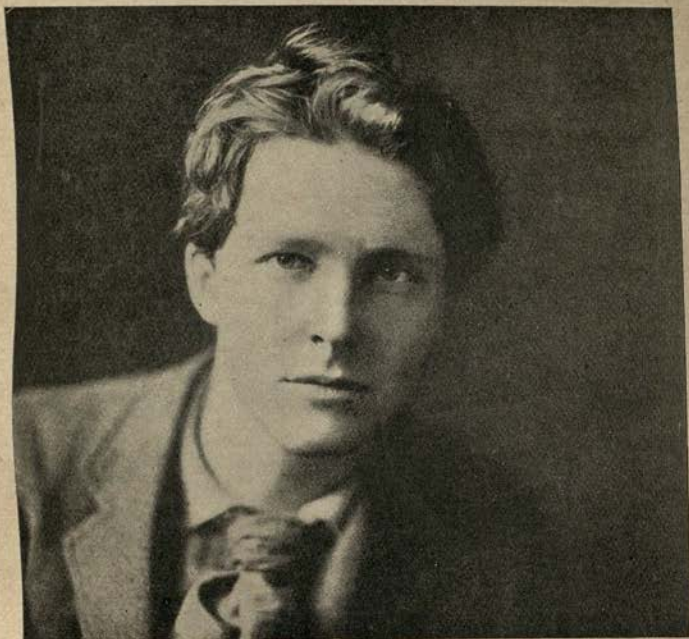
Charles D. Fisher was a brother of the present President of the Board of Education. At Oxford few young men had such a reputation as a tutor. He also excelled as an athlete, and was an example of *mens sana in corpore sano*.

Lord Desmond FitzGerald, twenty-eight years of age, was heir-presumptive to the Duke of Leinster. He had seen war service before, and was a Captain in the Irish Guards.

W. G. Fletcher was a Master at Eton after a brilliant career at Oxford. He was a classical scholar, and much liked by his pupils. He was killed in March 1915.

Richard Garvin was the son of the well-known London Editor, J. L. Garvin. He was only twenty years old and had shown remarkable promise as an undergraduate.

William G. C. Gladstone was a grandson of Gladstone and, like him, entered Parliament as a young man. A member of New College, Oxford, he had been President of the Oxford Union. He revealed high capacity in the Diplomatic Service at Washington under Lord Bryce, and was one of Oxford's sons for whom a great future seemed assured. Given a Lieutenant's commission on volunteering, he was



Sub-Lieut. Rupert Brooke.

killed in action in April 1915. His letters from the front revealed a modest and noble desire to serve his country.

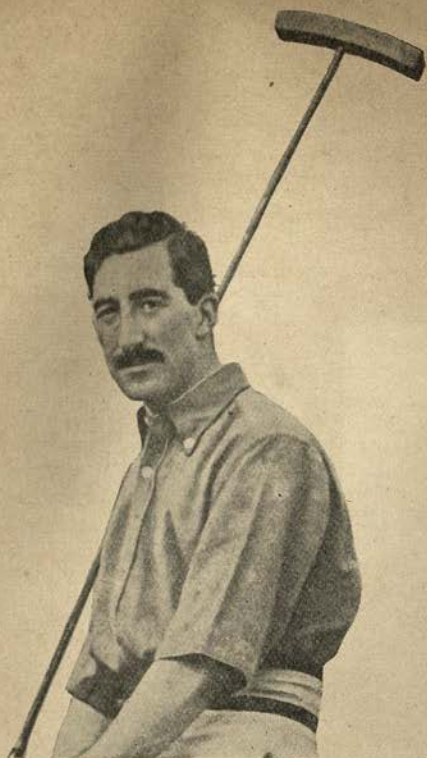
George J. Goschen was the eldest son of Lord Goschen, and a grandson of the former Chancellor of the Exchequer. After his University course he joined the 5th Buffs, and was killed in action in 1916.



Captain Francis Grenfell, V.C.

Francis and Riversdale Grenfell, twin brothers, were famous as polo players before the War.* They were members of the original Expeditionary Force, fighting through those grim, early weeks against overwhelming odds. Both were beloved by their comrades. Captain Francis Grenfell won the first Victoria Cross given to an officer in this War. "I always regarded Francis as one of the greatest possible assets to the regiment," wrote his Colonel. "His bravery and devotion to duty were an example to all, and, thank God, the example of men like Francis lives after them."

Hon. Julian Grenfell, D.S.O., was Lord Desborough's eldest son and heir—a young man of rich promise. His poem "Into



Captain Riversdale Grenfell.

"Battle" was written in Flanders not long before his death in action. The last verse runs :

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air death moans and sings ;
But day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And night shall fold him in soft wings.

Like his father, he was an all-round athlete. "I adore war," he wrote home from the front. "It is like a big picnic without the objectionableness of a picnic. I've never been so well or so happy. Nobody grumbles at one for being dirty. I've only had my boots off once in the last ten days." Captain Grenfell was a member of Balliol, and rowed at Henley.

John Handyside was a Fellow of St. John's, Oxford, and an Exhibitioner at Balliol. He had been a Lecturer at Edinburgh University.

N. Hutton was a son of the Rev. Dr. J. A. Hutton, known in Great Britain and the United States as an author of many striking volumes. He was educated at Glasgow University and had every prospect of a brilliant career. He yielded up his life in 1916.



F. S. Kelly was attaining high reputation as a pianist. He had been a fine sculler and had won the Diamonds. He was killed in action towards the end of 1916. "He had everything that would seem to make life desirable and delightful," wrote R. C. Lehmann: "but when the call came he did not hesitate for a moment. Like many thousands of others, the best and the bravest, he offered himself to his country."

Lieut. R. W. Poulton-Palmer.

Thomas M. Kettle. Ireland gave one of her brightest intellects to the War when Thomas Kettle, formerly a Member of Parliament, fell in action. He was educated at Dublin University College, and was a writer of wide knowledge and literary charm. In the Ireland of to-morrow it had been hoped that Prof. Kettle would play a useful and eminent part. Not long before he died he sent home a passionate appeal to his countrymen.

The Master of Kinnaird was the eldest son and heir of Lord Kinnaird, the well-known philanthropist. A member of Trinity, Cambridge, he was, like his father, a keen footballer. He was a Captain in the Scots Guards, and was killed in 1915.

Tait Knight was captain of the Rugby cricket team, and the hero of a great school.

R. O. Lagden was a master at Harrow School. He was an England Rugby international forward and gained his cricket and football Blue at Oxford. He had won distinction at Balliol. He joined the King's Royal Rifles, and his experience as a master served him well.

John Lauder was the only son of the famous singer, Harry Lauder. After Oxford he was looking forward to a barrister's career. He was the light of his father's eyes.

Hon. Charles Lister, Lord Ribblesdale's heir, was a temporary Lieutenant in the Royal Marines. He had entered the Diplomatic Service, but responded to the call of his country with cheerful courage. His biography, written by his father, displays the remarkable gifts of the son as a letter-writer. Here is one extract:

It must be a fine thing to have some link with the hosts of great spirits who have witnessed to our national greatness, and are in a sense England triumphant while our warfare is still here; and at such moments I feel the oneness of the nation with its dead—and those who will vie in the war for righteousness and will be thanked for ever by the little nations for whom they have secured a free existence, unmenaced by powerful and interfering neighbours.

Charles Lister was killed in action in 1915.

Basil Maclear was one of the best-known footballers who ever played for Ireland. He took part in several international matches, and was also a great hockey player.

Hon. Charles Mills, Lord Hillingdon's heir, was one of the youngest Members of Parliament. He was at Oxford, and entered the House of Commons when only twenty-three.

Harcourt Ommundsen won the King's Prize at Bisley, and was a leading authority on shooting. He had completed a standard work on the subject. Joining the Honourable Artillery Company, he was killed in action in 1915. "Peerless with all kinds of arms," wrote one after his death. Educated at Edinburgh, he was of Scandinavian extraction. He had married a few days before war broke out.

Hon. Arthur O'Neill was a Captain in the Life Guards, and a Member of Parliament. He married a daughter of the Earl of Crewe, a member of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet, who wrote an exquisite poem on his death in action in 1915.

R. W. Poulton-Palmer had gained wide fame as a Rugby footballer, and had captained England three times. "Destined to be one of the notable men of his generation," said a shrewd observer. He had inherited a great fortune. Before the War he had taken a deep interest in social work among young men. He was shot during an attack on the trench in which he was serving in France.

Kenneth Powell, a private in the H.A.C., was one of the best known athletes in England. He set up a record for Cambridge in the hurdles, was an international lawn tennis player, and had represented England in the Olympic Games. He had the face of a boy and the heart of a man. He was killed by a sniper in Flanders.

Lord George Stewart-Murray was a son of the Duke of Atholl. He had served with the famous Black Watch Regiment in the South African War. He was killed in 1916.

G. W. L. Talbot was the youngest son of the Bishop of Winchester. President of the Oxford Union, he showed conspicuous promise.

Hon. E. W. Tennant was the eldest son and heir of Lord Glenconner, and a nephew of Mr. Asquith. He inherited great ability. To his mother he wrote a touching letter of noble purpose not long before he fell.

Hon. Harold Tennyson was a son of Lord Tennyson and a grandson of the Poet Laureate. He was only twenty years old when as a Sub-Lieutenant he lost his life off the French coast. He had been a contemporary of the Prince of Wales at Osborne, the "University" for the Royal Navy. In a letter to his parents for delivery in the event of death, Harold Tennyson wrote:

"I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do, and I have died with a joyful spirit. My last thoughts were how pleased you would be to know that in no other way could I have better upheld the name of Tennyson."

A. R. Welsh won the Crick Run at Rugby with a splendid record. At Oxford he won the mile against Cambridge. He was thirty years old and was serving as an officer in the 4th Yorkshire Regiment.

Anthony Wilding, Captain in the Royal Marines, and, incidentally, the world's lawn tennis champion. A son of Frederick Wilding, K.C., he was born in New Zealand. When war broke out he was opposing the German champion in an international match

in Pittsburg, U.S.A. The German champion is now a prisoner-of-war in England. Wilding was killed by a German shell near Neuve Chapelle after "loosing" 400 rounds from a gun which, amid great danger, he had "trailed" to the front line trench. "A sporting chance," he had previously written to his mother. Anthony Wilding had warmed both hands before the fire of life. He died—as he lived—a sportsman.



Captain Anthony Wilding.

THE DAWN OF ARMAGEDDON

OR
"THE PROVOCATION BY SERBIA"
(vide German Note to Neutrals, Jan. 11, 1917)

BY
CRAWFURD PRICE

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., Ltd.

1917

"The Provocation by Serbia"

(*vide* German Note to Neutrals, Jan. 11, 1917)

The history of Austro-Serbian relations is the record of a prolonged struggle between the forces of autocracy and democracy, oppression and freedom. It is a story of the desire of an organised despotism, at once sensible of its vulnerability and consumed by the lust for territorial expansion, to ride roughshod over the liberties and rights of the weak within, and to crush the development and independence of the small without.

The Austro-Hungarian ultimatum of July 23rd, 1914, was the last challenge to Serbia to choose between vassalage and annihilation; it was the culmination of a determination, by fair means or foul, to break the national spirit of the Serbs or trample them out of existence as an independent people; it was a final effort to destroy the rampart which the Serbian renaissance had built up between Berlin and Baghdad and between Vienna and Salonika.

When Metternich declared that "Serbia must be either Turkish or Austrian," he implied that Austria was content that Turkey should hold the principedom (as it was then) in pawn for the Habsburgs, but that she would never tolerate Serbian independence. Here we have the keynote of the policy which the Dual Monarchy followed with remarkable

* This account of the pre-war relations of Serbia and Austria-Hungary comprises the first section of "Serbia's Part in the War" (the political and military history of the Serbian campaigns), by Crawford Price, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., London.

persistence down to July, 1914, and the explanation of the important fact that, whenever the Serbian throne was occupied by a ruler who set in the forefront of his programme the development of the State and the unification of the race, he incurred, *ipso facto*, the active enmity and powerful opposition of Austria-Hungary.

With a view to simplicity of explanation, it is advantageous to divide the history of Austro-Serbian pre-war relations into three periods:—

- (1) From the Serbian revolution to the Berlin Congress (1878).
- (2) From the Berlin Congress to the accession of King Peter (1903).
- (3) From 1903 to 1914.

Similarly, it is necessary to draw attention to the four distinct methods employed by Austria-Hungary to obtain a stranglehold upon Serbia. These were:

- (a) Commercial and economic pressure.
- (b) The corruption of Serbian rulers.
- (c) The suppression of Jugo-Slav nationalism in the Monarchy.
- (d) The threat of military action against the Serbian State.

THE FIRST PERIOD

The first phase of Serbia's struggle for Independence (against Turkey) commenced in 1804, when Karageorge, the ancestor of King Peter, raised the standard of Liberty in the Choumadia. Though the battle of Michar (August 13th, 1806) really gave birth to the new Serbian principality, the early stage of the contest between Turk and Serb continued with varying fortune until 1813, when Karageorge was defeated and obliged to take refuge across the frontier. The Serbian question had by this

time already taken on a European character, and the assistance rendered to the Porte by Vienna was rewarded by a costly present, the gift of the Sultan to the Austrian Ambassador.

At a later date (1843) when Serbia, then in enjoyment of autonomy but still subject to the *régime* of the Commercial Treaties concluded by the Ottoman Government (according to which all imports paid a toll of 8 per cent. ad val.), sought authority to make her own fiscal arrangements, her efforts, undertaken with the consent of the Porte, were successfully opposed by Austria at Belgrade and Constantinople, on the ground that "Serbia being a Turkish province, she could not commit an act of autonomy in external affairs."

Again, in 1862, when, after the Turkish troops stationed in the citadel of Belgrade had bombarded the defenceless town for five hours, France and Russia demanded the withdrawal of the Ottoman garrison, Austria opposed the evacuation because she feared the effect that would be produced upon her own Southern Slay subjects. For this further service to the Porte she was rewarded with a reduction of the Serbian tariff to 5 per cent.—a concession which placed her in a privileged position and gave her control of the Serbian market.

These selections from a mass of available evidence will, perhaps, suffice to demonstrate that during the early phase of the regeneration of the Balkan States, Christian Austria, for sordid political motives, actually conspired with Mohammedan Turkey to render abortive Serbia's attempt to win her own freedom and strike a telling blow for the Cross against the Crescent. Yet, crushed as it was between the millstones of Austria and Turkey, the cause of liberty grew and flourished in Serbia. Under the wise guidance of Prince Michel (1860) notable progress was registered, and ideas of Jugo-Slav union spread over the lands from the Drave to the Rhodopes, and from the Adriatic to the Black Sea.

During the eight years of his reign, Prince Michel laid the foundations of a Balkan League, and his plans were nigh unto fruition when on June 10th, 1868, he was brutally murdered at Belgrade. Austro-Hungarian diplomacy has never cleared itself of complicity in this crime, and the suspicion that its hired assassins fired the fatal shots is heightened by the fact that his death made way for the accession of Prince Milan, a renegade monarch who soon fell under the influence of the Habsburgs, and who seriously compromised the finances of his country and brought much discredit on the nation by his unkingly conduct.

The intrigues worked by the Monarchy through the instrumentality of Milan proved fatal to the cause of Southern Slav unity for generations. Not only did the era of corruption and misgovernment which he inaugurated in Serbia unfit the army to render any effective support to the Bosnian Serbs during their revolution (1875-6), but, what was perhaps infinitely more important, he earned the displeasure of Russia. Partly on this account Austro-Hungarian diplomacy (ably supported by Bismark, who thus early regarded the Habsburg Empire as the advance guard of Germany in the Orient), succeeded in depriving the Bosnians of the Tzar's assistance, and at the Conference of Reichstadt (July, 1876) Count Andrassy secured a formal promise that under no circumstances would Serbia be permitted to acquire the territories of Dalmatia, Slavonia and Croatia. Austria-Hungary thereby registered a notable diplomatic victory, for by this essential error, Russia abandoned the Serbs to Habsburg influence. In revenge, she set herself thenceforward to create a powerful Bulgaria as her own outpost in the Peninsula, and laid the foundation of one aspect of the troublesome Balkan question of to-day.

So it came to pass that, although Serbia rendered Russia important assistance in the Russo-Turkish War (1878) the Tzar sought to create the "Big" Bulgaria (Treaty of San

Stefano) which englobed not merely the territories actually inhabited by Bulgars, but any other part of the Peninsula to which the Slav race might in the future be able to put forward any sort of claim. And when the Powers called a Congress, Serbia went to Berlin discredited and alone. She was abandoned by Russia, ignored by England and Germany, and forced to rely upon such support as Austria-Hungary might deem fit to accord her. The question of vital moment for Serbia, the future of Bosnia and Hertze-govina, had actually been settled by a secret convention between Austria and England before the Conference opened its deliberations, and that understanding was embodied in the Treaty in the form of a declaration that the Provinces should be occupied and administered by Austria-Hungary. Austria was also accorded liberty to garrison the Sandjak of Novi Bazaar, while a further Convention between Austria and Russia engaged the Tzar to offer no objection if, as a result of any inconvenience arising from the continuation of Turkish administration in the Sandjak, Austria-Hungary decided to occupy it definitely along with the rest of Bosnia.

The Congress of Berlin marked for Austria-Hungary a distinct step in the subjugation of Serbia. She succeeded in landlocking her little neighbour and in so limiting the Big Bulgaria planned by Russia that, south of Serbia, Turkey remained in provisional occupation and the way remained clear for the Dual Monarchy to continue her penetration towards Salonika.

True, Austria obtained for Serbia certain advantages. She was finally liberated from Turkey and received the districts of Nish, Pirot, Vrania and Lescovatz (all of them necessary to the Monarchy's contemplated descent to the Ægean!) and Milan was elevated to the rank of kingship. But the favours were dearly bought. From the Austrian point of view, it was merely an affair of stuffing the pig in preparation for the banquet. Milan himself became a well-paid vassal. He persistently favoured the Austrians to

the detriment of his own subjects and declared Pan-Slavism to be the enemy of Serbia. Austrian soldiers mapped out the country and sat on the General Staff. Nor was this all. Austro-Hungarian diplomacy gave much consideration to the advantages of commercial and economic penetration as a means to political control. In other words, it sought to achieve political domination by strengthening its hold on the Serbian markets to the exclusion of other States, and thus virtually reducing Serbia to the position of an Austrian colony.

THE SECOND PERIOD

Austria-Hungary opened the second period of her relations with the quasi-independent Serbian State by an attempt to force a Customs Union upon it. She had every reason to anticipate an easy success. As we have seen, she had rid herself of the danger of Russian interference and virtually secured possession of Bosnia-Hertzevovina; King Milan was her servant; she had taken the kingdom under her wing at Berlin, and the moment was apparently favourable for its reduction to a condition of vassalage. Had the Habsburgs taken a leaf from the history of British Colonial administration and admitted the Serbs to the Empire on an equal footing with Germans and Magyars, the whole future development of European politics might have been altered; but the two most powerful elements in the Monarchy were animated by other objects. They sought not equality, but domination, and the principle of self-government was entirely foreign to the ideas which ruled at Vienna and Budapest.

The Serbs had been tragically humiliated, yet the national spirit survived the ordeal, and when the proposal of a Customs Union was put forward, it broke down before the opposition of the Skoupshtina. But Count Andrassy was determined to persist with his plan, and on July 8th,

1878 (during the Berlin Congress), he imposed upon Serbia an entente which included the following conditions. Serbia was engaged :

- (1) To conclude a Treaty of Commerce with Austria-Hungary immediately after the Congress of Berlin, and to assure to the Monarchy special privileges in the form of "Commerce limitrophe."
- (2) To take steps with a view to a future Commercial Union with Austria-Hungary.

Perceiving in these stipulations a direct menace to their independence, the Serbs sought to evade the issue by arranging a Treaty of Commerce with England on the basis of the Most-Favoured-Nation clause. This provoked energetic protests from Vienna ; the Cabinet of Dr. Ristitch was forced to resign, and the new Government, obliged to accept the demands in their entirety, eventually concluded a treaty (1881) which embodied the Austrian desiderata.

The strength of the control thus secured by Austria-Hungary will be better appreciated by the examination of two clauses of the Treaty. The first concerned the arrangements for "commerce limitrophe." Under the conditions imposed, Austria succeeded in monopolising Serbia's export of cereals, fruit and live-stock, and, in return, secured great facilities for the introduction of her manufactures of paper, porcelain, glass, wood and iron—that is to say, for such articles as she had reason to fear foreign competition or the development of local Serbian industry.

In effect, the Monarchy thus obtained the following advantages :—

- (a) She limited Serbia's markets by drawing to herself 90 per cent. of the export and 80 per cent. of the import trade of the Kingdom.
- (b) She stifled the recently inaugurated development of manufacturing industry in Serbia, and restricted her production to cereals, fruits and live-stock.

- (c) She popularised a belief that the loss of the Austrian market would be tantamount to a national calamity.

Another, and, in reality, the most important clause in the Treaty (*i.e.*, that which gave to Serbia the right to export her live-stock to Austria-Hungary and to forward it in transit across the country) limited the circumstances under which the frontier could be closed to transport (in case of epidemic), the supposed object being to assure Serbia against arbitrary action in this respect. Instead of a safeguard for Serbia, however, the clause became a powerful weapon in the hands of Austria-Hungary whenever she desired to obtain any political objects in the neighbouring Kingdom. During the existence of the Treaty (1882-1905) Austria-Hungary closed the frontier on eleven occasions, on only two of which the Convention could be applied; on the other nine occasions the motives were political!

All Serbia's attempts to throw off the shackles were in vain. Austria-Hungary held her Northern and Western frontiers, there was no market to the East, the passage of the Danube was closed by the tax-barrier erected by Austria-Hungary at the Iron Gate, and the route to Salonika lay over the line of the Oriental Railway Company, a concern under the direct influence of Vienna. The Habsburgs had indeed manœuvred with considerable success, and, thanks to the assistance of their servile confederate, the Serbian King, they proceeded to drive home the initial advantage. Milan had always need of money wherewith to support his life of vicious luxury and satisfy the demands of his corrupt partisans, and, almost simultaneously with the loss of fiscal liberty, he signed away his country's political birthright for a mess of Austrian gold. In order to stifle opposition to his nefarious practices, he made a mockery of the constitution, and in 1881 entered into a secret convention with Austria-Hungary (renewed in 1889) by which she was to assist the extension of Serbia

in the Vardar valley; Serbia on her part was never to tolerate a Serbia propaganda in the Austrian Jugo-Slav provinces, and, in case of war, was to open the fortresses of Belgrade and Nish to Austrian troops. The policy of the Dual Monarchy now appears before us stripped of all its hypocrisy. She had secured economic control of Serbia, she had the King in her pay, and, thus assured of Serbian vassalage, she was ready to use her as a pioneer to open the road to Salonika, and to strengthen her so that she could thereby be used as an instrument to weaken Bulgaria, a State which Vienna regarded as the tool of Russia in the Balkans.

Four years later the occasion arose. On receipt of the news of the Bulgarian revolution of 1885, which had for its object union with Eastern Roumelia, Austria called upon Milan to oppose this threatened expansion of his neighbour. Faithful to his paymasters, the king mobilised his army; but, under the sinister influence of the ruler, the fighting forces of Serbia had by this time degenerated into a disorganised, ill-equipped horde, led by officers who, the product of a corrupt *régime*, possessed confidence neither in themselves nor their cause. On November 16th, 1885, the Serbs invaded Bulgaria. Their progress was arrested at Tzaribrod, the Bulgars defeated them at Slivnitza and marched on Nish. The catastrophe aroused a storm of protest against the dynasty, and there was a consensus of opinion in favour of the abdication of Milan; but upon promises of support arriving from Austria, the king determined to fight on. The people, however, saw very clearly that they were simply being sacrificed in the interests of Austria, and they had little personal interest in an attempt to weaken a neighbour with whom they had no quarrel. Thus supported, the Skoupshtina was able to insist on the conclusion of peace on the basis of the *status quo ante bellum*.

In 1889 Milan abdicated in favour of his son Alexander, a young man who, in very truth, had little to recommend

him. He inherited most all the vices of his father, under whose demoralising influence he remained after his accession, and it followed, almost as a matter of course, that the dynastic liaison with Austria continued to the exclusion of any tentative towards a rapprochement with Russia. It is mere justice to suggest that Alexander was mentally irresponsible. He made the constitution a plaything of his ever-changing fancy, imprisoned and exiled the mouthpieces of popular discontent, and culminated a series of outrages against the well-being of his people and the sanctity of his office by marrying Draga Machin, a woman of very unwholesome reputation whose *amours* were a scandal in the city of Belgrade prior to her elevation to the queenship. The Serbs are a proud people, and though they had suffered patiently the many humiliations which had been heaped upon them, this last insult roused them to action. A vast conspiracy against the monarch was organised, and the leaders, realising that they had to reckon with Austria as well as Alexander and his courtiers, determined on swift and drastic action, raided the Palace on the night of June 10th, 1903, and assassinated the King and his Consort.

In this fashion Serbia not only rid herself of the Obrenovitch dynasty (Alexander was the last of his line), but also checkmated the carefully laid plans of Austria-Hungary to secure control of the country through the medium of the Austrophil rulers who had been so long tolerated out of respect for the law of succession and the services rendered by their ancestors.

THE THIRD PERIOD

The assassination of King Alexander, announcing as it did the end of the Austrian *régime* in Belgrade, was a severe blow to the ambitions of Viennese diplomacy. But its effect was even more marked in Serbia. With the introduction of popular control, the old spirit that had so long languished under Milan and Alexander quickly

revived, and there set in a general process of national regeneration which developed rapidly alongside the reorganisation of the army. Further, the return of the Karageorgevitch dynasty restored Russian influence, and the question of Southern Slav union became once more an important factor in Balkan politics.

While it is permissible to conclude that the Habsburgs were impatient to take the Serbian bull by the horns, respect for Russia doubtless persuaded them to proceed with caution. It was, therefore, fortuitous for them that the old Austro-Serbian Commercial Treaty was due to expire in 1905, and this fact placed in their hands a pacific weapon of which they were not slow to avail themselves. Desiring now more than ever to seal their economic hold upon Serbia, the representatives of Austria-Hungary sought to withdraw the privileges hitherto accorded to the little Kingdom, while insisting upon the maintenance of their own. No immediate understanding resulted, for on this occasion they found themselves faced by a Government which was determined, in so far as it possessed the power, to safeguard the national interests.

In the meantime, there set in a movement in favour of a Serbo-Bulgarian rapprochement. True to the traditions of Prince Michel, the democratic Serbs were predisposed in favour of a Slav Entente and failed to estimate correctly the motives which actuated this demonstration of Bulgarian friendliness. Consequently, the first overtures from Sofia were received with enthusiasm, and pourparlers were engaged upon with a view to the conclusion of a Customs Union. When this startling development reached Austrian ears, Serbo-Austrian negotiations were immediately broken off, and they remained in suspense until a further report that Serbia was treating with both the Vickers and Creusot factories in respect to a large order for artillery so alarmed the Ballplatz that it was decided to bring matters to a head without delay. The Austro-Hungarian Government thereupon refused to renew the Treaty of Commerce unless

Serbia agreed to make all her State purchases in the Monarchy (this stipulation really meant that the canon should be bought at Skoda), accepted financial assistance from the government-controlled Union Bank, and ended the negotiations with Bulgaria.

Austria doubtless believed that this threat of displeasure would bring Belgrade to heel. But she reckoned without the Serbian renaissance. The Serbs had discovered themselves since their liberation from Austrophile despotism in 1903, and, under the leadership of a Constitutional monarch, they made their first bid for commercial independence. The refusal to capitulate shocked Austria—so many years of willing tutelage had unfitted her for any sign of fight from across the Save—and, with the conviction that Serbia would soon be reduced to submission and go cap in hand to Vienna to request a new treaty, ready to accept any and every condition, she broke off commercial relations, closed the frontier and declared the famous Pig War (June, 1906), simultaneously massing large forces in Bosnia and along the northern frontier.

Austria could have rendered to Serbia no greater service. Faced with the closing of the Austro-Hungarian frontier, she was impelled to seek other markets. M. Pashitch obtained from Parliament a credit destined to assist the search for new outlets, opened divers commercial agencies abroad, obtained a reduction in the freight to Salonika, secured a concession for the erection of stables and stock sheds in that Ægean port, and signed numerous conventions with shipping companies for transport of Serbian produce to Egypt, Malta, Italy and elsewhere. Thanks to this energetic statesmanship and the high prices ruling during this period, little loss was inflicted upon the Serbs during the five years over which the Customs war extended.

Yet, despite this comparative success, the difficulties which had been temporarily overcome by the Government clearly exposed the weak points in Serbia's position, and

the nation realised that the principal cause of its economic dependence upon Austria lay in the lack of communications. To reach any seaport, it was necessary to transport the merchandise through either Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria or Turkey—a fact which entailed a certain dependence upon them—and this knowledge gave birth to a desire to ameliorate the geographical situation of the Kingdom. There accordingly sprang up that agitation in favour of an outlet to the Adriatic which was one of the principal reasons of Serbia's participation in the first Balkan war.

The success which attended the Serbian bid for commercial freedom destroyed Austria's hope of conquering the country by pacific means, and there can be little doubt that the progress made in its reorganisation decided Vienna that resort must be made eventually to sterner measures. It had also been discovered that the Sandjak of Novi Bazaar provided a poor route to the Ægean, and it was always to be remembered that, at the Berlin Congress, Ottoman sovereignty over Bosnia and Hertzegovina had been recognised and the Austro-Hungarian occupation therefore remained legally contestable. If Austria had needed any encouragement to make her occupation of Bosnia and Hertzegovina definite—other than the growing strength of Serbia—same was provided by the Young Turk revolution with its dreams of Ottoman restoration. It must also be remarked that there was proceeding simultaneously an evolution in Bulgarian policy, and that while Serbia, having thrown off the Austrian yoke, now looked to Russia for salvation, Bulgaria, under the guidance of Prince Ferdinand—a Magyar officer and noble—was drawing nearer to Austria. There had been, one may put it, a transference of allegiance on the part of the two States.

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As we approach that critical epoch in history when the Habsburg Government first presented Europe with the choice between a general conflagration and a furtherance

of Pan-German ambition, it becomes necessary briefly to review the situation in Bosnia-Hertzegovina. Truth to tell, this had long been a cause for serious misgiving, for, side by side with the attempt to dragoon the Kingdom of Serbia into submission, there had been carried on a definite campaign conducted with a view to crushing the Serbo-Croatian population in the Monarchy and preventing it from realising its racial and linguistic unity with the Serbs of Serbia. When it is remembered that the Slav population of Austria-Hungary totalled no less than 50 per cent. of the whole, it will be obvious that the task of maintaining the Germans and Magyars in a dominating position was one of no mean difficulty. To this end, the Southern Slavs (seven and a half millions) were divided between Austria and Hungary and parcelled out into eleven different administrative sectors, and an attempt was made to Germanise or Magyarise them as the case might be.

Thus the population, although they had suffered much under the Turkish *régime*, had shown themselves in no mood to welcome the decision of the Berlin Congress. They were already sufficiently in touch with German and Magyar methods to anticipate that the alleged desire of Austria-Hungary to end the state of anarchy and oppression in which they had lived when the Crescent floated from their fortresses would merely place them under a new tyranny, and in this they were not mistaken. No honest effort was made to better their conditions, the iniquities of the feudal system survived the change of government, and in 1882 the universal unrest was manifested by a revolt which broke out in Northern Bosnia. The Government then, as always, proved itself much more capable and thorough in the suppression of protest against persecution than in its removal, and the rising was put down by the customary blood and iron methods, which were followed by a veritable reign of terror.

But the fire of liberty had taken too great a hold in the land to be snuffed out even by a combination of hangman's

rope, prison cells and cruel repression, and there sprang up a demand for provincial autonomy in which, it is important to note, the Mussulman and Orthodox sections of the population joined hands. This movement, harried as it was by an alert and autocratic administration, developed slowly; but it survived troops, gendarmes, secret police, *agents provocateurs* and corrupt tribunals alike, and, fomented by opposition to the Austrian and Magyar monopoly of public appointments and the official exploitation under which the provinces groaned, grew steadily in strength. It is noteworthy, though perhaps little more than a coincidence, that protest against the scandalous *régime* of the Hungarian Count Khuen Hedervary became more marked after the advent of King Peter to the throne of Serbia. In 1905, the Croatian and Serbian parties coalesced, the Dalmatians adhered to the movement, the Slovenes endorsed it, and the Magyar Ban and his majority gave way. A year later, the agitation manifested itself in more violent form in the riots of Sarajevo and Mostar—risings which were as ruthlessly subdued as their predecessors. Brutal repression of this description only served to augment the prevailing unrest, and the position steadily worsened.

Into the situation produced by the renaissance of Serbia, the Russo-Serbian rapprochement, the Young Turk revolution and the welter of discontent in Bosnia-Hertzegovina, the Habsburgs flung the long-meditated Declaration of Annexation in 1908. In the Kingdom of Serbia itself this critical development created the utmost consternation. Upon receipt of the news in Belgrade the populace gathered *en masse* around the monument erected to the memory of Prince Michel, crying: "Down with Austria, who has introduced into Bosnia not liberty and civilisation, but an iron tyranny." The Serbian nation was roused to action, the spirit of Kossovo was born anew, and it was evident that the people were prepared to stake their all rather than be drawn themselves more firmly into the Austrian mesh,

see their kinsmen handed over an unwilling prey to the Habsburg vulture, and submit to the ruin of their highest ambitions and aspirations. But Serbia was still in the midst of her regeneration and preparation, and wars cannot be fought with good intentions. Everything turned, therefore, upon the attitude of Europe. There was excellent motive for European intervention. The Decree was a deliberate violation of two solemn treaties:—

- (1) The Treaty of Berlin (1878), which was signed by all the Great Powers, and
- (2) The Treaty of London (1871), to which Austria was a party, and which laid it down that no signatory power could liberate itself from treaty engagements without the consent of the other parties to it.

Further, it meant a definite strengthening of the Triple Alliance as against the Entente Cordiale and threatened the European equilibrium, while Turkey was naturally eager to oppose the blow at her sovereign rights. Above all, it was a direct affront to Russia, who had, so to speak, taken Serbia under her wing since the passing of Alexander, and was now anxious to remedy her past mistakes in the Balkans.

Austria-Hungary undoubtedly wanted war. There was an open manifestation of a desire to finish once and for all with Serbia; but there were restraining influences at work on both sides. So far as the German Empire was concerned, Prince Von Bulow, the Imperial Chancellor, did not consider the time opportune for a trial of strength. While he considered the German Fleet could hold up that of Russia, he desired to wait until he could challenge British maritime supremacy, considering that victories on land would not compensate for disaster at sea. He did not want to go so far as to provoke England, but rather desired to achieve the immediate object of Pan-Germanism by iron-handed diplomacy. Hence he curbed the war

spirit in Vienna. On the other hand, Russia had not recovered from the effects of the Japanese war and was in the midst of military reorganisation. Consequently she was not prepared to carry the dispute to the field of battle, and, while according to Serbia a considerable measure of diplomatic support, she capitulated on receipt of an ultimatum from Germany in March, 1909; whereupon Serbia, thrown upon her own resources, was forced to accept the *fait accompli* and make a hypocritical and consequently valueless declaration to the effect that none of her rights had thereby been infringed. Yet the Serbs emerged from out the crisis stronger and prouder, and thoroughly roused to the life-struggle which it was now obvious lay before them, it being plainly evident that Austria-Hungary would not rest content with the *status quo*. They therefore had to prepare to meet the inevitable attack under the best possible conditions; and while the Government worked to the completion of the army reorganisation, the Narodna Odbrana, which had been formed during the Annexation Crisis to enrol, train and equip volunteers by private effort, cast off its military cloak and devoted itself to the fostering of the patriotic spirit.

Whatever doubts as to the real intentions of Austria-Hungary had existed in some minds, they were now completely dispelled. Amongst other things, the precise object of the various commercial treaties that had been imposed upon the kingdom became clear even to the peasants, and while no stone was left unturned to strengthen the army, it was realised that the danger of strangulation by economic and commercial methods was almost as great as that of military invasion. Serbia was land-locked, she had no outlet save through countries which had been hostile to her for centuries and which might at any time hem her in completely on one pretext or another. Thus it became obvious that, if the nation was to attain that free and independent existence for which it was striving, an outlet to the Adriatic Sea was essential.

The outbreak of patriotism in Serbia and the demand for economic freedom which accompanied it were, of course, counted as an additional "provocation" by Austria-Hungary. Indeed, the Military Party in Vienna was very dissatisfied that a peaceful settlement had been attained. As early as November 5th, when the check was administered to the war-like ambitions of the military leaders, one of the leading service newspapers of Vienna wrote: "We have missed an excellent opportunity. When our monitors approached the Serbian capital we should have seized the city. Conflict with Serbia and Montenegro is inevitable. The longer we wait, the greater will be the cost." It is not surprising, therefore, that during the pourparlers which followed, many attempts (to which we shall presently refer) were made to precipitate hostilities, or that when, after the settlement, the Austro-Hungarians saw the Serbs rejoicing in their heritage instead of sitting in sackcloth and ashes, while they found themselves obliged to evacuate the Sandjak, pay a heavy indemnity to Turkey, suffer severe loss by reason of the Turkish boycott and support the cost of a partial mobilisation spread over a period of six months, they determined to provoke a new crisis as a result of which, with the assistance of Germany, Serbia should be definitely subjected either to vassalage or annihilation.

In what persistent manner they worked to this end we shall shortly demonstrate; but, in the meantime, it will be instructive to examine the relations of the Vienna Government to the Serbs and Croats of Bosnia-Hertzegovina from the date of the annexation. We have already outlined the situation in the autumn of 1908, and the annexation itself aroused the indignation of the populace entire. For them it meant not merely the destruction of a scrap of paper and the denial of the solemn pledges taken at Berlin, but the shackling of a nation in the iron chains of an already detested oppressor, the actual carrying off of a people into bondage. All that was best in the land rose up in solemn protest, and before the almost universal

unrest, the Vienna Government granted a so-called Constitution, which was so out of keeping with the essential principles of popular control that it has been freely likened to that "enjoyed" by Alsace-Lorraine. But the rising nationalists were not to be pacified by this expedient. On the opening day of the Diet a student fired at the Governor of Bosnia-Hertzevovina, and this shot inaugurated a series of violent outrages which culminated in the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand on June 28th, 1914.

The object of the Austro-Hungarian Government, it is almost needless to remark, was to stamp out the Jugo-Slav spirit in Bosnia and Hertzevovina, and for this purpose they decided to proceed by judicial methods, which, in the case of political trials in the Monarchy, are notoriously a travesty of justice. The two principal prosecutions now undertaken achieved European notoriety as a result of the methods employed. The first is known as the Agram (Zagreb) High Treason trial (August, 1908), when 53 Austrian Serbs were arraigned as the result of the publication in Budapest of a pamphlet called the "Finale," which purported to give details of a revolutionary Pan-Serbian movement among the Southern Slavs of the Monarchy. The witness was a notorious criminal and well known as an informer in the pay of the military authorities at Sarajevo, but his story was accepted by the Court, and upon this testimony, backed up by sundry fabricated documents, the defendants were found guilty and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

The evidence was, however, too flimsy to stand, even in an Austrian Court of Law. In the Croatian Parliament itself proofs were produced showing that the principal witness for the Crown had been paid to testify by the Prefect of Police in Agram, that he had been instructed as to the manner in which he was to reply to certain questions, and that his depositions were a tissue of flagrant falsehoods. In the face of a statement published by Counsel for the

Defence (Dr. Hinković), the Supreme Court subsequently quashed the convictions "because of considerable doubt as to the truth of the statements on which the finding was based"; but, fearing the result of a definite acquittal, the whole of the proceedings were set aside by a Royal Decree (September, 1910).

What is known as the Friedjung case presented an even more damaging example of Austro-Hungarian judicial methods. On March 25th, 1909, at the height of the annexation crisis, Dr. Friedjung, a well-known historian in close touch with the Government of Vienna, published an article in the *Neue Freie Presse* in which he accused the Serbian Royal Family and Government of having bribed the leaders of the Serbo-Croat Coalition to provoke a revolution in the Jugo-Slav provinces of the Monarchy. Having quoted a mass of circumstantial evidence, he asserted that he was in possession of all the proofs necessary to support his assertions.

The article was doubtless intended to inflame popular passions against Serbia and assist the precipitation of hostilities, but the publication practically coincided with Russia's capitulation, which removed all danger of war, and the only immediate result was a libel action brought against the writer by the Serbo-Croat deputies. The case came before the Courts in Vienna in December, 1909. The historian then produced his incriminating evidence, which consisted of photographs of documents alleged to have been stolen from the Serbian Foreign Office in Belgrade and from the offices of the "Slovenski Jug,"* together, amongst other details, with the minutes of that Society. The originals of the documents, it was asserted, had been returned to the archives in order that their disappearance should pass unnoticed.

Unfortunately for the Professor and the diplomacy of which he was either the representative or dupe, a brief examination demonstrated that his "proofs" were nothing

* Southern Slav Society.

more nor less than clumsy forgeries. The phraseology was German, the idioms were not Serbian but literal translations from the German, the facts were awry, and the forger had gone inexcusably wrong in his dates. Steps were immediately taken to disprove this evidence. It was shown that one of the documents purporting to have been stolen from the Serbian Foreign Office made reference to a "prospective" Serbian loan which had actually been raised a year previously. All the photographs of minutes of the "Slovenski Jug" referred to the meetings as having been presided over by Professor Bozho Markovitch and bore his signature; but no less an authority than the Berlin police was obliged to testify that during the whole period covered by the alleged minutes, M. Markovitch was engaged upon certain scientific studies in the German capital.

The mystery was definitely cleared up some months later, when an impecunious individual named Vasitch was arrested in Belgrade. At his trial he stated that, originally engaged as a tutor to the children of a secretary of the Austro-Hungarian Legation in Belgrade, he had later on been bribed to redraw the drafts of diplomatic reports and the minutes of the meetings of the "Slovenski Jug," which were submitted to him in very indifferent Serbian written in Latin characters, and to forge the signatures of certain persons, the originals of some of which were supplied and others of which he had to procure for himself. This work was executed in the Austro-Hungarian Legation and the texts were photographed. Vasitch produced substantial proof of his allegations (amongst them being a copy of the fabricated protocols of the "Slovenski Jug" meeting written in his own hand) and also explained to the Court the manner in which he had succeeded in blackmailing the Austrian Legation until arrested by the Serbian authorities. He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

There is little to add to this sordid story of Austrian diplomacy, save to point out that had war resulted from

the intrigue, Serbia would have been occupied and many and sundry in the Austrian Jugo-Slav provinces would have been put to death on a charge of conspiracy, for which actions the Friedjung forgeries would have been put forward as ample justification. The chief forger was none other than His Excellency Count Forgach, who became subsequently a departmental chief of the Vienna Foreign Office and was part author of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia of July, 1914. Before, however, these facts came to light, Professor Friedjung publicly regretted his "mistake" and, under pressure from the Authorities, the prosecution for libel was abandoned.

There have been many other disclosures of the part allocated to Austro-Hungarian "justice" in the suppression of the nationalism of the Jugo-Slavs, but the "Agram" and "Friedjung" trials will suffice as examples. Needless to say, this persecution of innocent people in the annexed provinces fomented the desire to escape from the thralldom, and the intellectuals naturally came to regard Serbia as their one possible hope of salvation. The masses, too, found that no improvement in their particular lot followed the disappearance of Turkish suzerainty. They remained crushed under a heavy load of extortionate rent and taxation, and the state of growing unrest among the peasantry was evidenced by serious agrarian riots in northern Bosnia in 1910.

It is clear, therefore, that even prior to the Balkan wars all classes in Bosnia-Hertzevovina were united in hostility to Austro-Hungarian rule. There was here no provocation by Serbia, no unrest inspired by Serbian intrigue; but rather the inevitable result of a *régime* of misrule, oppression and persecution.

THE BALKAN LEAGUE AND WARS:

The next development of importance was the rapid expansion of the Balkan States. Serbia, as we have seen, had made considerable progress under King Peter, Bulgaria

had been steadily building up her military strength, and Greece, under the able direction of M. Venizelos, had been almost transformed. Simultaneously, the growth of national chauvinism in Turkey and the effort made by the Young Turks to Ottomanise the Christian population of Macedonia was the cause of much misgiving to all three of her neighbours, neither of whom was prepared to welcome any strengthening of the Ottoman hold upon Turkey-in-Europe or to tolerate the annihilation of the non-Mussulman populations in a province to which all three laid claim. The Turco-Italian war and the consequent weakening of Turkish arms created a propitious occasion, and, under the ægis of Russia, an anti-Turkish Treaty between Bulgaria and Serbia was signed on March 19th, 1912. The cause of Balkan union found a powerful advocate in M. Venizelos, who was exercised about the status of Crete as well as concerning the situation in Macedonia, and, on May 29th of the same year, the Greco-Bulgarian Treaty was signed. These two Treaties formed the basis of the Balkan League.

Austria was well aware of the movement which was afoot, for her relations with Bulgaria had been singularly friendly since 1908, and apart from mere conjectures that the Habsburg Government was kept advised of the negotiations, we find proof in the statement of Dr. Daneff to the *Zeit* newspaper to the effect that the last stone of the Balkan Alliance was laid in Vienna at the end of May, 1912 (on the occasion of the visit of King Ferdinand). Bulgaria definitely approved of the conventions in the following September. It may, therefore, well be asked why Austria, seeing that the success of the Balkan States would probably benefit Serbia, and that her own interests could best be served by fostering rivalry in the Peninsula, gave her assent to the scheme. The probable explanation is that she, together with most of the other Great Powers, was confident that Turkey would emerge victorious, when she would have been provided with an excuse to rush in

to the defence of the Christians and occupy Serbia and Macedonia. Once there, she would have remained. In support of this contention, it may be noted that when France subsequently proposed to offer joint mediation, Austria refused.

War between the Balkan States and Turkey was declared on October 18th, 1912. A month later, the Serbs conclusively defeated the Turks at Koumanovo and decided the Macedonian campaign in favour of the Allies. It is instructive to observe that from the morrow of that victory Austria-Hungary adopted an attitude hostile to Serbia. From that moment she regarded each succeeding success for Serbian arms in the light of a new menace against her vital interests. She invented the ludicrous Prohaska incident and demanded reparation for imaginary insult, massed 200,000 men on the Serbian frontier, laid mines in the Save and Danube and patrolled her monitors before Belgrade during the night, proclaimed the inviolability of the Sandjak of Novi Bazaar to prevent contact between Montenegro and Serbia, later on ordered the Serbs to arrest their march to the Adriatic and the Montenegrins to evacuate Scutari, and finally demanded the creation of an independent Albania with frontiers so extensive that it was impossible for Serbia to accept them. The determination to provoke a European war rather than permit Serbia to attain real freedom was manifested again in March and April, 1913, when general hostilities were once more imminent. On this occasion the Monarchy was in a stronger position than in 1908. The Alliance with Germany had been renewed, both countries had completed their armament, and while the Central Powers threatened, Russia was still unready and France and England argued. Austria accordingly gained the day, Serbia being obliged to content herself with a vain promise of a commercial outlet to the Adriatic.

Nevertheless, peace with Turkey (May 20th, 1913) left Serbia considerably aggrandised—a fact obviously dis-

tasteful to Austria-Hungary, for the ink was scarce dry on the treaty before the diplomats of Vienna and Budapest began to intrigue against its execution. In this connection, their close relations with Sofia served them well, and they forthwith set to work to turn the dispute over the division of the spoils to account. An arrangement between Bulgaria and Serbia proved to be difficult. It cannot be alleged that the Bulgars required any great encouragement in the course which they pursued, for they were determined to secure the hegemony of the Balkans, and, controlled by a mentality largely made up of innate arrogance and greedy rapacity, they held an exaggerated idea both of their own prowess and the weakness of their quondam allies. Thus, while Serbia consented to adopt the normal course of settlement and submit the dispute to the arbitration of the Tzar of Russia, as provided for by the Serbo-Bulgar Treaty, Bulgaria made a pretence of agreement and simultaneously treacherously attacked the Serbs and Greeks during the night of June 29th-30th and ushered in the unhappy conflict of 1913.

In this affair the collaboration of Austria-Hungary with Bulgaria was of the utmost importance, and provides conclusive evidence of the manner in which the Monarchy persisted in its determination to ruin Serbia. As early as May, 1913, the Vienna Government had instructed its Minister at Bucharest to inform the Roumanian Government that in the case of a Serbo-Bulgarian conflict Austria-Hungary would defend Bulgarian interests, if necessary by force of arms. This communication was made to M. Take Jonescu. A further development occurred a few weeks later when, upon the very day upon which the Bulgarian Government instructed Dr. Daneff to leave for the proposed arbitration at Petrograd, the Austrian Minister at Sofia visited King Ferdinand. After a conversation which lasted for four hours, King Ferdinand summoned to him General Savoff, the acting Commander-in-Chief, and the following night the orders for the treacherous attack on

Greece and Serbia were telegraphed to the Bulgarian armies.

The writings of the Viennese press clearly pointed to the existence of an Austro-Bulgarian pact, and influential circles were convinced that Serbia would be defeated. The exact nature of the agreement had remained a secret; but we are entitled to assume that it constituted the engagement outlined to M. Take Jonsescu, for, following the defeat of Bulgaria, Austria sought the permission of her Allies to attack Serbia. Her principal difficulty lay with Italy, because, according to the terms of the renewed Triple Alliance, any aggrandisement of Austria-Hungary in the Balkan Peninsula was to be accompanied by an analogous extension of Italian influence. For the details of the conspiracy we are indebted to the statement made by Signor Giolitti in the Italian Chamber. According to these disclosures, the Marquis di San Guiliano telegraphed on August 19th to Signor Giolitti, then absent from Rome, informing him that Austria had notified Italy (and Germany) of her intention to attack Serbia and, characterising her proposed action as "defensive," had invoked the *casus fœderis*. San Guiliano gave it as his opinion that the *casus fœderis* did not exist. M. Giolitti shared his colleague's view, and added that the proposed Austrian action could not be considered as "defensive," since nobody thought of attacking her.

It is, therefore, clear that in August, 1913, Austria desired to perpetrate an unwarrantable and unjustifiable attack upon Serbia (in collaboration with Bulgaria) and that she was restrained principally by the opposition of Italy, who, for her own particular reasons, regarded the possibility of any further extension of Austrian influence in the Peninsula with disfavour. Thus did another Germano-Magyar plot against Serbia fail in its purpose.

Simultaneously, however, the Monarchy had been making full use of the commercial weapon. After the settlement of the annexation crisis, the two States, in

order to demonstrate their friendly disposition toward one another, expressed a mutual desire to end the customs war and regularise their economic relations by a new treaty of commerce. Both sides reduced their demands to a minimum, and a new pact entered into vigour at the beginning of 1911. Under this arrangement the Serbian export was restricted to a limited number of slaughtered cattle and the frontier traffic confined to a very narrow zone.

The duration of the treaty was fixed at seven years, but well before the expiration of that term, the territorial extension of Serbia, her reiterated desire for an outlet on the Adriatic, her arrangement with Greece for through transit by Salonika—all proofs that the Kingdom sought escape from dependence upon her great neighbour—alarmed the Austro-Hungarian Government and drove them to a further endeavour to checkmate the ambitious bid for economic freedom. The new treaty would normally have remained operative until 1918, but no sooner had the Serbo-Bulgarian war finished (1913) than Vienna sent in her demand for a revision, invoking as her reason the fact that the alterations in the distribution of Balkan territory had brought in their train a considerable change in the economic situation. At the same time she communicated her suggestions. Faithful, as always, to the policy of securing virtual control of Serbia, she demanded nothing less than a Customs Union. The Serbs, as was their custom in dealing with the Monarchy, made tactful reply. They were prepared to examine the new situation with the object of ascertaining if a revision of the treaty had really become necessary, and, in such case, to enter into new pourparlers. But as to the proposed Customs Union, they refused, in principle, to entertain the idea. This, however, was not what Austria wanted. Her object was to attain political ends by economic and commercial methods. She had no use for a revision of the Treaty without the possibility of the wished-for Customs Union, and negotiations therefore ceased.

This was the finale of the series of attempts to subjugate Serbia by commercial intrigue, and it is instructive to draw certain deductions from this aspect of Habsburg policy. Alone among the States of Europe, the Monarchy would seem to have failed to recognise that, following the attainment of administrative independence by Serbia in 1878, the little Kingdom thereby obtained the right to treat with other nations on a basis of equality. She continued to regard Serbia as a country to be exploited in the interest of her political and commercial ambitions. Her reclamations universally took the form of demands. She recognised neither Serbia's right to accord her commercial policy with her national interests, nor to refuse proposed stipulations if they were considered disadvantageous. Serbia was regarded as a vassal state, and any refusal to accept Austrian propositions was treated as a hostile action. From this failure to recognise actualities sprang many of the frequent and bitter conflicts which perpetually disturbed the relations between the two countries.

AFTER BUCHAREST

As a result of the two Balkan victories, the territory of the Kingdom of Serbia was nearly doubled and her population increased by some 1,300,000 souls. The common struggle had created indissoluble ties of friendship and interest with Montenegro, the understanding with Greece was complete, and the facilities accorded to Serbian commerce at Salonika placed that port at her disposition. True, the Serbs could not console themselves for the loss of the Adriatic, but they had much to do to organise and develop their conquests. So they sought above all for peace, and strove to give no pretext for interference by Austria-Hungary.

But just as it takes two to make a quarrel, so the good intentions of Serbia alone were not sufficient to preserve

harmony. And harmony in the Balkans was very far from being the desire of Austria-Hungary. Faithful to the precedent created by their attitude towards the Treaty of London (1913), no sooner had the peace of Bucharest been concluded than the Central Powers conspired to ruin it. Austria could not bring herself to pardon the check that her ambitions had received. She had no intention of allowing the *status quo* to stand. "In the Balkans," declared Count Khuen Hedervary to the Hungarian Delegations, "the period of formation and reconstitution is not yet at an end; the war has not brought about peace. The frontiers have only been traced on paper, they are merely provisional. They must be rectified in order that security may be established." It was striking to find the Habsburg Monarchy, the alien governor of down-trodden, oppressed and persecuted subject races, suddenly seized with tender sympathies and respect for the principle of nationalities, anxious for the lot of the semi-civilised Albanians and the ambitions of the Bulgarian outlaws of Macedonia. Yet, in order to serve their sordid political aims, Austro-Hungarian statesmen gave themselves up to such blatant hypocrisy.

Their first move was to organise an Albanian rising (September, 1913). The tribes succeeded in crossing the Serbian frontier and occupying Dibra, when they were met and driven back by Serbian troops, who, in order to protect the national territory against further incursion, occupied certain strategic points of vantage. On October 17th Count Berchtold handed King Peter's Government an ultimatum ordering the evacuation of the positions within a delay of eight days, and, failing compliance, the intervention of Austrian troops was threatened. The importance of this development really centred in the fact that now, for the first time, Austria-Hungary ignored the Triple Entente in her negotiations with a Balkan State. She secured the support of Italy and Germany, but contented herself with merely communicating the text of her Note to

London, Paris and Petrograd. The object of this sinister move, by which it was intended to establish a precedent for isolated Austrian action in the Balkans, did not escape M. Pashitch, and though, after Vienna had spurned the idea of arbitration, Serbia was obliged to capitulate, she addressed her reply to all six of the Great Powers, and thus unmasked the Austrian strategy and restored its quondam European character to the question.

Towards the close of 1913, a further effort was made to secure control of Serbia by circuitous methods. The possession of railway communications with Salonika and Constantinople respectively had always been an essential feature of the evolution of Pan-German policy, and just as Austria-Hungary had held on to the Sandjak of Novi Bazaar until she was convinced that the construction of an iron road through that territory to the *Ægean* was beyond the competence of her engineers, so Germany had sought in vain for a practical route to the Bosphorus other than through Serbia. Prior to the Balkan Wars the Central Powers had accordingly become convinced that the Belgrade-Nish-Salonika and Belgrade-Nish-Sofia-Constantinople railroads were necessary to the furtherance of their respective aspirations.

Now, in the provinces ceded to Serbia at Bucharest, there lay the Zibeftje-Gumendje section of this organisation—then owned by the Oriental Railway Company, of which the majority of the shares had, for obvious reasons, been purchased by the German and Austrian banks at the request of their Governments. And, since this section was but a continuation of the Serbian State Railways, the Serbian Government proposed to buy it together with the Monastir section of the Monastir-Salonika line exploited by the same company. Count Berchtold vigorously opposed this suggestion. Nothing that Serbia could do or suggest served to turn the Imperial Government from its determination to spread a network of Austrian spies over the Serbian system, and, when negotia-

tions reached a deadlock, Herr Tchirsky * bluntly informed the Serbian Minister in Vienna that, since the Central Powers had need of these railways, it would be necessary for Austria to make war on Serbia! This unambiguous statement was uttered by the Kaiser's representative at the Court of Francis Joseph in the spring of 1914; that is to say, months before the Sarajevo murder staggered Europe and provided the excuse for carrying out the threat.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

During the first six months of 1914 a remarkable series of Conferences between various European crowned heads and statesmen—notably those of the Triple Alliance—were the outward sign of a troubled diplomatic situation, and principal among them stood out the meeting between the Kaiser and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Konopischt, where it is probable that an aggressive programme was arranged between the Central Powers. During the whole of this period the Balkan situation was in a very unsettled state. The Albanian *régime* under Prince William of Wied had proved a conspicuous failure, and Turkey, who was in close collaboration with Germany, evidenced a desire to regain the sovereignty of the Ægean Islands, which had been allotted to Greece, and further provoked Athens by atrociously persecuting the Hellenes in Asia Minor.

What was the nature of the programme elaborated at Konopischt we shall probably never learn. That it concerned a deliberate attempt to upset the Bucharest settlement and exploit the recently arranged rapprochement between Bulgaria and Turkey (together with, perhaps, the unsatisfactory situation in Albania) to the profit of Austria as the advance guard of Pan-Germanism in the Balkans, is obvious from the trend of Teuton-Magyar diplomacy and the bleatings of the officially-inspired Press. But into the

* German Ambassador at Vienna.

prevailing unrest was suddenly thrown the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo on June 28th, 1914.

On the morning of that fatal day the Austrian heir-apparent was driving in the town when a Bosniac named Čabrinović threw two bombs, which fell short. A natural indisposition to take further risks appears to have been over-ridden by official determination, and during the afternoon's procession the assassin Princip murdered the Archduke and his consort by means of two well-aimed shots from an automatic pistol. The Administration naturally alleged the existence of a widespread plot, directed, of course, from Belgrade; but the two principals had little in common, and it is more logical to suggest that no understanding existed between them. Čabrinović was a known anarchist and the son of an Austrian spy, while Princip was a student, remarkable for his industry and application, who had been exiled from his home and politically persecuted by the authorities. The one alleged outside instigation; the other proclaimed his individual responsibility. Both were Austrian subjects.

In effect, the Archduke was the victim of a *régime* which had held Bosnia in bondage for more than thirty years, and which all but openly declared that its object was to exterminate the individuality of the Serbian race. Such methods as had been employed invariably breed their own reward. While for lack of definite proof we pass over the possibility that the crime was deliberately planned by the Pan-Germanists, there is surely little occasion for surprise that some spirit more highly strung, more emotional than its fellows, should have provoked outrage in order to call the attention of Europe to conditions of existence that were fast becoming intolerable to an enslaved people.

Disraeli once said that "Assassination never yet changed the history of the world," and in this instance it would have served only for an increase of repression in Bosnia, had not Austria-Hungary, and with her Germany,

been ready to utilise any and every excuse for accomplishing their desire to annihilate Serbia as a step in the direction of world hegemony. Despite the anxiety of the Vienna and Budapest newspapers to fasten the responsibility upon Serbia, there were no immediate developments. As a matter of fact, it would seem that the crime at first upset some deeply-laid German plan, for the Kaiser, on learning the news, is alleged to have remarked significantly: "All my work must be recommenced." But the Austro-Hungarian diplomats were quick to recognise the new and unlooked-for opportunity of carrying through their nefarious schemes.

"We must settle our account with Serbia," wrote Baron von Giesl from Belgrade to his Government. "Both in order that our Monarchy may preserve its position as a Great Power, and even in order that it may continue to exist as a Great Power, a war is inevitable. If we hesitate to place our relations with our neighbour on a clear basis, we must share the responsibility for the difficulties and unfavourable conditions of the conflict which must necessarily be engaged, sooner or later, in the future. If we are resolved to present formidable demands, together with a demand for a real control—for only a control of this kind will succeed in cleaning out the Augean stables of Pan-Slav agitation—we must take into consideration all the possible consequences of our action and possess, from the very commencement, the firm will to obtain our requirements. Half-measures and protracted negotiations, resulting in a mixed compromise, would be the hardest blow that could be dealt at the credit of Austria in Serbia and the situation in Europe."

In short, the Baron saw that the long-awaited occasion to secure that real control of Serbia for which Austria had so persistently striven, had at length arrived. His advice obviously accorded with the opinion prevalent in Vienna and Berlin. Moreover, the situation in Europe seemed favourable. England had her Irish crisis, France her

Caillaux scandal, and Russia her labour troubles. The military position was likewise propitious for the Central Powers. The Vienna *Militaerische Rundschau* declared: "The moment is yet favourable for us. If we do not decide upon war now, we shall have to fight in two or three years at the latest in less favourable circumstances. At present the initiative lies with us; Russia is not ready, the moral factors are with us, as also is the force. As we must fight some day, let us provoke the conflict immediately."

Despite the bellicose attitude of the major part of the Austro-Hungarian press and the general effort to convey to Europe the impression that the assassination was the result of a plot prepared in Serbia, the exchange of views occasioned in diplomatic circles justified a hope that there would be no untoward development. Serbia took early steps to make her position clear. On June 30th, M. Yovanovitch* advised Baron Macchio that "The Serbian Government most energetically disapproves of the Sarajevo murder and on its part will loyally do everything possible to demonstrate that it will not tolerate on its territory any agitation or enterprise calculated to jeopardise our relations with Austria-Hungary, already so delicate." The following day M. Pashitch notified his Ministers accredited to European Courts that the crime had met with the reprobation of all classes in Serbia, where it was recognised that it might have a most unfavourable repercussion upon relations with the Monarchy. He protested, however, against the endeavour of the Austro-Hungarian press to saddle Serbia with the responsibility for an act of madness committed by an Austrian subject which it was in the vital interest of Serbia herself to avert.

This spirit seems at first to have been reflected or assumed by Austro-Hungarian diplomacy. On June 30th the Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople assured the Serbian *chargé d'affaires* that he need have no fear lest the event should endanger the more satisfactory relations

* The Serbian Minister at Vienna.

existing between the two States, and on July 3rd Baron Macchio told M. Yovanovitch at Vienna that Austria-Hungary accused neither the Serbian people nor their Government, but "certain agitators." Finally, the aged Emperor himself, in addressing the Austrian and Hungarian Presidents of Council, declared that he was "convinced that the murder is only the work of a small group of misguided persons."

It was scarcely necessary for M. Pashitch to assure the world through his Ministers that the incident was regarded with unmixed disapproval by King Peter's Cabinet, for, apart from the obvious fact that the State had pressing need of a prolonged peace in which to repair the wastage of the recent campaigns and consolidate her conquests, the Government had striven to guard against any aggravation of their relations with the neighbouring monarchy. Any anarchistic tendency in Belgrade had been carefully watched, and, indeed, the Belgrade police had actually warned their Vienna confrères against Čabrinović—to no purpose—and on June 21st M. Pashitch himself had advised the Ballplatz of his suspicions that a plot was being organised in Bosnia. It is evidences such as these, added to the unpopularity of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand in certain Viennese circles, the Emperor's preference for the Archduke Karl, and the fact that in the alleged presence of a widespread conspiracy (signalled by the Sarajevo police the following day, and of which, if it existed, they must have been well aware previously) the victim was driven into public again after Čabrinović's abortive attempt on his life, which lent weight to the suggestion that the crime was actually abetted by the Austro-Hungarian authorities themselves.

When this has been said, however, it must be admitted that the suspicions that some of the principal actors in the Sarajevo drama were in close relation with persons at Belgrade were too strong to be passed over in silence by the Austro-Hungarian authorities. Under the circumstances, the Monarchy very properly might have acquainted the

Serbian Government with the facts and the names of those compromised by the evidence and called upon them:—

- (1) To hold answerable those judged who were in Serbian territory, and
- (2) To give guarantees for a more effective control of the Pan-Serbian movement.

Had this very logical course been adopted, it is evident from the declaration made by M. Pashitch and the reply subsequently sent by Serbia to the Austrian ultimatum that the matter could have been arranged in a manner apparently satisfactory to all parties. That the possibility of such an equitable arrangement was not overlooked in the early days following the tragedy is obvious from the assurances given to the Entente in Vienna that the conditions imposed upon Serbia would be most acceptable and such as would permit them to count upon a pacific solution of the crisis. Further, on July 8th, the *Pester Lloyd* (Budapest) declared that—"Nothing will be demanded from the Serbian Government that can affect their natural self-consciousness or the national dignity entrusted to their care."

As an alternative, it was open to the Monarchy (as the Agent of the Central Powers) to turn the incident to account and use the assassination to re-open the whole question of her relations with the Serbian State and the Jugo-Slav movement, and make a further bid for a re-settlement of the Balkans in her favour. From the outset this course was strongly supported in certain clerical, militarist and diplomatic circles. The *Reichspost* was early on the scene with a declaration that "We have neglected to smoke out the poisonous den of Belgrade in time," the *Militaerische Rundschau* wrote: "At the slightest attempt of Serbia to deny or laud (the crime) our only reply must be at last, at last, the march on Belgrade," and the already quoted letter of Baron Giesl is sufficient evidence of the Serbophobe diplomatic point of view.

For some days there was a *détente*, due, no doubt, to consideration of the general European situation; but by July 14th, it became evident that the militarist party had triumphed and that Austria had determined upon extreme measures regardless of possible consequences. On that day, the *Neue Freie Presse*, whose intimate relations with the Berlin Foreign Office were well-known, declared:

"We must settle our affair with Serbia by force of arms. It is evident that a settlement is impossible by pacific means, and, since we shall arrive at war later on, it is better to finish at once."

In addition, the entire Government-controlled Austrian and Hungarian press was inflamed by the official *Korrespondenz Bureau*, and it became evident that Sarajevo was to be employed as a lever for the application of the old policy of reducing Serbia to dependence upon the Monarchy. On July 15th, M. Yovanovitch foreshadowed the memoire and the ultimatum which were to follow nearly a fortnight later, and from far off London M. Boshkovitch signalled his conviction that Austria-Hungary was preparing to exert such pressure on Serbia as could be transformed into hostile attack.

Little doubt now existed that the Central Powers were prepared for a general conflagration. On July 21st the Russian Ambassador at Vienna made it known that no *démarche* made with the object of humiliating Serbia could leave Russia indifferent. The next day, when the text of the Austrian Note was already known in Berlin, the German press put forward the theory that war was inevitable and the moment very opportune, and on July 24th M. Sazonoff unveiled the real object of the Central Powers when he informed Sir G. Buchanan that Austria "aimed at overthrowing the present *status quo* in the Balkans and establishing her own supremacy there."

The desire to punish Serbia for the murder of the Archduke had become a mere platitude. The crime of Sarajevo

jevo, like the annexation of Bosnia-Hertzegovina, the creation of an independent Albania and the encouragement afforded to Bulgaria in 1913, had been made a servant of the Pan-German scheme to establish Austria on the Ægean and Germany on the Bosphorous. Nothing could have been clearer than Count Mensdorff's declaration to Sir Edward Grey on July 27th that :

“So long as Serbia was confronted with Turkey, Austria never took any severe measures because of her adherence to the policy of the free development of the Balkan States. Now that Serbia had doubled her territory and population without any Austrian interference (His Excellency should have said ‘in spite of Austrian interference’) the suppression of Serbia's subversive aims was a matter of self-defence and self-preservation on Austria's part.”

In other words, the Central Powers had determined once again to reduce Serbia to the status of a vassal or annihilate her as a step in the subjugation of the Balkan Peninsula to Pan-German ambition, and to carry through their aims, if necessary, by an appeal to the sword.

Count Mensdorff's illuminating declaration was immediately confirmed by Count Berchtold himself, who informed Sir Maurice de Bunsen that he sought a revision of the Treaty of Bucharest. The Austrian Chancellor averred that he had never really believed in the permanency of that arrangement, which was necessarily most artificial, it being obvious that the interests it had hoped to conciliate were in themselves absolutely opposed the one to the other. This, of course, was only a half-truth, but the underlying idea will be understood when it is remembered that Austria had backed Bulgaria in the Second Balkan War and that the Central Powers were assured of the support of Bulgars and Turks in the coming conflict.

Yet, until the end of July, the Central Powers persisted in a half-hearted attempt to hide their real intentions. Even on July 27th, Count Mensdorff contradicted his

undiplomatic *exposé* of Austria's designs by declaring that the Monarchy had neither any intention of taking Serbian territory nor any aggressive designs against Serbia. But the mask was speedily dropped. On the following day Count Berchtold informed the Italian Ambassador that he would reserve his attitude as to the future, and on July 30th, the Austrian Ambassador at Rome told the Marquis di San Guiliano that Austria-Hungary could not promise to respect the integrity of Serbia, as it was impossible to foresee if, during the war, it would be necessary to conserve Serbian territory. Yet more illuminating light was shed on the position from Constantinople. On July 29th, Mr. H. D. Beaumont reported to the Foreign Office a conversation with the Austrian Ambassador in which the latter had spoken of the deplorable economic situation of Salonika under Greek administration, and of the assistance which the Austrian army could count upon from the Mussulman population discontented with Serbian rule. Mr. Beaumont gathered from this that Austrian aims might extend to a punitive occupation of Serbian territory south of the Sandjak of Novi Bazaar.

The whole manœuvre was thus laid bare. Austria-Hungary had tried many and divers means to unbar the gateway to Salonika. Serbia had resisted political provocation and commercial pressure alike; she had emerged successful from the wars of 1912 and 1913; and so it was decreed in Berlin and Vienna that a chance crime should force her to yield and loose the Teuton-Magyar hordes into the Peninsula. The time had come to strike for a free road from Vienna to Salonika and from Berlin to Baghdad. Well did the Serbian Minister at Petrograd assure the Count Pourtalés on July 24th:—"You will soon be convinced that this is not a dispute between Serbia and Austria, but a European question." The shots fired by Príncipe at Sarajevo had set in motion a deep-laid German scheme to secure the hegemony of the world and strike a mortal blow at Imperial Britain.

Such, then, were the motives which dictated the composition of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia. Its terms provoked in Europe a sense of stupefaction greater than that created by the Sarajevo murder itself. Sir Edward Grey informed Count Mensdorff that he had "never before seen one State address to another independent State a document of so formidable a character," and it became evident to almost every statesman in Europe that the intentions of the Central Powers went much farther than a mere desire to obtain satisfaction for a crime which might or might not have been hatched upon Serbian soil.

At 6 p.m. on July 23rd, 1914, Baron Giesl presented the epoch-making ultimatum from Austria-Hungary to Serbia. It was a document of which the principal authors appear to have been Count Forgatch, the notorious forger of the Friedjung documents, Count Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, and Herr Tschirsky, the German Minister at Vienna. It commenced with the following preamble:—

"On the 31st March, 1909, the Serbian Minister in Vienna, on the instructions of the Serbian Government, made the following declaration to the Imperial and Royal Government:

"'Serbia recognises that the *fait accompli* regarding Bosnia has not affected her rights, and consequently she will conform to the decisions that the Powers may take in conformity with article 25 of the Treaty of Berlin. In deference to the advice of the Great Powers Serbia undertakes to renounce from now onwards the attitude of protest and opposition which she has adopted with regard to the annexation since last autumn. She undertakes, moreover, to modify the direction of her policy with regard to Austria-Hungary and to live in future on good neighbourly terms with the latter.'

"The history of recent years, and in particular the painful events of the 28th June last, have shown the existence of a subversive movement with the object of detaching a part of the territories of Austria-Hungary from the Monarchy. The movement, which had its

birth under the eye of the Serbian Government, had gone so far as to make itself manifest on both sides of the Serbian frontier in the shape of acts of terrorism and a series of outrages and murders.

"Far from carrying out the formal undertakings contained in the declaration of 31st March, 1909, the Royal Serbian Government has done nothing to repress these movements. It has permitted the criminal machinations of various societies and associations directed against the Monarchy, and has tolerated unrestrained language on the part of the Press, the glorification of the perpetrators of outrages, and the participation of officers and functionaries in subversive agitation. It has permitted an unwholesome propaganda in public instruction. In short, it has permitted all manifestations of a nature to incite the Serbian population to hatred of the Monarchy and contempt of its institutions.

"This culpable tolerance of the Royal Serbian Government had not ceased at the moment when the events of the 28th June last proved its fatal consequences to the whole world.

"It results from the depositions and confessions of the criminal perpetrators of the outrage of the 28th June that the Sarajevo assassinations were planned in Belgrade, that the arms and explosives with which the murderers were provided had been given to them by Serbian officers and functionaries belonging to the Narodna Odbrana, and finally, that the passage into Bosnia of the criminals and their arms was organised and effected by the chiefs of the Serbian frontier service.

"The above-mentioned results of the magisterial investigation do not permit the Austro-Hungarian Government to pursue any longer the attitude of expectant forbearance which it has maintained for years in face of the machinations hatched in Belgrade, and thence propagated in the territories of the Monarchy. The results, on the contrary, impose on it the duty of putting an end to the intrigues which form a perpetual menace to the tranquility of the Monarchy.

"To achieve this end the Imperial and Royal Government sees itself compelled to demand from the Royal Serbian Government a formal assurance that it condemns this dangerous propaganda against the Monarchy

—in other words, the whole series of tendencies, the ultimate aim of which is to detach from the Monarchy territories belonging to it,—and that it undertakes to suppress by every means this criminal and terrorist propaganda.”

In addition to the above indictment further allegations were embodied in a communication, made to the Great Powers on July 24th:

“On the 31st March, 1909, the Royal Serbian Government addressed to Austria-Hungary the declaration of which the text is reproduced above.

“On the very day after this declaration Serbia embarked on a policy of instilling revolutionary ideas into the Serb subjects of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, and so preparing the separation of the Austro-Hungarian territory on the Serbian frontier.

“Serbia became the centre of a criminal agitation.

“No time was lost in the formation of societies and groups whose object, either avowed or secret, was the creation of disorders on Austro-Hungarian territory. These societies and groups count among their members generals and diplomatists, Government officials and judges—in short, men at the top of official and unofficial society in the kingdom.

“Serbian journalism is almost entirely at the service of this propaganda, which is directed against Austria-Hungary, and not a day passes without the organs of the Serbian Press stirring up their readers to hatred or contempt for the neighbouring Monarchy, or to outrages directed more or less openly against its security and integrity.

“A large number of agents are employed in carrying on by every means the agitation against Austria-Hungary and corrupting the youth in the frontier provinces.

“Since the recent Balkan crisis there has been a recrudescence of the spirit of conspiracy inherent in Serbian politicians, which has left such sanguinary imprints on the history of the kingdom. Individuals belonging formerly to bands employed in Macedonia

have come to place themselves at the disposal of the terrorist propaganda against Austria-Hungary.

"In the presence of these doings, to which Austria-Hungary has been exposed for years, the Serbian Government has not thought it incumbent on it to take the slightest step. The Serbian Government has thus failed in the duty imposed on it by the solemn declaration of the 31st March, 1909, and acted in opposition to the will of Europe and the undertaking given to Austria-Hungary.

"The patience of the Imperial and Royal Government in the face of the provocative attitude of Serbia was inspired by the territorial disinterestedness of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and the hope that the Serbian Government would end in spite of everything by appreciating Austria-Hungary's friendship at its true value. By observing a benevolent attitude towards the political interests of Serbia, the Imperial and Royal Government hoped that the kingdom would finally decide to follow an analogous line of conduct on its own side. In particular Austria-Hungary expected a development of this kind in the political ideas of Serbia, when, after the events of 1912, the Imperial and Royal Government, by its disinterested and ungrudging attitude, made such a considerable aggrandisement of Serbia possible.

"This benevolence which Austria-Hungary showed towards the neighbouring State had no restraining effect on the proceedings of the kingdom, which continued to tolerate on its territory propaganda of which the fatal consequences were demonstrated to the whole world on the 28th June last, when the Heir Presumptive to the Monarchy and his illustrious consort fell victims to a plot hatched at Belgrade.

"In the presence of this state of things the Imperial and Royal Government has felt compelled to take new and urgent steps at Belgrade with a view to inducing the Serbian Government to stop the incendiary movement that is threatening the security and integrity of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

"The Imperial and Royal Government is convinced that in taking this step it will find itself in full agreement with the sentiments of all civilised nations, who cannot permit regicide to become a weapon that can be employed

with impunity in political strife, and the peace of Europe to be continually disturbed by movements emanating from Belgrade.

"In support of the above the Imperial and Royal Government holds at the disposal of the ——— Government a *dossier* elucidating the Serbian intrigues and the connection between these intrigues and the murder of the 28th June."

These two comprehensive apologia which accompanied the Ultimatum comprise the Austrian case and, as such, are worthy of examination. The principal accusations made against Serbia, were as follows:—

(1) *That she had disregarded her 1909 declaration as laid down in paragraph (1) of the Austrian Note.*

It must be observed that the agreement then entered into was made under duress, and constituted a denial of the actualities of the political development of South-Eastern Europe. Nevertheless, it cannot be disputed that the Serbian Government loyally adhered to its declaration, for neither it nor any of its organs was guilty of participation in any movement calculated to endanger good relations with its neighbour. In support of this contention it may be submitted that only once had the Austrian Government made any representation of a breach of the agreement, and upon that occasion explanations of a satisfactory nature had been received from Belgrade. The allegation of official complicity could not, under any circumstances, have been substantiated.

(2) *That she had tolerated the existence of a subversive movement which instilled revolutionary ideas into Serbian subjects of the Monarchy, which had for its object the separation of the territories of Austria-Hungary from the Monarchy, and which manifested itself on both sides of the frontier in the shape of acts of terrorism.*

Although the internal affairs of Serbia were surely beyond the scope of Austro-Hungarian jurisdiction, it may

well be asked what "acts of terrorism" on the Serbian side of the frontier the Viennese diplomatists had in mind. If the assassination of King Alexander (who was admittedly a tool of the Habsburgs) was referred to, we are at once confronted with the postulatory theory that an interference by Serbia with Austrian propaganda on Serbian soil was an unfriendly act, and supplied with an additional and valuable demonstration of the intentions of the Monarchy towards the Serbian State. As to outrages in Bosnia, we have already noted that they were prevalent long before the Serbian renaissance set in, the tragedy of Sarajevo being merely the culmination of a series of crimes which had illumined the occupation.

It must, however, be admitted that there was present an unofficial subversive movement having for its ultimate object the union of the Jugo-Slav nation. It could hardly have been otherwise. Indeed, all the other border States had embarked on similar campaigns under considerably less provocation. The weakness of Austria-Hungary lay in the fact that it was an artificial Empire, a negation of the principle of nationality made up of a minority of two ruling castes and a majority of subject peoples, who owed allegiance primarily to forces beyond its frontiers. Its ultimate disintegration had been widely accepted as a political dogma, and, in consequence, it was afflicted not only with a Serbian, but with an Italian, a Russian, a Roumanian, and even a German propaganda, the object of all being to detach their co-nationalists.

Moreover, the Serbs would have been blind alike to past and to contemporary history had they not realised that the Monarchy was intent upon their destruction, national and economic, and while officially and as a whole they sought by diplomatic methods to achieve the unification of their race and an outlet to the Adriatic seaboard, some among them, more strongly imbued with the national idea, were undoubtedly carried beyond the extremes of international courtesy. To this extent, Austria-Hungary

had a legitimate grievance; but it was one which could have been satisfied by less humiliating demands than were embodied in the Ultimatum, and which *were* completely satisfied by the terms of the Serbian reply. If, at any time, the Monarchy had called attention to the ramifications of what was essentially a peaceful, and to a great extent an excusable propaganda, she would have caught the ear of Europe entire and doubtless secured such alterations in the Serbian Constitution as would have permitted the Government to check private agitation. No such step was taken.

On the other hand, the Austrian authorities themselves made no effort to remove the causes of discontent provoked by the attempt of the German and Magyar minority to control and exploit the Slav majority—a proceeding which had made the Jugo-Slav provinces such a fruitful field for the spread of sedition. After every available argument has been advanced against the Serbian nationalists, the fact remains that when an Empire breaks its plighted word—as Austria-Hungary did in 1908—and sets out to govern without respect to the rights of the governed, when it submits a subject race to the horrors of an alien, corrupt and tyrannical administration at a time when men of the same race, speaking the same tongue, are living in liberty on the other side of a frontier, the methods employed breed their own reward.

Finally, and apart from all consideration of the evidence provided by the subsequent attitude of all sections of German and Magyar society, it is abundantly clear that a peaceful solution of the crisis was not desired, and that the intention of the Central Powers was to create a motive for militant action against Serbia in pursuance of a grandiose scheme of world-conquest.

(3) *That she had employed Serbian journalism in the interests of the propaganda.*

It was one of the misfortunes of the Serbian Government that the Constitution deprived it of all effective con-

trol of the Press, which was free to express any sentiments provoked in the pursuit of particular political aims. They were in possession of no authority, either constitutional or legal, to influence the language of the journals, which could only be confiscated for the crimes of "lèse-majesté" or incitement to revolution. Yet it is difficult to understand in what manner the admittedly outspoken utterances of the Belgrade newspapers could have materially affected the situation in Bosnia, for since the annexation crisis the entry of one after another of them into the Monarchy had been rigorously prohibited, and if their informations succeeded in reaching any important body of Austrian subjects, they must necessarily have been circulated deliberately by the official *Korrespondenz Bureau*.

It having been admitted that the language of the uncontrolled Serbian publicists was violent, what shall be said of the writings of the officially inspired scribes of the Monarchy? For a whole decade they had unceasingly maligned Serbia, heaped indignities upon the Serbian population and acted as the instruments of an insidious campaign of calumny and invective. Throughout the Balkan wars they had treated King Peter's army with scant respect, and the events of 1914 found them busily engaged in alarming European public opinion and exciting that of their own country into a condition of jingoistic exasperation against their anathema. The Ballplatz may, of course, have considered that journalistic methods accounted highly laudable in Vienna and Budapest could not be tolerated in Belgrade, but unless this one-sided contention be allowed, there would appear to have been little to choose between the two parties to this regrettable press polemic.

(4) *That examination had shown that the Sarajevo outrage had been planned in Belgrade, and that the arms and explosives employed had been provided by Serbian officers and functionaries belonging to the "Narodna Odbrana,"*

In support of this contention, no further proof was advanced than the published findings of the Sarajevo courts. In most countries such testimony could have been accepted without hesitation; but the revelations of the Agram and Friedjung trials, to say nothing of sundry less important but equally scandalous affairs, tend to support the view that, on this occasion, the circumstances called for the production of confirmatory evidence of a less impeachable character than that actually presented. Moreover, the condition of Serbia in 1914—her complete unpreparedness for war and her pressing need for peace—was universally recognised in the Kingdom, and Europe would have been justified in demanding very definite corroboration before admitting that "Serbian officers and functionaries" were so ignorant of the state of their country as to deliberately aid and abet a crime so calculated to endanger satisfactory diplomatic relations with the Monarchy.

Similar comment may with reason be apportioned to the unsubstantiated claims of Serbian complicity laid out in the annex which accompanied the Austrian note, and also to the celebrated *dossier* "elucidating the Serbian intrigues and the connection between these intrigues and the murder of the 28th June" which was held at the disposal of the European governments. Even for what they were, Entente statesmen were afforded no opportunity to proceed to an investigation.

"What is the good of troubling yourselves to send in a '*dossier*' if you do not give us time to examine it?" asked M. Sazonoff of the Austrian Ambassador.

"The results of our own inquiry are sufficient for us," replied Count Scapary.

(5) *That the Monarchy, by its disinterested and ungrudging attitude had made possible a considerable aggrandisement of Serbia after the events of 1912.*

The Ballplatz had previously demonstrated no apparent gift of humour, and, if this suggestion was

seriously meant, it confronts us with a further instance of that hypocrisy which so consistently marked Austria-Hungary's diplomatic treatment of King Peter's Kingdom. It suffices to recall the Empire's anti-Serbian military preparations of 1912, its demands for the evacuation of Durazzo and Scutari, its creation of an independent Albania, its pact with Bulgaria and its desire to join in the Balkan conflict in 1913, to prove conclusively that Serbia's territorial aggrandisement was carried through in spite of Austria-Hungary rather than with her toleration. The claim was entirely inconsistent with the evolution of Austrian diplomacy during the previous century, and denoted the existence of a warped political vision which had much to do with the perpetration of discord between the two States.

Stripped of the determination of the Central Powers to exploit the tragedy of Sarajevo in furtherance of Pan-German ambition, the questions at issue were reduced to a simple proposition, which was summed up with considerable clarity by the *Zeit*, one of the few Viennese journals which kept its head during the crisis:—

“There are only two complaints against Serbia: the importation of bombs and enthusiasm for the Pan-Serbian idea. So far as concerns the bomb, which, in effect, came from Belgrade, it was not that engine which killed the Archduke, but the ball of a Browning, an Austrian arm imported from Belgium. As to the Pan-Serbian idea, it cannot be suppressed by suppressing all the associations which propagate it. A diplomatic *démarche* cannot put down Pan-Serbism any more than Pan-Germanism or Pan-Slavism. Furthermore, the Pan-Serbian idea is only a crime in Austria, where it seeks a diminution of the State. It is not a crime in Serbia, where it seeks her aggrandisement. The only crime is propaganda by act or by anarchy, whether its object is national or social, and the duty of Serbia is to combat it with all her force. But the example of Italy demonstrates the uncertain success of the policy of

repression. Let us then protect ourselves, not with a useless diplomatic note, but with a sound policy of nationalities and with an active and vigilant police."

The demands which formed the second part of the Austrian Note (each line of which, as Sir Maurice de Bunsen advised the British Foreign Office, had been approved by the German Ambassador in Vienna) clearly demonstrated that Austro-German diplomacy had much more extensive objects in view than the mere "putting an end to the intrigues which form a perpetual menace to the tranquility of the Monarchy." There can be no doubt that the formulation of unacceptable conditions had been intentional and deliberate. Sir Maurice telegraphed from Vienna on July 25th that "the language of the Press this morning leaves the impression that the surrender of Serbia is neither expected nor really desired," and the inspired newspapers of the two Central Empires simultaneously urged the new theory that the Austro-Serbian conflict—which they now declared to be inevitable—was a purely local affair, in which no other nation had the right to interfere. Sufficient proof that this view emanated from the Foreign Offices of Berlin and Vienna was supplied by the statement of the German Ambassador in Petrograd to Dr. Spalaikovitch, the Serbian Minister, on July 24th, to the effect that it (the situation created by the Ultimatum) was a "question which must be settled by Austria and Serbia only, and in which nobody else should meddle."

In the concluding paragraph of the preamble the Austro-Hungarian Government had considered itself obliged to demand of the Serbian Government "a formal assurance that it condemns this dangerous propaganda against the Monarchy." It then proceeded to indicate the nature of assurances required:—

In order to give a formal character to this undertaking the Royal Serbian Government shall publish on

the front page of its *Official Journal* of the 13th/26th July the following declaration :

"The Royal Government of Serbia condemns the propaganda directed against Austria-Hungary, *i.e.*, the general tendency of which the final aim is to detach from the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy territories belonging to it, and it sincerely deplores the fatal consequences of these criminal proceedings.

"The Royal Government regrets that Serbian officers and functionaries participated in the above-mentioned propaganda and thus compromised the good neighbourly relations to which the Royal Government was solemnly pledged by its declaration of the 31st March, 1909.

"The Royal Government, which disapproves and repudiates all idea of interfering or attempting to interfere with the destinies of the inhabitants of any part whatsoever of Austria-Hungary, considers it its duty formally to warn officers and functionaries and the whole population of the kingdom, that henceforward it will proceed with the utmost rigour against persons who may be guilty of such machinations, which it will use all its efforts to anticipate and suppress."

This declaration shall simultaneously be communicated to the Royal Army as an order of the day by His Majesty the King and shall be published in the *Official Bulletin* of the Army.

The Royal Serbian Government further undertakes :

1. To suppress any publication which incites to hatred and contempt of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and the general tendency of which is directed against its territorial integrity ;
2. To dissolve immediately the society styled "Narodna Odbrana," to confiscate all its means of propaganda, and to proceed in the same manner against other societies and their branches in Serbia which engage in propaganda against the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. The Royal Government shall take the necessary measures to prevent the societies dissolved from continuing their activity under another name and form ;
3. To eliminate without delay from public instruction in Serbia, both as regards the teaching body and also as regards the methods of instruction, everything

that serves, or might serve, to foment the propaganda against Austria-Hungary ;

4. To remove from the military service, and from the administration in general, all officers and functionaries guilty of propaganda against the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy whose names and deeds the Austro-Hungarian Government reserves to itself the right of communicating to the Royal Government ;

5. To accept the collaboration in Serbia of representatives of the Austro-Hungarian Government in the suppression of the subversive movement directed against the territorial integrity of the Monarchy ;

6. To take judicial proceedings against accessories to the plot of the 28th June who are on Serbian territory. Delegates of the Austro-Hungarian Government will take part in the investigation relating thereto ;

7. To proceed without delay to the arrest of Major Voiya Tankositch and of the individual named Milan Tsiganovitch, a Serbian State employé, who have been compromised by the results of the magisterial enquiry at Sarajevo ;

8. To prevent by effective measures the co-operation of the Serbian authorities in the illicit traffic in arms and explosives across the frontier, to dismiss and punish severely the officials of the frontier service at Shabatz and Loznitza guilty of having assisted the perpetrators of the Sarajevo crime by facilitating their passage across the frontier.

9. To furnish the Imperial and Royal Government with explanations regarding the unjustifiable utterances of high Serbian officials, both in Serbia and abroad, who, notwithstanding their official position, did not hesitate after the crime of the 28th June to express themselves in interviews in terms of hostility to the Austro-Hungarian Government ; and, finally,

10. To notify the Imperial and Royal Government without delay of the execution of the measures comprised under the preceding heads.

The Austro-Hungarian Government expects the reply of the Royal Government at the latest by six o'clock on Saturday evening, the 25th July.

It is not too much to say that whatever sympathy for

Austria-Hungary might have been aroused in Entente diplomatic circles by the murder of the Archduke was effectively destroyed by the outrageous nature of these demands. Viscount Grey, who had never interested himself in Serbia and who maintained that "The merits of the dispute between Austria and Serbia were not the concern of His Majesty's Government," could not refrain from pointing out to Count Mensdorff that "Demand No. 5 would be hardly consistent with the maintenance of Serbia's independent sovereignty," and considering it a matter for "Great regret that a time limit, and such a short one at that, had been insisted upon at this stage of the proceedings."

As a matter of fact, both Demand No. 5 and the time limit were essential features of the deliberately planned scheme of which the Ultimatum was the outward and visible sign. The intention of the former was to invest Austria-Hungary with the right to appoint officials possessed of authority within the frontiers of Serbia, and history offered ample evidence of the uses to which the facility would have been put. The latter was cunningly elaborated to take Entente diplomacy at a disadvantage, and, if possible, secure the first object of Pan-German ambition by consent. The Central Powers did not desire war for war's sake; they regarded it, and were prepared for it, as a possibly necessary accessory to the fulfilment of their plans. They would have been admirably suited had they been permitted to secure control of the Balkans and connection with Bulgaria and Turkey by trickery and menace, for they would then have been able to husband their resources and prepare for the final blow under conditions most favourable to success. Hence the attempt to depict the Austro-Serbian dispute as a purely local affair, and the issue of an Ultimatum which demanded almost immediate reply at a time when Serbia was at her weakest and Entente diplomacy was considerably disorganised. In Serbia, M. Pashitch was in the provinces (the country was

in the throes of a Parliamentary election), Marshal Putnik, the Chief-of-Staff, was in Hungary, and three other Serbian generals were on hostile soil. MM. Isvolsky and Schebeko, the Tzar's Ambassadors at Paris and Vienna respectively, were in Russia; the Russian and Italian Ambassadors at Berlin were absent on leave; both Britain and Russia were represented by a *chargé d'affaires* at Belgrade, and, most important of all, MM. Poincaré and Viviani, the President and Foreign Minister of the French Republic, had left Petrograd on their return to France, and were actually on the high seas.

There can be no doubt that Austria-Hungary sought to profit by these circumstances. M. Sazonoff's request (to which London and Paris subscribed) for a short extension of the forty-eight hours' delay was flatly refused, and it became obvious not only that Count Berchtold was opposed to discussion, but that even if Serbia accepted the Note *in toto* he would seek other motives for the prosecution of his object and reclaim the military expenses which had been incurred by the Monarchy on its own responsibility and in support of its own Ultimatum. It is not difficult to pierce the cant of Pan-German diplomacy and lay bare the nefarious schemes of Berchtold, Tisza, Tschirsky and their German and Magyar confederates. A kindly fate had at last placed Serbia in their hands, and they were determined either to recall the happy days of Milan, when Belgrade faithfully executed the orders of the Ballplatz, or wipe the Kingdom out of existence.

"After two or three conversations which I had on that day (July 24th)," reported M. Yovanovitch to his Government, "it became clear to me that an armed conflict between Serbia and the Monarchy was inevitable, even in the case of Serbia accepting all the Austro-Hungarian conditions."

M. Pashitch returned to Belgrade on July 24th and the Serbian Cabinet then deliberated on the Austrian Note, after which the Crown Prince Alexander telegraphed to

the Tzar, advising him that Serbia was willing to agree to all demands which were compatible with her situation as an independent State, together with any other conditions the acceptance of which might be advised by His Imperial Majesty.

"We may be attacked after the expiration of the time limit by the Austro-Hungarian army which is concentrating on our frontiers," proceeded His Royal Highness. "It is impossible for us to defend ourselves, and we beseech Your Majesty to lend us your aid as soon as possible."

It is significant that the Tzar's reply was not despatched from Petrograd until July 27th, *i.e.*, two days after the rupture of diplomatic relations with Austria.

"In addressing yourself to me at a particularly difficult moment," telegraphed the Russian ruler, "Your Royal Highness is not mistaken as to my sentiments towards him and my cordial sympathy for the Serbian people.

"My most serious attention is concentrated on the actual situation, and my Government is deploying every effort to smooth down the present difficulties. I have no doubt whatever that Your Royal Highness and the Royal Government, while safeguarding the dignity of Serbia, will facilitate this task by neglecting nothing in order to reach a solution which will void the horrors of a new war.

"As long as there is the slightest hope of avoiding bloodshed all my efforts must be directed to that end. If, despite our sincere desire, We do not succeed, Your Highness may rest assured that in no case will Russia disinterest herself from the fate of Serbia."

This communication contained nothing to suggest that it had been held back deliberately in the Russian capital, and the only alternative assumption is that Prince Alexander's message was maliciously detained on its journey across the Monarchy.

Whatever may have been the real cause of the delay, it remains that, although M. Pashitch was doubtless aware

that negotiations of an epoch-making character were being conducted by the various European Chancelleries, he held no promises of support when drawing up his reply to the Ultimatum, and the advice received was limited to recommendations from Petrograd, Paris and London, all urging him to go to the last limit of concession. In no capital—least of all in Vienna—was it imagined that Serbia was prepared to humble herself to the extent indicated by the reply which the Serbian Premier handed to Baron Giesl at 5.45 on the evening of July 25th.

Belgrade,

July 25th, 1914.

The Royal Serbian Government have received the communication of the Imperial and Royal Government of the 10th inst., and are convinced that their reply will remove any misunderstanding which may threaten to impair the good neighbourly relations between the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and the Kingdom of Serbia.

Conscious of the fact that the protests which were made both from the tribune of the national Skupshtina and in the declarations and actions of the responsible representatives of the State—protests which were cut short by the declarations made by the Serbian Government on the 18th March, 1909—have not been renewed on any occasion as regards the great neighbouring Monarchy and that no attempt has been made since that time, either by the successive Royal Governments or by their organs, to change the political and legal state of affairs created in Bosnia and Hertzegovina, the Royal Government draw attention to the fact that in this connection the Imperial and Royal Government have made no representation except one concerning a school book, and that on that occasion the Imperial and Royal Government received an entirely satisfactory explanation. Serbia has several times given proofs of her pacific and moderate policy during the Balkan crisis, and it is thanks to Serbia and to the sacrifice that she has made in the exclusive interest of European peace that that peace has been preserved. The Royal Government cannot be held

responsible for manifestations of a private character, such as articles in the press and the peaceable work of societies—manifestations which take place in nearly all countries in the ordinary course of events, and which, as a general rule, escape official control. The Royal Government are all the less responsible in view of the fact that at the time of the solution of a series of questions which arose between Serbia and Austria-Hungary, they gave proof of a great readiness to oblige, and thus succeeded in settling the majority of these questions to the advantage of the two neighbouring countries.

For these reasons, the Royal Government have been pained and surprised at the statements according to which members of the Kingdom of Serbia are supposed to have participated in the preparations for the crime committed at Sarajevo; the Royal Government expected to be invited to collaborate in an investigation of all that concerns this crime, and they were ready, in order to prove the entire correctness of their attitude, to take measures against any persons concerning whom representations were made to them. Falling in, therefore, with the desire of the Imperial and Royal Government, they are prepared to hand over for trial any Serbian subject, without regard to his situation or rank, of whose complicity in the crime of Sarajevo proofs are forthcoming, and, more especially, they undertake to cause to be published on the first page of the *Journal Officiel*, on the date of the 13th (26th) July, the following declaration:

“The Royal Government of Serbia condemn all propaganda which may be directed against Austria-Hungary, that is to say, all such tendencies as aim at ultimately detaching from the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy territories which form part thereof, and they sincerely deplore the baneful consequences of these criminal movements. The Royal Government regret that, according to the communication from the Imperial and Royal Government, certain Serbian officers and officials should have taken part in the above-mentioned propaganda, and thus compromised the good neighbourly relations to which the Royal Serbian Government was solemnly engaged by the declaration of March 31st, 1909, which declaration disapproves and repudiates all

idea or attempt at interference with the destiny of the inhabitants of any part whatsoever of Austria-Hungary, and they consider it their duty formally to warn the officers, officials, and entire population of the kingdom that henceforth they will take the most rigorous steps against all such persons as are guilty of such acts, to prevent and to repress which they will use their utmost endeavour."

This declaration will be brought to the knowledge of the Royal Army in an order of the day, in the name of His Majesty the King, by His Royal Highness the Crown Prince Alexander, and will be published in the next official army bulletin.

The Royal Government further undertake:

(1) To introduce at the first regular convocation of the Skupshtina a provision in the Press law providing for the most severe punishment of incitement to hatred or contempt of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, and for taking action against any publication the general tendency of which is directed against the territorial integrity of Austria-Hungary. The Government engage at the approaching revision of the Constitution to cause an amendment to be introduced into article (22) of the Constitution of such a nature that such publication may be confiscated, a proceeding at present impossible under the categorical terms of article 22 of the Constitution.

(2) The Government possess no proof, nor does the Note of the Imperial and Royal Government furnish them with any, that the "Narodna Odbrana" and other similar societies have committed up to the present any criminal act of this nature through the proceedings of any of their members. Nevertheless, the Royal Government will accept the demand of the Imperial and Royal Government, and will dissolve the "Narodna Odbrana" Society and every other society which may be directing its efforts against Austria-Hungary.

(3) The Royal Serbian Government undertake to remove without delay from their public educational establishments in Serbia all that serves or could serve to foment propaganda against Austria-Hungary, whenever the Imperial and Royal Government furnish them with facts and proofs of these propaganda.

(4) The Royal Government also agree to remove from military service all such persons as the judicial enquiry may have proved to be guilty of acts directed against the integrity of the territory of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, and they expect the Imperial and Royal Government to communicate to them at a later date the names and the acts of these officers and officials for the purposes of the proceedings which are to be taken against them.

(5) The Royal Government must confess that they do not clearly grasp the meaning or the scope of the demand made by the Imperial and Royal Government that Serbia shall undertake to accept the collaboration of the organs of the Imperial and Royal Government upon their territory, but they declare that they will admit such collaboration as agrees with the principle of international law, with criminal procedure, and with good neighbourly relations.

(6) It goes without saying that the Royal Government consider it their duty to open an inquiry against all such persons as are, or eventually may be, implicated in the plot of the 25th June, and who happen to be within the territory of the Kingdom. As regards the participation in this inquiry of Austro-Hungarian agents or authorities appointed for this purpose by the Imperial and Royal Government, the Royal Government cannot accept such an arrangement, as it would be a violation of the Constitution and of the law of criminal procedure ; nevertheless, in concrete cases communications as to the results of the investigation in question might be given to the Austro-Hungarian agents.

(7) The Royal Government proceeded, on the very evening of the delivery of the Note, to arrest Commandant Voiya Tankositch. As regards Milan Tsiganovitch, who is a subject of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, and who up to 28th June was employed (on probation) by the directorate of railways, it has not yet been possible to arrest him.

The Austro-Hungarian Government are requested to be so good as to supply as soon as possible, in the customary form, the presumptive evidence of guilt, as well as the eventual proofs of guilt which have been collected

up to the present, at the inquiry at Sarajevo for the purpose of the latter inquiry.

(8) The Serbian Government will reinforce and extend the measures which have been taken for preventing the illicit traffic of arms and explosives across the frontier. It goes without saying that they will immediately order an inquiry and will severely punish the frontier officials on the Shabatz-Loznitz line who have failed in their duty and allowed the authors of the crime of Sarajevo to pass.

(9) The Royal Government will gladly give explanations of the remarks made by their officials, whether in Serbia or abroad, in interviews after the crime, and which, according to the statement of the Imperial and Royal Government, were hostile towards the Monarchy, as soon as the Imperial and Royal Government have communicated to them the passages in question in these remarks, and as soon as they have shown that the remarks were actually made by the said officials, although the Royal Government will itself take steps to collect evidence and proofs.

(10) The Royal Government will inform the Imperial and Royal Government of the execution of the measures comprised under the above heads, in so far as this has not already been done by the present Note, as soon as each measure has been ordered and carried out.

If the Imperial and Royal Government are not satisfied with this reply, the Serbian Government, considering that it is not to the common interest to precipitate the solution of this question, are ready, as always, to accept a pacific understanding, either by referring this question to the decision of the International Tribunal of The Hague, or to the Great Powers which took part in the drawing up of the declaration made by the Serbian Government on 31st March, 1909.

It is sufficient comment on the conciliatory nature of this reply to remark that in all diplomatic circles which were working for the preservation of the peace of Europe it created a very favourable impression. Serbia had humbled her national pride to an unexpected extent and

conceded practically everything that the Monarchy had required, the only reservations being in respect to the two clauses which insisted that representatives of Austria-Hungary should participate in the repression of the "subversive movement directed against the territorial integrity of the Monarchy" and take part in judicial investigations on Serbian soil. There was, of course, a great deal more behind this demand than appeared on the surface. If Serbia had once admitted Austro-Hungarian officials, it is questionable whether she would ever have been able to rid herself of them. They would have become inevitably the hub of a vast organisation of espionage and corruption, eating like a canker at the heart of the nation, sapping its vitality, ever weakening it until it became once more the poor, hapless tool of its mighty neighbour. Had Austria's intentions in this respect been straightforward she could with confidence have accepted the Serbian offer to submit the clauses to International Arbitration; but she well knew that the measure of unrestricted interference which she coveted would not be granted by any impartial tribunal.

Confirmation of the bellicose intentions of the Monarchy was provided by the undue haste which marked the final stage of the negotiations. M. Pashitch presented his reply to the Austro-Hungarian Minister at 5.45 p.m. on July 25th, and within fifteen minutes Baron Giesl had digested that somewhat lengthy and complicated document, despatched a notification of its unsatisfactory character and announced his impending departure. Half an hour later he left Belgrade with the personnel of the Legation.

Despite this sudden rupture of Austro-Serbian diplomatic relations, it was still hoped that the firm attitude adopted by the Triple Entente, and the British proposals for a Conference, to which further reference will be made, would prevent a European outbreak; but all negotiations were suspended on July 28th, when Austria declared war on Serbia in the following terms:—

"The Royal Government of Serbia not having given a satisfactory reply to the Note presented to it by the Austro-Hungarian Ministry on July 23rd, 1914, the Imperial and Royal Government finds it necessary itself to safeguard its rights and interests and to have recourse for this purpose to force of arms. Austria-Hungary, therefore, considers itself from this moment in a state of war with Serbia."

With this momentous declaration, the pourparlers between Vienna and Belgrade were brought to a close. Both the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente were quick to recognise that not merely the Austro-Serbian, but the general European question was involved, and, while as early as July 23rd, Germany had indicated to France that if the struggle was not localised she feared that dangerous friction might arise between the two groups, Viscount Grey inaugurated his proposals for mediation by Britain, France, Italy and Germany on July 24th. The following day Viscount Grey renewed his suggestion, again insisting upon the necessity for German co-operation, and Germany, on her part, made a last attempt to localise the struggle by the extraordinary procedure of threatening that "any intervention by a third Power would have incalculable consequences." Apparently the Central Powers were satisfied that they could again attain their object by a combination of bluff and sabre-rattling, and, according to Sir Maurice de Bunsen, the German Ambassador in Vienna had expressed his conviction that Russia would keep quiet during the chastisement of Serbia. "As to Germany," Herr Tschirsky had added, "she knows very well what she is about in backing up Austria-Hungary in this matter." But any misunderstanding was speedily removed by Russia, who announced officially that "an Austro-Serbian conflict could not leave Russia indifferent," and, in addition, the Tzar's Ambassador personally informed Baron Macchio that if actual war broke out with Serbia it would be impossible to localise it, as Russia was not prepared to give

way again, as she had done on previous occasions, and especially during the Bosnian annexation crisis. It is obvious, therefore, that Count Berchtold was fully cognisant of the grave issues involved when (doubtless with the consent of Germany) he telegraphed his declaration of war to Serbia.

On July 26th, after the return of the Emperor to Berlin, Germany shifted her ground so far as the proposed Conference of the Powers was concerned. Whereas hitherto she had made a pretence of willingness to take part in this proceeding, she now confined her activities to passing on to Vienna Viscount Grey's hope that Austria-Hungary would take a favourable view of the Serbian reply, and declined to go beyond that. The next day an important conversation took place in London between the British Foreign Secretary and the German Ambassador. Viscount Grey then observed that the Serbian reply went farther than could have been expected to meet the Austrian demands and pointed out that the German Secretary of State had himself declared that there were some things in the Austrian Note that Serbia could hardly have been expected to accept. He assumed that the Serbian reply could not have gone as far as it did unless Russia had exercised conciliatory influence at Belgrade, and therefore suggested that it was really at Vienna that counsels of moderation were required. If Austria put the Serbian reply aside as being worth nothing and marched into Serbia, it meant that she was determined to crush Serbia at all costs, being reckless of the consequences that might be involved. He accordingly suggested that the Serbian reply should be at least treated as a basis for discussion and pause, and recommended that that course be urged at Vienna.

These views were communicated by the German Chancellor to the Austro-Hungarian Government, who had before them at the same time a Russian proposal to the effect that the means of settling the Austro-Serbian conflict

should be discussed directly between the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Austrian Ambassador at Petrograd. We are thus provided with an illuminating insight into the methods of the Austro-Hungarian statesmen, for we observe that on July 28th they simultaneously declined the Russian suggestion, declared war on Serbia, and forthwith replied that it was too late to act upon Viscount Grey's proposal, because the events (which they alone had precipitated) had marched too rapidly.

With one notable exception, Serbia had no concern with the further development of the European crisis. Count Mensdorff called upon Viscount Grey on July 29th. He protested that Austria had no idea of territorial aggrandisement (incidentally, it will be remembered that only twenty-four hours later the Austrian Ambassador at Rome informed the Marquis di San Giuliano that Austria could not promise to respect the integrity of Serbia), and the British Minister replied, with manifest logic, that it would be quite possible, without nominally interfering with the independence of Serbia or taking away any of her territory, to turn her into a sort of vassal State. Count Mensdorff deprecated this remark; but he subsequently put forward the extraordinary theorem that, before the Balkan war, Serbia had always been regarded as being in the Austrian sphere of influence!

If, as this short, unsubstantiated assertion implied, Habsburg diplomacy visualised Serbia as a dependency and was incapable of appreciating the fact that she had emerged gradually out of Ottoman tutelage into national freedom, many of its otherwise incomprehensible activities are explained. Viewed from this angle, the refusal of a Customs Union, the desire to prosper and expand, the sympathy for the Austrian Serbs, the removal of the Austrophile King Alexander, and the outbursts of the Belgrade press, were indeed acts of unpardonable insubordination. But, if Count Mensdorff's declaration thus served to explain the demands made upon Serbia in the Ultimatum,

it effectually exposed the hollowness of the dishonest indictment by which they were prefaced.

• As a matter of fact, examined from the viewpoint either of the individual ambition of the Monarchy or the carefully elaborated programme of the Central Powers, Serbia (and with her the defined sense of nationality inborn in the Southern Slavs) was an obstacle to progress. Her removal, or her relegation to a position of absolute dependence upon Austria-Hungary was a first essential to the substitution of German land domination for British naval supremacy and the evolution of Pan-German world-hegemony. The real "Provocation by Serbia" was a praiseworthy yearning after the blessings of a free and independent existence. It had no relation to the actual crime of Sarajevo, which, in effect, merely provided the Central Powers with an opportunity to draw the Serbs once more within the sphere of Austrian influence, or plunge Europe into bloodshed at a moment when the omens seemed most favourable to the realisation of their aspirations by armed force.

BY

**THE JUSTICE OF
RUMANIA'S CAUSE**

By
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The Justice of Rumania's Cause.

The moral significance of Rumania's intervention in the great war has probably been understood less fully than any other important event which has taken place since August 1914. Even among Rumania's allies, welcome as Rumania's help was to them, and well disposed as they were to give her their help in return, there was lacking adequate knowledge of the vital issues for democracy and freedom at stake in Rumanian lands. Among countries then neutral there was probably even less understanding of the questions at issue. For instance, in one of the foremost papers of the Anglo-Saxon world we find the following passage:—

“In at least two minor respects they [the terms enunciated in the Allies' Note to President Wilson] are wholly immoral, in that they contemplate the seizure of territory that never belonged to Italy or Roumania in order to pay the bribes that these two eminently sordid Governments exacted as their price for entering the war.”

(New York World, Jan. 12.)

“Wholly immoral”; “never belonged to Rumania”; “these eminently sordid Governments”; “their price for entering the war”—let us analyse shortly the justice of these remarks in the light of the history of the

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Rumanian race, of Rumania's position to-day and of her future prospects.

THE HISTORICAL RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF THE RUMANIAN RACE.

What is "Rumania"? Who are the "Rumanians"? So many false and misleading statements have been made by partisan writers about the origins and constitution of the Rumanian race, so often a purely arbitrary and restricted meaning is given to the term "Rumania," that it is worth while to point out clearly the full and proper signification of the two names. Modern "Rumania" is a term of barely 70 years' usage. Formed by the union of the two principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, in 1859, the kingdom of Rumania includes only a part of the Rumanian race. Over a million Rumans live in the old Moldavian, since 1812 Russian, province of Bessarabia. A quarter of a million inhabit Bukovina, which the Habsburg Empress seized in 1775. Small fragments of the race are to be found in N.E. Serbia, in S.W. Macedonia, and Thessaly. But by far the greater part of "unredeemed" Rumania is still governed by the Hungarian Crown. Hungarian official statistics (1910) give the number of Rumans in Hungary as 2,949,032. This is a minimum estimate. Hungarian census estimates are notoriously "touched up." Rumanian writers show good grounds for the belief that there

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are at least 3,935,120 Rumans in Hungary, and probably considerably more than 4,000,000. Moreover, these Rumans mostly live in a compact mass in contact with the Rumanian kingdom. According to the Hungarian census of 1910 more than five-sixths of the Rumanian population of Hungary lived either in Transylvania—of the 15 Transylvanian counties, eight had a Rumanian majority of 64 to 89 per cent., four a substantial minority of from 35 to 48 per cent., while three (Udvarhely, Csík and Háromszék) were purely Szekler (Magyar)—or in the four adjoining counties of Krassó-Szörény (72·1 per cent.), Szilágy (59·1 per cent.), Arad (57·81 per cent.), and Temes (34 per cent.). Rumania “beyond the Carpathians” is, therefore, a compact country, geographically united with the kingdom.

Unable to deny, while they seek to minimise, the Rumanian majority in Transylvania and the adjoining counties, Hungarian and other anti-Rumanian controversial writers fall back on two main lines of argument:—(1) That the Rumans are intruders of much later date than the Magyars. (2) That there is no “irredentist” problem, and that the non-Magyar nationalities have no reason or wish to be separated from Hungary. The first is a much less important point than the second, and can be more quickly dismissed.

To us modern Europeans and Americans it appears a matter of little import what nation

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has medieval or earlier history on its side in claiming certain territories. But Hungarian writers have laid great stress on the fact that their occupation of Transilvania, the Banat, &c., preceded that of the "Vlach" (or Ruman) population by three or four centuries. There are little or no contemporary records extant, and we are forced to speculate from such evidence as we have. All that is known for certain is that the Magyars did not begin to occupy Transilvania till the 10th century. In the 12th century began the systematic introduction by the Hungarian kings of the Saxon colonists who built up the prosperous communities of Siebenbürgen (Kronstadt, Hermannstadt, Klausenburg, &c.). According to Hungarian contentions, "Vlach shepherds" only began to filter into Transilvania during the Middle Ages (14th and 15th centuries), and are thus "intruders" in Magyar lands. Such a contention, however, does not explain who were the pre-Magyar inhabitants of the province of whose existence, side by side with the invaders, there are plentiful indications. It does not explain the great number of place names of Rumanian origin. Finally, on this theory, it is quite inexplicable how, in spite of oppression and suppression for centuries, the Ruman of Hungary should now be in a great majority in Transilvania and the adjoining counties.

Neither Magyars nor Saxons make nor can make any claim to have been in Transilvania

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before the 10th century. Rightly or wrongly, the Rumans do make this claim very emphatically. Ethnological and linguistic evidence supports the theory that they are in the main a blend of two races—the original Dacian people of Transilvania and Wallachia, whom Trajan conquered at the beginning of the 2nd century, and the Romans and Romanised Thracians and Illyrians who were partly settled there by the Roman emperors as colonists, but to a still larger extent drifted in as traders and settlers. The sole criterion of nationality worth respecting is that of consciousness of a certain origin and tradition. This the Rumans of Hungary possess very strongly. The old Roman names—Traian, Aurelian, Octavian, Titu, Valeriu, Severin, &c.—are frequent amongst them. Almost equal respect is paid to their Dacian ancestry. In his tragedy, “*Ovidiu*” [the poet Ovid, who was banished to and died at Tomi, near Constantza], the great Rumanian poet, Vasile Alecsandri, insists that Dacia was a worthy foe even for Rome. If history and historical consciousness are appealed to, there is everything to be said for the Rumanian and very little for the Magyar claim.

But let us turn from such academic arguments to contemporary facts. We have seen that in Transilvania and the adjoining counties of Hungary the Rumans form a great majority of the population. During the many centuries of Hungarian rule this majority has been systematically ill-treated and denied its rights. In the princi-

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pality of Transilvania—both in its medieval and its Turkish (1526–1691) period—the Ruman population was denied the civil and religious privileges granted to the dominant Magyar and German population. When in 1691 the Habsburg succeeded the Turk as the suzerain of Transilvania, the Emperor Leopold I granted the principality a diploma guaranteeing the continuance of its distinctive privileges. No proper provision was made, however, to safeguard the Rumanian majority, and the result was growing unrest throughout the 18th century, culminating in the peasant revolt led by Horea in 1784 and the petition called “*Supplex Libellus Valachorum*” laid before the Emperor Leopold II in 1791. Maria Theresa and her sons—Joseph II and • Leopold II—were on the whole benevolently disposed to their Rumanian subjects, but they encountered every hindrance to reform in the close corporation of three “nations”—Magyars, Szeklers (racially one with the Magyars), and Germans—who composed the Transilvanian Diet. It was their opposition which prevented Joseph II from raising the Rumanian “nation” to the same status. But there was worse in store. The year 1848 with its universal movement of revolt inspired the Rumans to a great national demonstration at Blaj (Blasendorf). In no sense anti-dynastic, this assembly demanded for the Rumans equal rights with the other “nations” of Transilvania. The Magyars took alarm. The Hungarian Diet had already earlier in the year voted

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at Pressburg the union of Transilvania with Hungary. The Transilvanian Diet was forced by the predominant Magyar element to do likewise, and the Ruman population had no means except by the demonstration just mentioned to record their protest. The Magyar insurrection and its suppression the following year annulled the Act of Union. For a decade, old conditions returned. At last, in 1863, the Transilvanian Diet agreed to the recognition of the Rumans as a "nation." But two years later the same Diet, under extreme pressure from Budapest, overrode the protests of the Saxon and Rumanian representatives and voted union with Hungary. After his defeat by Prussia, Francis Joseph was compelled to agree to this as to other Hungarian demands, and in 1867 the Hungarian Parliament legalised and regulated the union.

The half-century which followed has seen Transilvania under purely Magyar rule. It is true the great Hungarian statesmen, Eötvös and Deák, had favoured a policy of conciliation of the other nationalities, and the Nationalities Law of 1868 provided glowing promises of the fair treatment of the non-Magyar nationalities. Unfortunately most of its promises have been ignored or deliberately broken. Hungarian has not only been made the official language, but is forced on Rumanian schools and churches. The Rumans can secure no teaching of their own language in the State schools, which they are generally obliged to support, and can only keep their language alive

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by maintaining additional Church schools at their own expense. Even these schools the Hungarian Government, especially since Count Apponyi's education laws of 1907, has been engaged in Magyarising. Hardly a voice has been raised among the Magyars in favour of a fairer and saner policy, and in the Hungarian Parliament repeated and unanimous demands have been made for the enforcement of a ruthless policy of Magyarisation in defiance of even the limited privileges accorded the Rumanians by the law of 1868.

Politically, the Rumanians have been almost unrepresented. They have not even enjoyed the restricted franchise accorded to the Magyar population, and the franchise is especially narrow in Transylvania. In Rumanian districts the electoral boundaries are drawn in such a way as to diminish as far as possible the weight of the Rumanian vote. The Rumanian elector finds in many cases that the polls are almost inaccessible to him. Not content with this the Hungarian authorities have resorted to every method of terrorisation and corruption—methods exemplified to the full in the last general elections of 1910,* at which the Hungarian Government pleaded that it "only" employed 194 battalions of infantry and 114 squadrons of cavalry. Cynics may congratulate the Budapest authorities on the decisive victory obtained with these "small"

* Fully described in R. W. Seton-Watson's "Corruption and Reform in Hungary."

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forces; for only eight representatives of non-Magyar nationality were returned to the House of [413] Representatives, although—according to the Hungarian census of that year there were only 10,050,575 Magyars in Hungary out of a total population [excluding Croatia and Slavonia] of 18,217,918. Exactly *five* members of the Rumanian National Party (and *two* other non-Nationalist Rumanians) were returned, though on a proportional basis there should be at least *sixty-nine* [and as the Hungarian census returns are certainly falsified, nearer *eighty*]. What would the world say if the British Government only allowed *four* Irish Home Rulers instead of eighty-five to sit in the House of Commons? Yet the Rumans form between a sixth and a fifth of the total population of Hungary, whereas the Irish (including Ulster Unionists) are about a tenth of the total population of the British Isles.

The Rumanian National Party has had to face many storms of persecution. Founded in 1881, it from the first pleaded for equal and democratic treatment of all Hungarian subjects, for the execution of existing laws, the use of the Rumanian language in Rumanian districts, the restoration of autonomy to Transilvania, and the introduction if possible of manhood suffrage. Failing to obtain any hearing for their cause, the party in 1892 attempted to petition King Francis Joseph directly. The Hungarian Premier prevented them from obtaining access to the Throne, and the publication of the petition brought down

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on the heads of the authors a long array of sentences of imprisonment. Undeterred by persecution, the Rumanian Nationalists have continued their struggle for fair and equal treatment. In 1906 they secured the return of 14 members to the Hungarian House of Representatives, but four years later the Magyar authorities saw to it that the numbers were reduced by corruption and intimidation to five. Meanwhile the Rumanian press was systematically threatened, suppressed and sentenced. Between 1884 and 1894 there were at least 40 trials of editors and journalists. Almost every paper in turn has been suppressed. Since 1914 the régime of terrorisation has been intensified. Papers like *Românul* and *Poporul român* of Arad, and at least eight other papers which supported the national claims, were suppressed between August 1, 1914, and May 21, 1916. Others, like *Gazeta Transilvaniei*, have been taken over and used by the Hungarian Government. A long list could be given of Transilvanian journalists, writers, and professional men who have taken refuge in the kingdom of Rumania—headed by the poet and dramatist, Octavian Goga, who in one of his plays, "Domnul Notar," has admirably shown up the way elections are conducted or misconducted in Hungary. Rumania is at present full of Transilvanian refugees, priests, professors, journalists and other well-educated men who have given up in despair any hope of securing justice and recognition of their rights in Hungary. General Dragalina, who

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commanded the Rumanian First Army at the battle of Târgul-Jiu last October, but was killed ere the victory was won, was a Rumanian from the Banat, trained in the Austro-Hungarian Army. Since 1914 the policy of the Magyar Government has become increasingly intransigent. Freedom of speech and action has ceased to exist. The Rumans have lost enormous numbers fighting in Galicia, in Russia, on the Isonzo. So the Magyars hope to "settle" the Rumanian Question by extermination of the Rumans. Last August the Hungarian Government forced the Rumanian Orthodox Church to elect as its new Metropolitan a certain Vasile Mangra, who abandoned some years ago his national principles for the hope—soon realised—of preferment. Professions of loyalty are being extorted from the Rumanian clergy, teachers and parliamentary representatives, who are compelled to forswear their principles in order to protect their fellow-Rumans' lives and property. Recent debates in the Hungarian House of Representatives have, however, given the lie to these professions. In reply to interpellations the Hungarian Minister of Justice, Balogh, admitted that a great part of the Ruman population had "traitorously" helped the invading Rumanian armies. Balogh promised severe punishment of these offences. Already 1,000 sentences of imprisonment and 600 of confiscation of property have been inflicted (*Pester Lloyd*, March 10th). *Pesti Napló* recently announced the formation of a new and more docile

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Rumanian party under Mangra! *Pesti Hirlap*, of February 14th, coolly informs the Rumans of Hungary that they are not a nationality, but merely Ruman-Magyars, and henceforth must all learn Magyar. So much for the Law of Nationalities of 1868!

RUMANIA AND THE CAUSE OF DEMOCRACY AND FREEDOM.

We have seen that there are few better instances of a clear-cut issue between right and wrong, justice and injustice, oligarchic tyranny and democratic aspirations, than between the Magyar rulers and the Ruman oppressed subjects of Eastern Hungary. For decades their liberation has been the dream and hope of their brethren in the Rumanian kingdom. King Charles had hoped to attain their emancipation by friendly agreement with Hungary and Prussia. But his long reign (1866-1914) coincided with the increasing and unabashed persecution of the Rumans of Hungary. The hope of peaceful settlement gradually melted away and every Rumanian was beginning to realise that sooner or later freedom must be won by the sword. The European War offered at last an opportunity which could not be lost. For two years Rumania was forced to wait—not in order, as has been ignorantly stated, to “rush to the succour of the victors”—but for the moment when, her own military arrangements improved, she could shed the blood of

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her sons with *some* hope, though at frightful risk, of delivering her oppressed brethren. Even August 1916 was, as events have proved, too soon. But Rumania has at least played the heroic part of facing great risks and enduring great suffering for an ideal—the union of the Rumanian race and the cause of democratic progress and national freedom.

For the issues at stake were not merely Transilvania, the Banat, Bukovina. With the question of liberating the Rumanis of Austria-Hungary and uniting them in a "Great Rumania" was bound up the future of democracy and freedom in Rumania itself. As we have seen, the Rumanis of Hungary are socially and politically democrats. They are hard-working, intelligent and keenly alive to and eager for the progress of education and self-governing institutions, for the maintenance of which they have had to pay in money and tears. They are dour because they have had to fight a dominant race, and thrifty because only by thrift could they meet the double charges laid on them by the State and voluntarily undertaken by themselves to maintain their own churches and schools. Their incorporation in the kingdom of Rumania must be—and the fact is universally admitted—a great asset for the cause of progress and democracy.

Political and social conditions in Rumania to-day are by no means perfect, and there are few Rumanians who would not frankly admit the fact. Rumania is politically a very young

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country. The medieval State, in which under Turkish suzerainty the two Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia had remained up till 1830, offered little chance of political education to the bulk of the Rumanian people. The country was ruled, in consultation with two Divans of *boeri* (great landed proprietors), by princes nominated by the Porte for seven years. From 1711-1821 these princes were generally of Constantinopolitan Greek extraction. Many of them were honest and well-intentioned, but the system automatically produced widespread corruption and unjust exploitation of the native inhabitants. Greek ecclesiastical foundations held a great part of the land, and the rest was the property of *boeri*, who held the peasant in a state of villenage, working for them so many days of the year in return for the right to enjoy a small percentage of what was produced. These peasants had no political rights. The revolution of 1848 introduced a new atmosphere of democracy, but the peasants were too uneducated to take advantage of the moment. It was Alexander Cuza, first prince of the United Principalities (1859-1866), who took the first practical steps to alleviate their lot. By arbitrary means he forced on an apathetic legislature laws reforming the land, franchise, and education questions. The Church was largely de-Hellenised and to a large extent expropriated, schools were introduced, and a measure of manhood suffrage was carried. Most important of all, a considerable portion of land

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was given over to the peasants to hold in their own right. To save them from the clutches of usurers and land-grabbers they were forbidden by law to alienate their properties for 50 years. The period was up in 1914, but the European War has temporarily lengthened it.

Out-and-out Liberals have always felt that these reforms were not enough. To begin with, though the suffrage was universal it was not equal. Voters were divided into three colleges on a basis of wealth and education, and illiterate peasants were only allowed to vote through representatives of each village commune. The great peasant population of the country had therefore no adequate means of making its voice heard. Wise and good ruler as the late King Charles was, he inherited from his Prussian blood and upbringing an instinctive dread of democracy, and of the rule of the uneducated masses, and found in the three-college system a parallel to the far more antiquated and less justified three-class system of Prussia. Again the peasants had a legitimate grievance over the land question. As population increased, the land grants of 1864 became more and more strikingly inadequate, and the unrest found expression in the peasants' revolts of 1888 and 1907. It was generally recognised that the situation must be taken in hand before long, but party politics and vested interests postponed a thorough settlement. Only the imminence of intervention in the war prevented a full discussion of the question in the

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parliamentary session of 1916. The war has, however, shown that anomalies that might once be excused can no longer be tolerated. Not only Liberals and Conservative Democrats, but even patriotic Conservatives like the late Nicolae Filipescu assented to the future introduction of equal suffrage, for he knew that with it was bound up the Transilvanian question. On December 22nd last, when the Rumanian Parliament met in Iashi (Jassy), the King emphasised the fact in his speech.

"The peasants should know that they are fighting for national unity in a battle for political and economic freedom. Their valour gives them still stronger rights to the soil they have been defending, and imposes on us more strongly than ever the duty of carrying through when the war is over the agrarian and electoral reforms on the basis of which this representative assembly was elected." In an address to his troops early in April, the King reaffirmed the promise of "the grant of land and political rights."

With agrarian and franchise reform is bound up the Jewish question. There are to-day something like 300,000 Jews in Rumania, for the most part in Moldavia. They immigrated there in two big waves—after the Polish partitions (1772–1795) and after the Treaty of Adrianople (1829). Keenly alive to commercial and industrial undertakings, they soon absorbed most of the trade of the principality. Their higher level of education and business talent qualified them to control

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the whole economic life of the country. Add to this that their natural language was German, or Yiddish, and it will be understood that even quite fair-minded Rumanians might well dread and seek to thwart their triumphal progress. The Jews have accordingly been hampered and hindered in their civic life. While they have to serve in the army, they could not obtain commissioned rank in it—an unjustifiable disability to which Jews in the Prussian army are also subjected. They were prevented from entering the legal profession or obtaining any Government post. Heavy restrictions were placed on their residence in the country villages, where formerly they had owned the inns and taverns and acted as middlemen and moneylenders. Above all, in spite of the stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin, the Rumanian Government refused to facilitate for Jews the acquisition of citizenship. They could only be naturalised individually by Act of the Rumanian Parliament—a difficult and invidious distinction. Patriotic Rumanian Jews have rightly resented these disabilities. Moderate and thoughtful Rumanian opinion is on their side. There is not the faintest doubt that agrarian and franchise reform will be followed by relief for the Jews. The Iashi correspondent of the *London Morning Post* (April 7) learns “from an authoritative Rumanian source that the Iashi Government proposes to grant full political and civil rights to the Jews.” Rumanian Jews have shed their blood side by side with

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their Christian fellow-countrymen in this war. The Jews of Hungary, whom the Magyars for political reasons have always favoured, must find equal treatment for themselves and their co-racials in the new kingdom of Great Rumania. With the extension of the franchise there will no longer be a danger of the Jewish vote exercising an undue influence, and Rumanian Jews will have a splendid chance of building up the temporarily shattered prosperity of the country. The Rumanian peasant is naturally the most tolerant of men. In Rumania and Rumanian-Hungary Orthodox, Uniat, Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinist, Jew, Armenian, Gipsy, Tatar, Turk live contentedly side by side. Moldavia and Dobrogea have served as havens of refuge for the various heretics—Skopty and Molokany and other such fanatics—who have in the past found life in the Russian Empire intolerable. Impartial observers—including Jewish observers—have admitted the innate tolerance of the Rumanian peasant. Anti-Jewish legislation in the past has been due pre-eminently to social and political reasons which will no longer obtain in an enlarged and democratised Rumania. The Jew will be admitted to the full privileges of the Rumanian citizen. In return the Rumanian Jews will find it both their privilege and their duty to identify their interests still more fully with those of the country, and rebut for ever natural, if largely unjustified, charges that they are in sympathy

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with Germany rather than with their Rumanian fatherland.

RUMANIA'S INTERNATIONAL POSITION.

The defects in the constitutional and social condition of contemporary Rumania, to which we have alluded, are the defects not of a decadent but of an immature political community. Like Russia, Rumania has not yet fully entered into the European heritage of which barbarian tyranny and lack of connection with the Latin and Anglo-Saxon worlds have so long deprived her. It is a frequent accusation of the press of the Central Powers against Rumania that she is a thoroughly decadent and disunited Power. (It is interesting to remember that down to 1913 German writers were accustomed to point with pride to Rumania as a splendidly organised State on the Prussian model, with its large German community and flourishing German schools.) The Bulgarian press is proud of contrasting the free, democratic Bulgarian nation—the foreign policy of which recent events have shown to be entirely in the hands of its foreign Tsar and his nominees—with the Rumanian, composed as it is of selfish and corrupt boyars and an oppressed and unenlightened peasantry. The Hungarian Socialist organ, *Népszava*, has repeatedly declaimed against the mediævalism and feudalism and Byzantinism of Rumanian public life, and encouraged the Magyar and

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non-Magyar masses to forget their own grievances and vent their enthusiasm against absolutism on the public foe. Not very long ago the *Frankfurter Zeitung* wrote a highly-coloured picture of the deplorable conditions in Rumania, and represented the German conquerors as liberators and apostles of freedom. We have seen how much and how little justification there is for charges, which, even if justified, it would ill become Rumania's enemies to make. Rumanian political and social life is ultra-modern if compared with the reactionarism and oligarchism which obtain in Hungary. As for Prussia—in Rumania as in Russia, Prussia's best, if not her only, friends, were to be found among the very boyars and exploiters of the people whom she so self-righteously abuses. It is true that German capital and German science have powerfully helped in the development of modern Rumania—not out of altruism, but as a good commercial speculation. But what sympathy or help has Germany given to the growth of democratic feeling and cultural development there? It is from France and Italy that Rumanians have drawn their political and spiritual inspiration. From Berlin and Vienna they received little but trade wares, political loans, and diplomatic instructions.

In Rumania's fight for freedom the economic side is not unimportant. Just as in Italy, just as in Russia, so in Rumania, German economic expansion, set in motion in the '80's by Bismarck,

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passed gradually into political control of the country. Not only the trade but the finances of Rumania soon became predominantly the sphere of German banks such as the Deutsche Bank and the Disconto Gesellschaft. The Entente Powers apathetically allowed Germany to enmesh Rumania financially, and with German finance goes hand-in-hand German foreign policy. A German victory or a "drawn" war would mean the complete political and economic subjection of Rumania to the Central Powers.

Like Italy, Rumania had no choice but to be the ally or enemy of Austria-Hungary. There were such acute differences between the two neighbouring States—over Transylvania in especial—that they must be settled or postponed by war or alliance. The alliance concluded secretly in 1883 between Rumania and the Germanic Empires was the sole alternative to a disastrous war. As the Rumanian Declaration of War on Austria-Hungary explained, "Rumania," in concluding the Treaty of 1883, "saw in the relations of friendships and alliance which were established between the three Great Powers a precious pledge for her domestic tranquillity, as well as for the improvement of the lot of the Rumanians of Austria-Hungary." In the course of three decades she found, however, that not only had she thrown in her lot with Powers whose policy and political principles ran counter to her own, but had not even by doing so saved the Rumans of Hungary from continued persecution. Like

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Italy, Rumania was not the sinner but the sinned against in the matter of treaties. Just as Austria-Hungary's Balkan policy, aggressive and pan-German, broke the spirit of the alliance with Italy, so was it also with Rumania. If again, the flagrant and continued oppression of the Rumans of Hungary could not be mitigated by friendly representations and political help from the neighbouring kingdom, then it must be settled by the sword. "The bribes that these two eminently sordid Governments exacted as their price for entering the war"—to return to the *New York World's* criticism—were nothing more nor less than the demand that the Powers of the Entente who have proclaimed that they are championing the principle of nationality and the rights of small peoples should apply their general principles to the salient case of the Rumanians of Austria-Hungary. The States now fighting the battle of Civilisation and Christianity should only be proud that included in their program is a demand so clearly justified by history, by equity, and by common-sense. Grievously as she suffered for her ideal, Rumania, through the mouth of her king and foremost men, has proclaimed her belief that it was "worth while," and that she does not regret it. She has risked all for Justice and Freedom, let justice and freedom be her reward.

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GREATER RUMANIA:

A STUDY IN NATIONAL IDEALS

BY
D. MITRANY

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
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GREATER RUMANIA

THE main body of the Rumanian nation is constituted by a compact group of about twelve and a half million people. Of these only seven and a half million live in Rumania proper; the remainder inhabit neighbouring territories under Russian and Austro-Hungarian domination. Bessarabia numbers one million Rumanians, Bukovina a quarter of a million, and Hungary three and a half million. Bukovina was lost to Austria in 1775. Transylvania, Maramuresh, Crishana, and the Banat of Temesvár formed the kernel of the old Daco-Roman province of Dacia, but have belonged to Rumania only for a short time at the end of the sixteenth century, under the Voivode Michael the Brave. The Hungarian statistics of 1910 admit a number of 2,932,214 Rumanians for the whole region, maternal language serving as criterion for the division of the population on the basis of nationality. The census form contained the question: "What language do you use by preference?" Many non-Magyars, dependent in one way or another upon the goodwill of the authorities, were thus led to reply: "Hungarian." In the final returns, however, "language of preference" became "maternal language," and by also counting as Hungarians those

unable to speak—that is, the very small children and the dumb, as well as the considerable body of nomadic tziganes—the Hungarian authorities arrived at the result I have indicated. Even so, the Rumanians represent about one-half of the total population, whereas the Magyars contribute only 26·6 per cent. and the Saxons 10·8 per cent. While the Magyar and the Saxon elements predominate in the towns, the Rumanians show an overwhelming majority in 1,785 out of the 2,623 rural districts of Transylvania. The changes of population only tend to emphasise that situation. According to a German writer, E. Fischer, the Saxons lost during the last fifty years their preponderance in thirty-nine Transylvanian communes, the majority passing in thirty-eight cases to the Rumanians, and only in one case to the Magyars. That in itself should be sufficient justification for the Rumanian claims. What gives them an irresistible weight, however, and what has acquired for them the active support of the Allied Powers, is the arch iniquity of the political system of Hungary. The following pages shall do no more than sketch roughly the evolution of that system, for in this case to know is to condemn.

The question of priority of settlement in Transylvania is, in fact, irrelevant to the political problem now at issue. Yet since it has long ceased to be one of mere academic controversy, it may be well to point out that after the conquest of Dacia by the Romans the region which now

includes, broadly speaking, the provinces of Transylvania, Maramuresh, Crishana, and the Banat of Temesvár, had been intensively colonised with people of Latin stock. Gradually, under the pressure of the barbarian invaders who swept over the Hungarian and Rumanian plains coming from north and east, the Daco-Roman population clustered in a compact group in the Transylvanian highlands, living in small duchies within the shelter of the Carpathians. This comparative isolation enabled them to preserve and strengthen their national characteristics, and to transmit them unimpaired to the communities which sprang up east and west, and north and south, when times were safe once more. Ever since, Transylvania has remained for the Rumanian people an inexhaustible source of national vitality. At the beginning of the eleventh century some of the Rumanian duchies were subdued by the Magyars, who had settled on the Hungarian plains towards the end of the ninth century ; yet the "land of the Vlaks," in the south-eastern corner of Transylvania, continued to enjoy a certain degree of national autonomy. On the whole, the customs, institutions, and religion of the Rumanians were respected. As in other similar cases, the more warlike new-comers allowed themselves to be influenced by the more civilised native population. The Magyars adopted Latin for their official language, copied many institutions and customs of the Daco-Romans, and also

recruited a large number of their nobles from among the Rumanian nobility, which was already established on a feudal basis, and allied by community of interest to the Magyar feudal lords. The resultant economic oppression was accentuated during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries by the ruthless proselytism pursued by the Catholic Magyars among the Orthodox Rumanians. Those of the Rumanian nobles and freemen who had refused to become the confederates of the new masters were now driven by religious intolerance across the mountains, and there founded the two Rumanian principalities of "Muntenia" (commonly known as Wallachia) and "Moldavia." Though again occupying the area once covered by the old Roman province of Dacia, the Rumanian people thus found itself split politically into three independent groups. The following four centuries saw Moldavia and Wallachia engaged in a ceaseless struggle for life against the oncoming Turks, Tatars, Poles, and Magyars. As a consequence, their rulers could pay no heed to the sufferings of the Rumanians in the Hungarian lands who, being deprived by the emigration of their nobles of all moral and political support, fell in time into servitude. Many a time did the peasantry rise in an attempt to ease the pressure of the economic despotism and the religious intolerance of the Magyars; but the uneducated masses lacked experienced leadership, and, above all, the impetus of some unifying

sentiment which should speed their efforts to victory. The remedy for the latter deficiency was to arise from a development in the organisation of the Rumanian Church in Hungary.

THE SEED OF RUMANIAN NATIONALITY

Under the pious efforts of the Emperor Leopold I. part of the Rumanian Church was induced to recognise the supremacy of Rome, but was allowed to retain its married clergy and vernacular rites, and thus the Uniate Church came into being. Freed now from the degrading bondage to which they had been subjected hitherto, many young priests wandered to Rome during the first half of the eighteenth century to complete in the papal city their religious education. The religion they were destined to glean there was that of nationality. The sudden contact with Latin civilisation, the language they heard all round them, the sight of Trajan's column—the reliefs of which spoke to them of the ancestral glory they had long forgotten—all united in making them alive to what was almost a revelation: that the Rumanian language was a Latin language; that all those broken masses speaking Rumanian were, in fact, one and the same people of common Latin origin. The seed out of which Rumanian nationality was to mature was sown and the inevitable union of all Rumanians was heralded. In the town of Blaj, in Transylvania, there sprang up a teaching centre where the Rumanian language was

born anew, and from which went out in spirited speech and writing the call of the new national ideal. It was answered in 1784. In that year the Rumanians rose once more against their oppressors ; but for the first time, and differing in that from similar peasant risings in other European countries, the movement was as much national as economic in character. "Let the Hungarians go to their Hungarian lands, and leave the Rumanian soil to the Rumanians," clamoured the peasants. But the Magyars remained, and they had the peasant leaders—Horia, Closhca, and Crishan—broken on the wheel. The current started by a few intellectuals was now not to be stemmed, however. The many well-founded grievances which the Rumanians had against their masters gave a sense of tragic reality to that new incentive to independence, kept alive and fomented by the increasing ruthlessness of the Magyars.

With the beginning of the nineteenth century this national revival approached its ideal consummation when it spread to Moldavia and Wallachia, in which Turkish turpitude and Greek venality were achieving the material and spiritual ruin of the population. In churches, schools, and salons Greek was the ruling language ; even where Rumanian was still written its Latin character was hidden under the heavy cloak of the Cyrillic (Slav) alphabet. Everything was foreign and forced. A wave of enthusiasm greeted, therefore, the foundation of the first national school in

Bucarest in 1817, by the Transylvanian teacher Lazar. Here at last was a refuge for the languishing national spirit. Here at last the young generation could satisfy its craving for something free of alien adulteration. The school became a place of pilgrimage ; acting as a powerful ferment it conduced to the creation of a national Press and, in 1827, to the foundation, by Heliade Rădulescu, of the Society for the Propagation of the National Ideal, which aimed at the establishment of schools, of printing offices, and of a national theatre.

There is something touching in the very vagaries associated with that renaissance, as the epidemic of Latinised christian names—Augustus, Demetrius, Titus, Aurelius, and others—which raged especially in Transylvania, or the fanciful scholarship of the historians of the time, who began their tale with Romulus and Remus, and, contemptuous of earlier developments, dated their narrative from the foundation of Rome. It is worthy of notice that the new schools established in Wallachia in 1834 appealed to Transylvania for teachers, and that the newly founded Rumanian Society of Literature entrusted a Transylvanian, Laurian, with the compilation of its first dictionary in 1860. Just as she had been the origin of those elements which founded in the late Middle Ages the two provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia—that is, present-day Rumania—so now again Transylvania was the source of those idealistic forces which roused all Rumanians to the con-

sciousness of their common origin, language, and character, and knitted the fragments into one close nation, free spiritually, and of necessity to be free politically.

At the summons of the national song, "Wake up, Rumanian, from your Sleep of Death," written by the Transylvanian poet Muresheanu a few years before, and the more cherished for being prohibited in Hungary, the Rumanians joined everywhere in the general revolutionary movement of 1848. In Moldavia and Wallachia the rising was easily suppressed by the joint action of the forces of suzerain Turkey and protecting Russia. In Hungary the Magyars had taken up arms against Austria and given themselves an independent constitution which incorporated with Hungary the Principality of Transylvania, but they refused in their infatuated enmity to recognise even the existence of Rumanian nationality. Transylvania had been directly attached to the Austrian crown since the Treaty of Carlowitz (1699), with a measure of local autonomy. Confronted with the uncompromising attitude of the Magyars, the Rumanians assembled 40,000 strong outside the town of Blaj (Blasendorf), proclaimed their allegiance to the Austrian crown, refused to accept the legalised despotism of the Magyars, and each and all of them took the oath "to defend our Rumanian language and rights, to defend liberty, equality, and fraternity; in accordance with these principles to respect the nationality of

all the inhabitants of Transylvania, claiming from them equal respect for my own nationality. I will not attempt to dominate anybody and will not suffer myself to be dominated by anybody." The racial war which ensued was fought out bitterly. Finally defeated by the intervention of Russian troops, Hungary had once more to accept Austrian rule, and in so far as the Magyars lost their predominant position the subject-peoples came again into their own. In 1863 the Rumanians were able to secure, with the support of Vienna, linguistic privileges and a political status equal to those of the Magyars, Szeklers, and Saxons. But that beneficent era came abruptly to an end in 1867, when the defeat at Königgrätz forced Austria to give way to Hungarian demands for independence. With the establishment of the Dual Monarchy the privileges acquired during the preceding few years were repudiated as unconstitutional, and Transylvania was proclaimed an integral part of Hungary. Freed from the restraining control of Vienna, the Magyars now gave full play to their political methods in order to achieve their fantastically impossible and brutally egotistic ideal of a unitary Magyar State. Seemingly, they were guided by the principle that what was not Magyar ought to be, and that what could not be Magyar must disappear.

HUNGARIAN TYRANNY

To describe in any detail the constitutional life of Hungary during the last half of a century

would amount to writing a theoretical treatise on political corruption. The facts have been sufficiently and irrefutably established by many investigators. One need only mention the well-known English writer, Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson, whose evidence is the more damning as he declares himself that "I approached the subject with the conventional views of a British admirer of Louis Kossuth, and have gradually and reluctantly revised my opinion on almost every problem of Austrian and Hungarian politics." In order to break the spirited resistance of the Rumanians the Magyars endeavoured, above all, to thwart their corporate life. Of the right of meeting and association the Rumanians of Transylvania are, in fact, deprived. Even literary and artistic societies fail generally to obtain the necessary authorisation, as has been the case with the literary society of the students of Cluj (Klausenburg), and with several musical societies in the Banat. Of course, the greatest opportunity for Magyarisation lay in the field of education. To that end numerous infant schools were set on foot, attendance at which was compulsory upon all children between the ages of three and five. The function of attendance-officer is fulfilled zealously by the village gendarme. The children's education is continued in the so-called State schools, in which all teaching is given in Hungarian and by Hungarians. True enough, attendance at those schools is not compulsory. But as the great

majority of the Rumanian communities have been unable to support schools without State assistance, the parents have had to choose between ignorance or Magyarisation for their children. The fact that the Rumanian villages show a proportionately high percentage of illiterates is, in these circumstances, actually to their credit, and that one can state it in this way is indicative of the tragedy of their position. Nevertheless, by considerable sacrifices, they had been able to bring the number of Rumanian elementary schools to nearly 3,300 by 1905; but two years later the so-called Apponyi Law was passed which provided for the closing of those Rumanian schools in which the teaching of Hungarian was "insufficient." By means of such conveniently loose wording—characteristic of Hungarian legislation—hundreds of Rumanian schools were closed without being replaced. "I hope that Magyarisation will make better headway henceforward," said the late Emperor to Apponyi, when signifying his assent to the Bill. As to higher education, it will be sufficient to state that for a population of three and a half million Rumanians the Hungarian authorities have not allowed the establishment of more than five secondary schools.

The use of the Rumanian language in religious services, even in the Uniate churches, has naturally been of considerable value for the strengthening of Rumanian nationality. The following instance, quoted from a survey of Magyar abuses, will

indicate the way in which ecclesiastic organisation is dealt with in Hungary :—"Notwithstanding the united protest of all the Rumanians of Hungary, part of the Uniate Church was recently placed by decree within the jurisdiction of a Hungarian bishopric, created for the purpose at Hajdú Dorog. The services were to be conducted in Hungarian, and the ministers were chosen from among the most active supporters of the policy of Magyarisation. A Papal Bull of June 8, 1912, ratified this new offence. As a consequence, eighty parishes were forcibly cut away from the Uniate Church. The action found its consummation in a monster trial at Szatmár, which resulted in a large number of those who had raised their voice in protest being sent to prison."

LÈSE-MAGYARISME

The Press, one of the channels by means of which the Rumanians could voice their grievances, has been muzzled by the introduction of a special law. During the last twenty years more than one hundred years' imprisonment and 250,000 francs in fines have been dealt out to Rumanian journalists for Press offences. The reader will probably ask himself: Why did the Rumanians not attempt to improve their lot by constitutional methods, since there is a Parliament in Budapest? It may be well to explain, therefore, that by a series of enactments the Hungarian Government have succeeded in defrauding the Transylvanians

of almost all electoral privileges. The latest of these patriotic contrivances is the law passed by Tisza in 1913, which restricted the vote to those able to read and write, ability to be ascertained by commissions composed of Hungarian officials. To commit any mistake involves almost certain disqualification for a Rumanian elector. The vote being public, it can easily be understood that freedom of opinion is a myth for those connected with official institutions. Moreover, the authorities do not hesitate to employ any unlawful means in order to secure the election of the official candidates. That "a Transylvanian election is nothing less than civil war" seems to find support in the fact that, on the admission of the Hungarian Government, "only" 194 battalions of infantry and 114 squadrons of cavalry were needed at the elections of 1910 to "preserve order." Proportionately, the Rumanians ought to have eighty representatives in Parliament; in 1910 they succeeded in securing five seats. When in 1892 the committee of the Rumanian National Party embodied their grievances in a petition to the throne, the Hungarian Government not only prevented the Emperor from receiving the deputation, but actually had its members sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for having plotted against the unity of the Magyar State. It has been well said that Hungarian law has evolved a new offence, unique of its kind—the crime of *lèse-magyarisme*.

While it is manifest that such a situation cannot endure, the fact that it has been brought about deliberately, in pursuance of a goal which is the golden dream of most Hungarian statesmen, bars all hope to betterment from within. This is evidenced by the complete failure of the negotiations which took place early in 1914 between the Hungarian Prime Minister, Tisza, and a specially elected Rumanian committee of three. The demands put forward by the Rumanians can be summarised in one word—equality. They were offered nothing but vague assurances, the Government adhering to their past policy of reducing, as the Austrian writer Treumund puts it, all “non-Magyars to second-rate citizens.” One might have expected the war to work a change upon the strange mentality of the Hungarian politicians; indeed, proposals for electoral reform were placed before the Hungarian Parliament at the beginning of this year. We are enlightened as to their nature by the following comment, one among many similar offered by the Hungarian Press:—“The old world is trying to give birth to a new world. . . . The Beduins aspire to national self-government. . . . It is the glory of Tisza that he is the last apostle of an unmodified economic and political system, that he is the last representative of legitimate internal oppression.” (*Világ*, February 9, 1917.)

The long-suffering nationalities of Austria-Hungary had one avowed friend in the person of

the late Archduke Francis Ferdinand. The dagger which stupidly slew him also cut the last constitutional link which tied the subject-races to the Dual Monarchy. Henceforward they had to seek salvation in their own strength, and in the help which is due to them from their more fortunate brethren across the frontiers. Conditions arising out of her international position, and anxiety not to compromise the country's internal development by friction with the neighbouring State, had led Rumania to discourage nationalist tendencies in the past. In 1883 she even entered upon an alliance with Austria-Hungary. But that she neither could nor intended to renounce her national ideal was clearly stated by the late King Carol in the very same year. "No nation," he said, "consents to be bereaved of its political aspirations, and those of the Rumanians are constantly kept at fever heat by Magyar oppression. But this is no real obstacle to a friendly understanding between the two neighbouring States." The alliance was a compact by which Rumania agreed to shelve for the time being her legitimate claims in return for unhampered security in her own development. Two circumstances, however, different in character but alike in their effect, were actively achieving the breakdown of that compromise. While rapid progress was rendering Rumania more independent in her external relations, the Transylvanian question was looming ever larger, Vienna being unwilling or unable to

restrain the growing excesses of Magyar jingoism. Moreover, the foreign policy of Austria-Hungary, economically and politically aggressive, made a real understanding impossible. During the period from 1883 to 1913 Rumania had no diplomatic conflict of any consequence except with her ally, Austria-Hungary. This country's uncandid attitude found final expression in 1913 in the second Balkan War, avowedly engineered by Austria and adverse to the most vital interests of the Rumanian State. It must be granted that in so acting Austria only followed the dictates of an inexorable fate. No artificial barrier can ward off the final fusion of Serbs with Serbs, and of Rumanians with Rumanians. Lest that evolution should centre in independent Serbia and Rumania, and be consummated outside the frontiers of the Dual Monarchy, the descendants of Metternich stirred up the fray in the hope of coming out of it as masters now of Serbia, later of Rumania. Not wanting to free her own subjects, Austria had to aim at enslaving their kindred across the frontiers. So flagrant was the situation that in a conversation which took place earlier in the war between the Austrian Minister at Bucarest, Count Czernin, now Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, and M. Take Ionescu, the former exclaimed bluntly: "You will go to war with us. That is an understood thing. It is both your interest and your duty."

What an Austrian could perceive, no Rumanian

might overlook. Speaking long ago on the Transylvanian question, the late Ioan Brătianu said: "When there are squabbles in the house of my brother-in-law it is no affair of mine; but when he raises a knife against his wife it is not merely my right to intervene—it is my duty." Since then the sufferings of the Rumanians of Austria-Hungary have grown apace. It was hence Rumania's unquestionable duty to do her utmost, as soon as opportunity arose, to free those unfortunate martyrs from their chains. Transylvania must be made independent of Austria-Hungary. That being so, what can be more just than that she should be united to Rumania? For not only are the inhabitants of the two regions alike in their nature and united in their aspirations, but the Transylvanians can advance the further claim of having created of their own blood, and fed of their own spirit, that part of the Rumanian nation which, being further from the Magyars, has been able the earlier to join the community of independent and more advanced European States. It is difficult to conceive a cause more legitimate than that of the Rumanian nation, whether one considers it from the racial, historical, political, or simply from the human point of view.

There are, moreover, considerations of general import which make it imperative to solve the Transylvanian question in the sense defined by the Allies' reply to President Wilson. All who have studied the history of south-eastern Europe

agree upon the point that the condition *sine qua non* for the pacification of that region is the removal of the artificial national frontiers. The pre-war situation was so profoundly illogical in itself that it could not be defended on any ground whatsoever. That is far from being its most serious defect, however. South-eastern Europe is not unjustly considered a hotbed of disorder. Yet it is exactly that arbitrary racial division which is the ultimate cause of the constant restlessness prevailing in the region, and diplomacy has cultivated and exploited it as a source of opportunities for its own particular quarrels. As a consequence, the development of all the countries concerned has been retarded, firstly, because they were involved in unending feuds; and, secondly, because the prominence of external problems enabled their oligarchic Governments to divert popular attention from much-needed internal reforms. The present conflict has emphasised the fact that no country can afford to ignore events and conditions which disturb the tranquillity of another. If there be anyone so impervious to principles of general justice as to deny the righteousness of the Rumanian case, let him at least consider the dangers accruing to his own country—indeed, to the world at large—from that misuse of power on the part of the stronger peoples which results in the obstruction of the natural development of the weaker.

RUMANIA AND ITS UNREDEEMED TERRITORIES.



Rusian equivalents of Hungarian and German place-names:

Hermannstadt	Klausenburg = Cluj	Szegesvár = Sibiu	Belenyos = Beius
Kronstadt	Karlsburg = Alba Iulia	Grosswardein = Oradea Mare	Szamosújvár = Gherla

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A LIST OF NEUTRAL SHIPS SUNK BY THE GERMANS

From August 8th, 1914, to April 26th, 1917.

A LIST OF NEUTRAL SHIPS SUNK BY THE GERMANS.

GERMANY'S deliberate campaign against neutral shipping is here set forth in a passionless catalogue. The facts themselves are eloquent, and there seems to be no need for rhetorical embroidery. The magnitude of the injustice paralyses the judgment. For these acts do not fall within any of the familiar formulæ by which we explain to ourselves the aberrations of human conduct. War is intelligible, but these are not, be it remembered, acts of war, as Germany defines war, but of peace. The ships and lives destroyed are the ships and lives of friends, of nations with whom she professes to have no quarrel, some of whom have assisted, and assisted valiantly, in alleviating her distress. Engaged in peaceful commerce, guilty of no belligerent act, protected by international law, they were none the less destroyed. Behind these melancholy official columns lie the tragedies. The imagination, and that only in dim and distant fashion, can paint the full picture of this modern Slaughter of the Innocents, the death and suffering and misery of which this colourless record is the merest index. A brief analysis reveals that the policy is calculated, and varies in inverse proportion to the strength of the people attacked. America and Spain suffer least, Norway is treated with merciless severity. Countries from which Germany draws needful supplies receive some consideration. These are the limitations, dictated solely by self-interest, which Germany has observed. To reduce the world's shipping, to damage her opponents by weakening all neutrals, and to secure in case of defeat that the conclusion of hostilities may not find her alone impoverished—this seems to be the triple-edged design which humanity will find it difficult to forgive and history impossible to forget.

Summary of the Losses.

From August 8th, 1914, to April 26th, 1917.

	<i>Mined.</i>	<i>Torpedoed.</i>	<i>Total Ships Sunk.</i>	<i>Total Ascertained Tonnage.</i>
Dutch -	41	35	76	148,921
Swedish -	30	71	101	99,628
Norwegian	54	382	436	987,816
Danish -	20	94	114	123,385
Spanish -	2	33	35	75,769
American -	4	16	20	59,256
Brazilian -	—	2	2	6,719
Greek -	1	59	60	147,923
Argentine -	—	1	1	281
Peruvian -	—	1	1	1,419
Uruguayan	—	1	1	2,537
Total -	152	695	847	1,653,654

DUTCH SHIPS.*

Name.	Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
HOUTDIJK (<i>M</i>)	2336	.. 22 8 14
ALICE H. (<i>M</i>)	3052	.. 22 8 14
MARIA	3804	.. 21 9 14
MARIA CHRISTINA (<i>M</i>)..	—	.. 28 10 14
STEMNA (<i>M</i>)	—	.. 9 11 14
POOLSTER (<i>M</i>)	—	.. 9 11 14
LEERSUM (<i>M</i>)	1455	.. 16 12 14
MEDEA	1235	.. 25 3 15
AMSTEL (<i>M</i>)	853	.. 29 3 15
KATWIJK	2040	.. 15 4 15
OLANADA (<i>M</i>)	2138	.. 18 4 15
RIJNDAM (<i>M</i>)	—	.. 8 6 15
LETTY (<i>M</i>)	191	.. 10 6 15
BRESKENS 19 (<i>M</i>)	—	.. 17 6 15
CERES (<i>M</i>)	1749	.. 25 6 15
AMSTERDAM (<i>M</i>)	151	.. 21 8 15
ARIE (<i>M</i>)	—	.. 5 9 15
KONINGIN EMMA (<i>M</i>) ..	9181	.. 22 9 15
EEMDIJK (<i>M</i>)	6180	.. 23 9 15
TEXELSTROOM (<i>M</i>) ..	1601	.. 7 10 15
S. C. H. (<i>M</i>)	181	.. 16 10 15
JONGE ALBERT (<i>M</i>) ..	—	.. 11 11 15
ERIN (<i>M</i>)	159	.. 28 12 15
ELLEWOUTSDIJK (<i>M</i>) ..	2229	.. 30 12 15

* *Ships mined are marked (M).*

Name.	Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
LETO (<i>M</i>)	3225	4 1 16
APOLLO (<i>M</i>)	799	21 1 16
DELFIN (<i>M</i>)	86	21 1 16
LA FLANDRE (<i>M</i>)	2018	21 2 16
MECKLENBURG (<i>M</i>)	2883	27 2 16
TUBANTIA	13,911	16 3 16
DUIVELAND (<i>M</i>)	1297	25 3 16
LODEWIJK VAN NASSAU (<i>M</i>)	3350	20 4 16
BERKELSTROOM	736	24 4 16
NOORDZEE (<i>M</i>)	298	26 4 16
BATAVIER V. (<i>M</i>)	1569	16 5 16
OTIS TARDA (<i>M</i>)	759	21 6 16
WAALSTROOM (<i>M</i>)	1441	27 6 16
GEERTRUIDA	—	5 7 16
DINA	165	15 7 16
MAAS (<i>M</i>)	1234	25 7 16
KONINGIN WILHELMINA (<i>M</i>)	1964	31 7 16
ZEELAND	1293	1 8 16
ZEEAREND	462	1 9 16
ADRIANA JACOBA (<i>M</i>)	—	2 9 16
NOORDSTER (<i>M</i>)	—	2 9 16
W. C. BROWN (<i>M</i>)	—	12 9 16
ANTWERPEN	7955	12 9 16
NIEUWLAND (<i>M</i>)	927	3 10 16
BLOMMERSDIJK	4850	8 10 16
EGBERDINA (<i>M</i>)	167	9 10 16

Name.		Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
FORTUNA		1254	.. 22 10 16
DOLFIJN		140	.. 16 11 16
HELENA (<i>M</i>)		1798	.. 21 11 16
KEDIRI		3781	.. 30 11 16
ZETA		3053	.. 22 1 17
SALLAND		3657	.. 23 1 17
EPSILON (<i>M</i>)		3211	.. 1 2 17
GAMMA		2115	.. 1 2 17
MARIANNE		—	.. 9 2 17
DRIEBERGEN		1884	.. 17 2 17
OOTMARSUM		2313	.. 17 2 17
TROMPENBERG		1608	.. 18 2 17
GAASTERLAND		3917	.. 22 2 17
JACATRA		5373	.. 22 2 17
NOORDERDIJK		7166	.. 22 2 17
ZAANDIJK		4189	.. 22 2 17
EEMLAND		3770	.. 22 2 17.
MARIA ADRIANA		88	.. 25 2 17
ALBERDINA		134	.. 26 2 17
ARES		3783	.. 8 3 17
LA CAMPINE		2557	.. 13 3 17
HESTIA		958	.. 23 3 17
AMSTELSTROOM		1413	.. 23 3 17
* NEPTUNIS		166	.. 12 4 17
DINA HENDERIKA		200	.. 12 4 17
VOORWAARTS		147	.. 12 4 17
41 (<i>M</i>), } Total 76.		148,921 tons.	
35 (<i>T</i>), }		12 ships' tonnage not given.	

SWEDISH SHIPS.*

Name.	Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
ST. PAUL (<i>M</i>)	2534	2 9 14
ALICE (<i>M</i>)	1461	22 10 14
ORNEN (<i>M</i>)	191	27 10 14
ATLE (<i>M</i>)	1183	8 11 14
ANDREA (<i>M</i>)	1412	16 11 14
NORRA SVERIGE (<i>M</i>) ..	723	6 12 14
LUNA (<i>M</i>)	1005	6 12 14
EVERILDA (<i>M</i>)	1366	6 12 14
ANNA GRETA (<i>M</i>)	1739	11 1 15
DROTT (<i>M</i>)	1286	21 1 15
HANNA	1598	13 3 15
FALKE (<i>M</i>)	1352	14 4 15
RUTH	867	21 4 15
CENTRIC (<i>M</i>)	1612	27 4 15
ELSA	121	1 5 15
ELIDA	1693	2 5 15
ELSA	329	4 5 15
HARALD	275	5 5 15
HERNODIA (<i>M</i>)	2100	23 5 15
M. ROOSVAL	309	26 5 15
LAPPLAND	2238	3 6 15
OTAGO	1410	11 6 15
VERDANDI	950	15 6 15
DAISY (<i>M</i>)	440	13 7 15

* Ships mined are marked (*M*).

Name.			Gross Tonnage.		Date of Loss.
CAPELLA ..	..	..	442	..	19 7 15
FORTUNA ..	..	..	203	..	25 7 15
EMMA ..	..	..	665	..	25 7 15
MADONNA ..	..	..	—	..	25 7 15
MAJ ..	..	..	913	..	6 8 15
MALMLAND ..	..	..	3676	..	8 8 15
DISA ...	..	..	738	..	25 8 15
FORSVIK (<i>M</i>) ..	..	..	1107	..	19 9 15
RUMINA (<i>M</i>) ..	..	..	1418	..	24 10 15
SABRINA ..	..	..	327	..	23 11 15
NORRIK (<i>M</i>) ..	..	..	1633	..	2 12 15
NERENS (<i>M</i>) ..	..	..	1233	..	25 12 15
TORBORG ..	..	..	1266	..	24 2 16
BIRGIT (<i>M</i>) ..	..	..	1117	..	26 2 16
KNIPPLA (<i>M</i>) ..	..	..	498	..	28 2 16
HOLLANDIA ..	..	..	1115	..	31 3 16
NIOLA ..	..	..	726	..	29 4 16
ROSALIND (<i>M</i>) ..	..	..	861	..	21 5 16
PARA (<i>M</i>) ..	..	..	1834	..	10 6 16
EMMY (<i>M</i>) ..	..	..	496	..	11 6 16
IDA ..	..	..	150	..	22 7 16
PREFERENCE ..	..	..	222	..	22 7 16
BROR OSCAR ..	..	..	368	..	1 8 16
VERMLAND ..	..	..	203	..	1 8 16
PER BRAKE ..	..	..	186	..	1 8 16
HUDIKSVALL ..	..	..	1189	..	2 8 16
COMMERCE ..	..	..	651	..	4 8 16

Name.	Gross Tonnage.			Date of Loss.		
VERA	..	..	312	..	5	8 16
ANNA	..	..	180	..	10	8 16
PEPITA	..	..	261	..	12	8 16
BALTIA (<i>M</i>)	..	..	819	..	25	8 16
GAMEN	..	..	2595	..	8	9 16
JOHAN TILLBERG (<i>M</i>)	..	..	401	..	14	9 16
VERA	..	..	2308	..	5	10 16
TUVA	..	..	2270	..	6	10 16
GRETA	..	..	1374	..	18	10 16
NORMANDIE	..	..	1307	..	18	10 16
MERCUR	..	..	711	..	20	10 16
WILHELM	..	..	696	..	20	10 16
LEKNA	..	..	204	..	20	10 16
VANDA	..	..	1646	..	20	10 16
SVARTVIK	..	..	322	..	20	10 16
AUGUST	..	..	346	..	21	10 16
EMILIE	..	..	100	..	23	10 16
ANTOINETTE	..	..	912	..	23	10 16
ELLY	..	..	100	..	23	10 16
JENNY LIND	..	..	100	..	25	10 16
FRANS	..	..	50	..	2	11 16
RUNHILD (<i>M</i>)	..	..	1170	..	3	11 16
JONKOPING	..	..	193	..	3	11 16
BERTHA	..	..	592	..	3	11 16
AGIR	..	..	428	..	3	11 16
ASTRID	..	..	250	..	15	11 16
ARTHUR	..	..	1435	..	24	11 16

Name.			Gross Tonnage.		Date of Loss.
DOUGLAS..	..	..	1177	..	1 12 16
ULTA ..	..	..	200	..	4 12 16
HARRY ..	..	..	240	..	8 12 16
AUGUST ..	..	..	431	..	10 12 16
PALANDER ..	..	..	311	..	11 12 16
VALA (<i>M</i>) ..	..	..	2129	..	16 12 16
NIORD ..	..	..	144	..	17 12 16
MEREDDIO ..	..	..	1372	..	20 12 16
FRIGGA (<i>M</i>) ..	..	..	379	..	23 12 16
IDA (<i>M</i>) ..	..	..	107	..	29 12 16
GOOSEBRIDGE ..	..	..	1886	..	1 1 17
KAMMA (<i>M</i>) ..	..	..	1516	..	22 1 17
O. A. BRODIN ..	..	..	1798	..	27 1 17
EDDA ..	..	..	526	..	29 1 17
VARING ..	..	..	2107	..	7 2 17
BRAVALLA ..	..	..	1519	..	7 2 17
ADOLF ..	..	..	835	..	12 2 17
HUGO HAMILTON ..	..	..	2584	..	12 2 17
SKOGLAND ..	..	..	2903	..	18 2 17
MANNINGHAM ..	..	..	1988	..	21 2 17
DAG ..	..	..	250	..	13 3 17
VICTORIA ..	..	..	1271	..	18 3 17
NORMA ..	..	..	1443	..	26 3 17

30 (*M*), }
 71 (*T*), } Total 101.

99,628 tons.
 1 ship's tonnage not given.

NORWEGIAN SHIPS.

Name.	Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
TYSLA (<i>M</i>)	4676 ..	8 8 14
GOTTFRIED (<i>M</i>)	426 ..	27 8 14
HESVIK (<i>M</i>)	1234 ..	23 9 14
TROM (<i>M</i>)	694 ..	3 10 14
PLUTON (<i>M</i>)	1507 ..	9 11 14
VASREN (<i>M</i>)	1090 ..	17 12 14
BOSTON (<i>M</i>)	1168 ..	22 12 14
ELI (<i>M</i>)	1107 ..	25 12 14
CASTOR (<i>M</i>)	1313 ..	1 1 15
BJERKA (<i>M</i>)	620 ..	20 2 15
REGIN (<i>M</i>)	1844 ..	23 2 15
SEMANTHE	2280 ..	3 2 15
NOR	544 ..	31 3 15
EVA	312 ..	22 4 15
OSCAR	766 ..	22 4 15
CAPRIVI (<i>M</i>)	2932 ..	24 4 15
LAILA	753 ..	30 4 15
BALDUIN	1059 ..	1 5 15
AMERICA	3706 ..	1 5 15
OSCAR	107 ..	3 5 15
MINERVA	3736 ..	22 5 15
CUBANO	4337 ..	2 6 15
TRUDVANG	1040 ..	7 6 15
GLITTERKIND	717 ..	7 6 15

** Ships mined are marked (M).*

Name.	Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
SUPERB	1515	7 6 15
SVEIN JARL ..	1135	9 6 15
DAVANGER ..	2280	14 6 15
GRANIT	662	16 6 15
TRUMA	1557	23 6 15
GJES (<i>M</i>) ..	1094	29 6 15
THISTLEBANK ..	2248	30 6 15
CAMBUSKENNETH ..	1295	30 6 15
FIERY CROSS ..	1448	4 7 15
PEIK	1168	5 7 15
LYSAKER (<i>M</i>) ..	2013	6 7 15
NORDASS	1110	8 7 15
RYM	1073	14 7 15
FIMREITE ..	3819	23 7 15
HARBOE	388	25 7 15
G. P. HARBITZ ..	673	25 7 15
SOGNEDELEN ..	644	25 7 15
TRONDHJEMSFIORD ..	4248	28 7 15
VANADIS	483	7 8 15
NORMAN	1060	7 8 15
GEIRANGER ..	1081	7 8 15
AURA	396	11 8 15
MORNA	1511	13 8 15
MINERAL	649	17 8 15
ROMULUS	819	16 8 15
BRAS	1851	19 8 15
MAGDA	1063	19 8 15

Name.	Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
TELLO	1218	19 · 8 15
SVERRESBORG .. .	1144	18 8 15
HELGA (<i>M</i>)	949	31 8 15
GLIMT	955	4 9 15
STORESAND	1638	7 9 15
BIEN	120	12 9 15
NORTE	216	11 9 15
PRESTO	206	10 9 15
WANSBECK	402	11 9 15
ACTIE	562	29 9 15
FLORA	184	29 9 15
FLORIDA	558	30 9 15
LAURA	171	30 9 15
SALERNO (<i>M</i>)	2431	18 10 15
SELMA (<i>M</i>)	1654	25 10 15
EIDSIVA (<i>M</i>)	1092	31 10 15
WACOSTA	3521	8 11 15
ULRIKKEN (<i>M</i>)	2379	17 11 15
SAN MIGUEL (<i>M</i>)	1659	18 11 15
KLAR (<i>M</i>)	518	27 11 15
INGSTAD (<i>M</i>)	780	10 12 15
NEREUS (<i>M</i>)	742	10 12 15
NICO (<i>M</i>)	712	18 12 15
RIGI (<i>M</i>)	1912	24 12 15
FRITHJOF NANSEN (<i>M</i>) ..	3275	5 1 16
BONHEUR (<i>M</i>)	1158	8 1 16
ALABAMA (<i>M</i>)	891	10 2 16

Name.	Gross Tonnage.			Date of Loss.		
SILIUS	1551	..	9	3	16	
LINDFIELD	2276	..	17	3	16	
LANGELI	1565	..	20	3	16	
KANNIK	2397	..	23	3	16	
NORNE	1185	..	26	3	16	
BELL	3765	..	30	3	16	
PETER HAMRE	1080	..	31	3	16	
HANS GUDE	1110	..	31	3	16	
MEMENTO (<i>M</i>)	1076	..	31	3	16	
ARENA	1019	..	2	4	16	
INO (<i>M</i>)	702	..	3	4	16	
BAUS	1287	..	5	4	16	
SJOLYST	997	..	9	4	16	
GLENDON	1917	..	16	4	16	
TUSNASTABB (<i>M</i>)	859	..	15	4	16	
PAPELERA	1591	..	16	4	16	
TERJE VIKEN (<i>M</i>)	3579	..	16	4	16	
STROMSNAES (<i>M</i>)	230	..	24	4	16	
CARMANIAN	1840	..	25	4	16	
MOD	664	..	30	4	16	
OLGA	200	..	22	4	16	
MOMENTO	653	..	2	5	16	
MARS	—	..	2	5	16	
RIO BRANCO	2258	..	2	5	16	
TJOMO	1453	..	21	5	16	
RAUMA	3047	..	30	5	16	
EXCELLENZ MEHNERT (<i>M</i>)	646	..	1	6	16	

Name.	Gross Tonnage.			Date of Loss.		
PROSPER III. (<i>M</i>)	..	4297	..	6	6	16
ORKEDAL	..	4351	..	9	6	16
BURE ..	..	1151	..	9	6	16
AGUILA ..	..	2191	..	18	6	16
SUBRA ..	..	379	..	22	7	16
JUNO ..	..	355	..	23	7	16
MARS ..	..	106	..	24	7	16
MARY ..	..	511	..	24	7	16
KENTEGERN	..	796	..	26	7	16
AGENDA ..	..	226	..	27	7	16
ERLING ..	..	122	..	31	7	16
EINAR ..	..	135	..	31	7	16
JOHN WILSON	..	797	..	2	8	16
THORE HAFTE (<i>M</i>)	..	353	..	8	8	16
CREDO ..	..	728	..	10	8	16
SORA ..	..	1052	..	10	8	16
INVERDRUE	..	613	..	11	8	16
FREMAD ..	..	104	..	13	8	16
RESPIT ..	..	473	..	13	8	16
VELOX ..	..	312	..	23	8	16
ISDALEN ..	..	2275	..	24	8	16
RENTERIA (<i>M</i>)	..	1602	..	26	8	16
DRONNING MAUD (<i>M</i>)		1102	..	1	9	16
GOTTHARD ..	..	1462	..	3	9	16
RILDA (<i>M</i>)	..	313	..	6	9	16
HISO ..	..	1562	..	7	9	16
ELIZABETH IV. ..	..	7395	..	8	9	16

Name.	Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
LODSEN	1247	9 9 16
PRONTO	1411	10 9 16
FURU	2029	10 9 16
POLYNESIA	4064	10 9 16
LINDBORG	400	10 9 16
KONG RING	1611	11 9 16
FREDAVORE	1576	11 9 16
TOLOSA	1833	13 9 16
ETHEL	1122	13 9 16
BUFJORD.. ..	2284	24 9 16
LAILA	807	24 9 16
DANIA	862	26 9 16
KNUT HILDE	1631	26 9 16
VINDEGGEN	2610	27 9 16
ROLF JARL	1265	28 9 16
EMMANUEL	246	28 9 16
SINSEN	1925	29 9 16
NORNEN	215	29 9 16
RAVN	1260	29 9 16
KNUT JARL	1070	29 9 16
FANCY	1613	29 9 16
FLORA	184	29 9 16
HEKLA	950	1 10 16
HAFNIA	962	1 10 16
TYR	—	19 10 16
NESJAR	1609	1 10 16
MALLIN	479	1 10 16

Name.	Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
ADA	1111 ..	3 10 16
BRINK	1391 ..	4 10 16
RUTIL	706 ..	4 10 16
VIKING	1896 ..	5 10 16
CEDERIC	1128 ..	5 10 16
VERA	2308 ..	5 10 16
ROSENVOLD	758 ..	5 10 16
RISHOLM	2650 ..	5 10 16
CHR. KNUDSEN ..	4224 ..	8 10 16
BIRK	715 ..	11 10 16
KONG ALF (<i>M</i>) ..	801 ..	14 10 16
STEN	1045 ..	17 10 16
ATHENE	1846 ..	18 10 16
DIDO	332 ..	19 10 16
GULDASS	635 ..	19 10 16
COTTICA	320 ..	19 10 16
RANDI	467 ..	20 10 16
RAFTSUND	987 ..	20 10 16
ULL	1138 ..	21 10 16
FULVIO	305 ..	21 10 16
RABBI	878 ..	21 10 16
FART III.	230 ..	21 10 16
RONNHAUG	1331 ..	21 10 16
RISOY	1129 ..	22 10 16
DRAFN	774 ..	21 10 16
SECUNDO.. ..	1512 ..	20 10 16
THEODOR	233 ..	21 10 16

Name.			Gross Tonnage.		Date of Loss.
SNESTAD	..	..	2350	..	21 10 16
THOR	..	..	373	..	22 10 16
GUNN	..	..	483	..	22 10 16
CAERLOCH	..	..	658	..	22 10 16
ALIX	..	..	1584	..	22 10 16
RAVN	..	..	997	..	22 10 16
VENUS II.	..	..	—	..	23 10 16
RENSFELL	..	..	781	..	23 10 16
REGINA	..	..	824	..	23 10 16
SOLA	..	..	3057	..	24 10 16
ANNA GURINE	..	..	1147	..	24 10 16
EDAM	..	..	2381	(previous to)	25 10 16
GRONHAUG	..	..	667	..	25 10 16
DAG	..	..	963	..	25 10 16
PAN	..	..	795	..	26 10 16
LYSLAND..	..	..	1745	..	26 10 16
STEMSHEST	..	..	798	..	27 10 16
BYGDO (M)	..	..	2345	..	27 10 16
TORSDAL	..	..	3620	..	28 10 16
FALKEFJELL	..	..	1131	..	29 10 16
DELTE	..	..	3193	..	31 10 16
SATURN	..	..	1108	..	31 10 16
IVANHOE	..	..	1136	..	4 11 16
REIME	..	..	1913	..	7 11 16
THUHAUG	..	..	948	..	7 11 16
FURNLAND		..	1817	..	7 11 16
FORDAI EN	...	..	2835	..	9 11 16

Name.	Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
TRIPPEL	4633	10 11 16
CAMMA	794	10 11 16
BALTO	3538	10 11 16
LOKKEN	1954	11 11 16
SEIRSTAD	995	11 11 16
DAPHNE	1388	11 11 16
ULLVANG	639	14 11 16
TORRIDAL	688	15 11 16
VEGA	1203	16 11 16
JOACHIM BRINCK LUND	1603	16 11 16
PARNASS	646	19 11 16
FINN	3806	19 11 16
TRYM	1801	22 11 16
CITY OF MEXICO	1511	22 11 16
DANSTED	1492	23 11 16
OIFJELD	1998	24 11 16
SKOG (M)	1124	26 11 16
PERRA	1688	26 11 16
ROMANCE	—	26 11 16
BORO	819	27 11 16
VISBORG	1311	27 11 16
BELLE ILE	1883	27 11 16
AND	1102	30 11 16
NJAAL	718	30 11 16
DRAUPNER	1126	30 11 16
ERICH LINDOE	1087	1 12 16
HARALD	1083	1 12 16

Name.	Gross Tonnage.			Date of Loss.		
BOSSI	1462	..	1 12 16			
SKJOLDULF	501	..	2 12 16			
HITTEROG	1985	..	2 12 16			
HALLBJORG	2586	..	4 12 16			
NERVION	1920	..	4 12 16			
ELLA	878	..	5 12 16			
STETTIN	412	..	5 12 16			
AMICITIA	1111	..	6 12 16			
METEOR	4211	..	7 12 16			
BRASK	1466	..	8 12 16			
RAKIURA	3569	..	8 12 16			
SAGA	433	..	8 12 16			
AGDER	304	..	10 12 16			
MODUM	2937	..	11 12 16			
FALK	1397	..	11 12 16			
BJOR	1090	..	11 12 16			
KAUPANGER	3354	..	13 12 16			
SJOFNA	527	..	15 12 16			
ROGN	1028	..	15 12 16			
BRASK	1466	..	16 12 16			
SJOFNA	527	..	17 12 16			
PRIMA	1233	..	17 12 16			
HERO	1106	..	18 12 16			
SNO	1823	..	19 12 16			
NYSTRAND	1347	..	19 12 16			
FALK	948	..	19 12 16			
ANSGAR	926	..	20 12 16			

Name.	Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
IDA	1300 ..	27 12 16
UNION	563 ..	28 12 16
THYRA	749 ..	29 12 16
FLORA	1032 ..	31 12 16
EVA	1080 ..	31 12 16
EDDA	1138 ..	1 1 17
BRITANNIC	2289 ..	1 1 17
LAUPAR	1407 ..	1 1 17
BESTIK	2188 ..	2 1 17
ELLIK	602 ..	2 1 17
ODDA	1101 ..	2 1 17
OLDER	2256 ..	2 1 17
FAMA	2417 ..	3 1 17
HELGOY	1806 ..	3 1 17
BORRE	741 ..	5 1 17
MARKLAND	1627 ..	7 1 17
BORGHOLM	1715 ..	7 1 17
HANSI	1143 ..	7 1 17
ASTOR	561 ..	(previous to) 9 1 17
TUBORG	2056 ..	10 1 17
BERGENHUS	3606 ..	10 1 17
THOLMA	1896 ..	10 1 17
OLE BULL (<i>M</i>)	1835 ..	11 1 17
VESTFOLD	1883 ..	12 1 17
SOLVANG	2970 ..	13 1 17
ESPERANCA	4428 ..	15 1 17
GRAAFJELD	728 ..	15 1 17

Name.	Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
OTTO	401 ..	16 1 17
CITY OF TAMPICO ..	1513 ..	16 1 17
GAEA	1002 ..	18 1 17
ASP	1759 ..	18 1 17
ANNA	1237 ..	19 1 17
MARIETTA DI GIORGIO..	988 ..	19 1 17
YRSA	844 ..	23 1 17
SARDINIA	1500 ..	23 1 17
REMUNGA	1147 ..	24 1 17
MYRDAL, ...	— ..	26 1 17
ARGO (<i>M</i>)	1261 ..	28 1 17
DICAX	923 ..	28 1 17
THERESDAL	1762 ..	28 1 17
SUNNIVA	589 ..	28 1 17
HEIMLAND (<i>M</i>) ..	505 ..	28 1 17
DANSTAD	698 ..	29 1 17
FULTON	1034 ..	29 1 17
HEKLA	524 ..	31 1 17
RIGEL	1172 ..	31 1 17
MODIVA	1276 ..	31 1 17
BJERKO		?
PORTIA (<i>M</i>)	1127 ..	1 2 17
JERV (<i>M</i>)	1112 ..	1 2 17
ODIN	1045 ..	2 2 17
SONGELV	2063 ..	3 2 17
TAMARA	453 ..	3 2 17
SOLBAKKEN	2616 ..	4 2 17

Name.			Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.		
THOR II.	..	..	2144	..	4	2 17
SONGDAL	..	..	2089	..	5	2 17
WASDALE	..	..	1856	..	5	2 17
RIGEL ..	..	..	2761	..	5	2 17
HAVGARD	..	..	1279	..	6	2 17
ELLAVORE	..	..	2732	..	6	2 17
STORSKOG	..	..	2191	..	7	2 17
HANS KNICK	..	..	2667	..	7	2 17
IDA ..	..	..	1172	..	8	2 17
BALLAX ..	..	..	1107	..	9	2 17
DALMATA	..	..	1865	..	11	2 17
DERNES ..	..	..	738	..	11	2 17
WEST ..	..	..	350	..	12	2 17
NORDCAP	..	..	322	..	12	2 17
STRALSUND	..	..	510	..	15	2 17
PROGRESO	..	..	1620	..	16	2 17
CABO ..	..	..	1254	..	17	2 17
DALBEATTIE	..	..	1327	..	17	2 17
THORGNY	..	..	734	..	18	2 17
OOTMARSUM	..	..	2313	..	18	2 17
JUNO ..	..	..	2413	..	18	2 17
RUTENJELL (M)	..	..	1844	..	19	2 17
FALLS OF AFTON	..	..	1965	..	20	2 17
DUKAT ..	..	..	1408	..	21	2 17
ALICE ..	..	..	727	..	21	2 17
BLLENHEIM	..	..	1143	..	22	2 17
SKRIM ..	..	..	727	..	22	2 17

Name.		Gross Tonnage.		Date of Loss.		
DORAVORE	..	..	2760	..	23	2 17
NORMANNA	..	..	2900	..	24	2 17
AIAX	..	..	1468	..	24	2 17
VIGDA	..	..	1851	..	25	2 17
NYLAND	..	..	1824	..	26	2 17
SJOST/ P (M)	..	..	1155	..	28	2 17
MABELL \	..	..	1637	..	1	3 17
STORENES	..	..	1870	..	1	3 17
GURRE	..	..	1733	..	1	3 17
NORMA	..	..	850	..	1	3 17
RING	..	..	998	..	3	3 17
ADALANDS	..	..	1577	..	8	3 17
STORSTAD	..	..	6028	..	8	3 17
SILAS	..	..	750	..	8	3 17
DANA	..	..	753	..	9	3 17
SPARTAN	..	..	2287	..	9	3 17
LARS FOSTENES	..	..	2118	..	9	3 17
ASBJORN	..	..	3459	..	10	3 17
THODE FAGELUND	..	..	4352	..	11	3 17
EINAR JARL	..	..	1849	..	12	3 17
SKERIEN	..	..	415	..	12	3 17
MARNA	..	..	914	..	12	3 17
COLLINGWOOD	..	..	1042	..	12	3 17
GIRDA	..	..	1824	..	13	3 17
BLAAMANDEN	..	..	954	..	14	3 17
AQUILA	..	..	1092	..	14	3 17
STORAAS	..	..	3107	..	14	3 17

Name,		Gross Tonnage.		Date of Loss.		
DAVANGER	..	..	5960	..	14	3 17
WILFRED	..	..	1121	..	15	3 17
SOLFERINO	..	..	1155	..	15	3 17
RONALD ..	..	..	3021	..	16	3 17
GUDBRAND	..	..	1860	..	16	3 17
EXPEDIT	..	..	680	..	17	3 17
POLLUX ..	..	..	1196	..	19	3 17
AVRA (<i>M</i>)	..	..	2370	..	19	3 17
KONG INGE	..	..	867	..	19	3 17
BRODE ..	..	..	2363	..	19	3 17
FRISK ..	..	..	1038	..	20	3 17
MALMANGER (<i>M</i>)	..	..	5400	..	22	3 17
ANDENAES,	..	..	812	..	22	3 17
SUSANNA	..	..	442	..	22	3 17
ATTIKA ..	..	..	2306	..	22	3 17
BLOOMVAAG	..	..	695	..	23	3 17
BELLATRIX	..	..	2568	..	23	3 17
GRENMAR	..	..	1438	..	24	3 17
KORSNAES	..	..	732	..	24	3 17
MARSHALL	..	..	1123	..	25	3 17
NOVA ..	..	..	1034	..	27	3 17
SANDVIK ..	..	..	591	..	27	3 17
ASTRA ..	..	..	800	..	27	3 17
GRIß	..	..	1474	..	27	3 17
HUGIN ..	..	..	1395	(previous to)	28	3 17
TIZONA ..	..	..	1021	..	28	3 17
URANIA (<i>M</i>)	..	..	1688	..	28	3 17

Name.	Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
DAGALI	742	28 3 17
Os	637	29 3 17
MORILD I. ..	1354	29 3 17
BRITTA	2061	30 3 17
FARMAND	1387	31 3 17
CAMILLA	2273	31 3 17
LISBETH	1661	31 3 17
SNESPURVEN ..	1432	1 4 17
CONSUL PERSON ..	1835	1 4 17
ANNA FOSTENES (<i>M</i>) ..	2577	2 4 17
VILJA	1149	4 4 17
FEISTEIN	2991	5 4 17
DICTO	2363	5 4 17
KONGSHAUG	380	6 4 17
THELMA	1350	6 4 17
MARION	1587	6 4 17
FISKAA	1700	7 4 17
VALHALL	750	9 4 17
SYLFIDEN	796	11 4 17
FJELDLI	954	13 4 17
BOKN	336	13 4 17
GAMA	107	13 4 17
VENUS (<i>M</i>)	1095	14 4 17
MOHLENPRIS ..	637	15 4 17
POLYKARP	509	16 4 17
BERGENSGUT ..	2029	18 4 17
TROLDFOSS	1459	18 4 17

Name.		Gross Tonnage.		Date of Loss.
WEST LOTHIAN ..	..	1887	..	18 4 17
ELLIDA ..	..	1124	..	19 4 17
RINGHOLM ..	..	705	..	20 4 17
PEIK ..	..	701	..	21 4 17
SKYOLD ..	..	1592	..	21 4 17
GERDA ..	..	979	..	21 4 17
VESTELV ..	..	1729	..	22 4 17
54 (M), } 382 (T), }		Total 436.		
		987,816 tons, 6 ships' tonnage not given.		

DANISH SHIPS.*

MARYLAND (M) ..	..	5136	..	21 8 14
CHR. BRABERG (M) ..	..	1225	..	22 8 14
SKULI FOGETI (M) ..	..	272	..	28 8 14
GAEA (M) ..	..	235	..	27 8 14
KAMMA (M) ..	..	1270	..	2 9 14
MARY (M) ..	..	580	..	30 11 14
M. C. HOLM (M) ..	..	2458	..	31 12 14
INGOLF (M) ..	..	968	..	6 1 15
CATHAY ..	..	4076	..	5 5 15
LILIAN DROST (M) ..	..	1961	..	8 5 15
MARTHA ..	..	1182	..	15 5 15
BETTY ..	..	2109	..	26 5 15
ELY (M) ..	..	1747	..	27 5 15
SOBORG ..	..	2108	..	30 5 15

* Ships mined are marked (M).

Name.			Gross Tonnage.		Date of Loss.		
SALVADOR	..	..	141	..	2	6	15
CYRUS	..	..	1669	..	3	6	15
COCAS	..	..	85	..	12	6	15
ELLEN	..	..	197	..	8	7	15
MARIE	..	..	173	..	25	7	15
NEPTUNUS	..	..	112	..	25	7	15
ELNA	..	..	78	..	25	7	15
NOGILL	..	..	214	..	25	7	15
HANS EMIL	..	..	106	..	5	8	15
JASON	..	..	189	..	8	8	15
MARIE	..	..	158	..	15	8	15
FRODE	..	..	1875	..	3	9	15
THORWALDSEN	..	..	1220	..	20	9	15
ELLEN BENSON	..	..	143	..	26	9	15
VESET (<i>M</i>)	..	..	82	..	28	9	15
SHODSBORG	..	..	1697	..	20	3	16
CHRISTIANSUND (<i>M</i>)	..	..	1917	..	24	3	16
HARRIET (<i>M</i>)	..	..	1372	..	27	3	16
ASGER RYG	..	..	1134	..	6	4	16
STERNEBORG	..	..	1592	..	6	4	16
CALEDONIA	..	..	1815	..	9	4	16
DOROTHEA (<i>M</i>)	..	..	841	..	10	4	16
PROVEN	..	..	276	..	12	4	16
JOHANNE (<i>M</i>)	..	..	791	..	27	4	16
KARLA (<i>M</i>)	..	..	787	..	22	5	16
KATHOLM	..	..	1324	..	30	7	16
JAEGBERSBORG	..	..	1797	..	4	8	16

Name.	Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
DANEVANG	1247	9 8 16
IVAR	2139	13 8 16
FARMATYR (<i>M</i>) ..	1426	2 9 16
JEANNE	1198	5 9 16
HANS JENSEN ..	1825	13 9 16
J. N. MODWIG ..	1762	13 9 16
FRITS EMIL ..	194	19 10 16
GULDBORG ..	1575	20 10 16
LIBRA	174	20 10 16
HEBE	775	21 10 16
LONDON	184	22 10 16
HELGA	1182	24 10 16
ALF	196	24 10 16
VALBORG ..	207	26 10 16
SIF	377	27 10 16
FREJA	2168	10 11 16
RAGNAR	2123	11 11 16
THERESE	1333	12 11 16
VILLAH	200	15 11 16
FENJA	433	16 11 16
DANSTAD	1492	23 11 16
SIGURD	2119	28 11 16
EGHOLM	1348	30 11 16
YRSA	844	3 12 16
NEXOS	1013	5 12 16
DOUT	247	5 12 16
ROBERT	353	6 12 16

Name.	Gross Tonnage.		Date of Loss.	
HALFD N	1307	..	6 12 16	
MARIE	325	..	6 12 16	
ROLLO	2290	..	8 12 16	
KIRSTINE JENSEN ..	168	(About)	8 12 16	
GERDA	288	..	10 12 16	
NORA (M)	772	..	10 12 16	
INGER	786	..	11 12 16	
SOLAN	137	..	13 12 16	
CHASSIE MAERSK ..	1307	..	16 12 16	
MICHAEL OUTCHAUKOFF (M) —		..	17 12 16	
GERDA	775	..	19 12 16	
DANSBORG	2242	..	22 12 16	
HROPTATYN	1300	..	22 12 16	
JOHAN	828	..	26 12 16	
DANMARK	1875	..	30 12 16	
VIKING	761	..	31 12 16	
NAESBORG	1547	..	4 1 17	
DANEVIRKE	1431	..	4 1 17	
EBRO	1028	..	5 1 17	
NORMA	1997	..	14 1 17	
OMSK	1574	..	15 1 17	
DAGMAR (M)	768	..	18 1 17	
STANDARD	217	..	20 1 17	
KLAMPENBORG	1785	..	20 1 17	
VEGA	195	..	24 1 17	
DAN	1860	..	24 1 17	
O. B. SUHR	1482	..	25 1 17	

Name.	Gross Tonnage.			Date of Loss.		
DAISY	..	1209	..	28	1	17
LARS KRUSE ..	..	1460	..	3	2	17
RASBERG.. ..	..	1878	..	3	3	17
LAURITS	..	183	..	9	3	17
RUSSIA	..	1617	..	17	3	17
ESTER	..	1210	..	1	4	17
BERGENHUS ..	..	1017	..	2	4	17
HELGA	..	1182	..	4	4	17
VLADIMIR REITZ	..	2128	..	4	4	17
EBENEZER	..	181	..	5	4	17
BRIS	..	101	..	5	4	17
N. J. FJORD ..	..	1425	..	6	4	17
NANCY	..	1311	..	9	4	17
SAXO	..	711	..	9	4	17
ANSGAR	..	301	..	11	4	17
UNION	..	152	..	12	4	17
BRETAGNE	..	1110	..	17	4	17
ROBERT	..	1445	..	17	4	17
LOUISIANA	..	3015	..	18	4	17

20 (M), } Total 114. 123,385 tons.
 (94 T), } 1 ship's tonnage not given.

SPANISH SHIPS.*

ISIDORO ..	2044	..	17	8	15
PENA CASTILLO ..	1718	..	19	8	15

* Ships mined are marked (M).

Name.			Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.		
BAYO (<i>M</i>)	..	..	2776	..	13	1 16
BELGICA (<i>M</i>)	..	..	2068	..	16	1 16
VIGO	..	..	1137	..	31	3 16
SANTANDERINO	..	..	3346	..	8	4 16
VINIFREDA	..	..	1441	..	30	4 16
AURRERA	..	..	2845	..	24	5 16
MENDIBIL MENDI	..	..	4501	..	18	6 16
GANEKOGORTA MENDI	..	..	3061	..	9	8 16
PAGASARRI	..	..	3287	..	16	8 16
MAYO	..	..	1880	..	8	9 16
OLAZARRI	..	..	2586	..	8	9 16
LUIS VIVES	..	..	2160	..	11	9 16
OIZ MENDI	..	..	2104	..	11	11 16
LUCIENNE	..	..	1054	..	28	11 16
URIBITARTE	..	..	1756	..	1	12 16
JULIAN BENITO	..	..	1075	..	4	12 16
GERONA	..	..	1285	..	6	12 16
BRAVO	..	..	1214	..	7	12 16
ASON	..	..	2084	..	17	12 16
MARQUES DE URGUIJO	..	..	2530	..	23	12 16
SAN LEANDRO	..	..	1616	..	2	1 17
MANUEL	..	..	2419	..	16	1 17
VALLE	..	..	2365	..	17	1 17
NUEVA MONTANA	..	..	2039	..	28	1 17
ALGORTA	..	..	2117	..	29	1 17
PUNTA TENO	..	..	1042	..	29	1 17
BUTRON	..	..	2434	..	1	2 17

Name.	Gross Tonnage.		Date of Loss.		
MAR ADRIATICO	..	2410	..	16	2 17
GRACIA	..	3219	..	11	3 17
VIVINA	..	3034	..	13	3 17
SAN FULGENCIO	..	1558	..	5	4 17
TOM	..	2413	..	14	4 17
IPPARRAGUIRE ..	..	1161	..	18	4 17

2 (M), } Total 35.
33 (T), }

75,769 tons.

AMERICAN SHIPS.*

WILLIAM P. FRYE	..	—	..	28	1 15
EVELYN (M)	..	1963	..	19	2 15
CARIB (M)	..	2087	..	23	2 15
GREENBRIER (M)	..	3331	..	2	4 15
LEELANAW	..	1924	..	25	7 15
VINCENT (M)	..	1904	..	27	9 15
LANAO	..	692	..	28	10 16
COLUMBIAN	..	8580	..	8	11 16
CHEMUNG	..	2615	..	26	11 16
HOUSATONIC	..	3143	..	3	2 17
LYMAN M. LAW	..	1300	..	12	2 17
ALGONQUIN	..	2833	..	12	3 17
VIGILANCIA	..	4115	..	16	3 17
CITY OF MEMPHIS	..	5252	..	17	3 17

* Ships mined are marked (M).

Name.	Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
ILLINOIS	5225 ..	18 3 17
HEALDTON	4489 ..	21 3 17
AZTEC	3727 ..	1 4 17
MARGUERITE	1553 ..	5 4 17
EDWIN R. HUNT	1133 ..	7 4 17
SEWARD	3390 ..	7 4 17
4 (M), 16 (T),	} Total 20.	59,256 tons. 1 ship's tonnage not given.

BRAZILIAN SHIPS.

RIO BRANCO	2258 ..	1 5 16
PARANA	4461 ..	4 4 17
Total 2.	6,719 tons.	

GREEK SHIPS.*

ELLISPONTOS	2989 ..	17 4 15
DIMITRIOS	2508 ..	6 10 15
ZARIFIS	2904 ..	29 11 15
L. G. GOULANDRIS	2123 ..	6 12 15
ANTHIPI (M)	1166 ..	30 12 15
ADAMANTIAS KORAIIS	2947 ..	18 5 16
ISTROS	1891 ..	22 5 16
TRICOUPIS	2387 ..	5 8 16

* Ships mined are marked (M).

Name.			Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
ACHILEUS	..	..	843	.. 5 8 16
VASSILIOS	..	..	300	.. 15 8 16
LEANDROS	..	..	1658	.. 25 8 16
SPETZAI	..	..	1904	.. 7 9 16
ELLI	..	..	631	.. 10 9 16
ASSIMACOS	..	..	2898	.. 11 9 16
PANAGHIA AKATHISTON			600	.. 12 9 16
SAMOS	..	..	1186	.. 6 10 16
GEORGE M. EMBIRICOS	..		3636	.. 21 10 16
ARIS	..	..	1000	.. 24 10 16
GERMAINE	..	..	2573	.. 28 10 16
MASSALIA	..	..	2186	.. 29 10 16
ANGELIKI	..	..	677	.. 30 10 16
KIKI ISSAIS	..	..	2993	.. 31 10 16
BARBARA	..	..	2831	.. 11 11 16
STYLIANI BELUS	..		3603	.. 16 11 16
IOANNIS	..	..	3828	.. 16 11 16
SPETZAI	..	..	788	.. 21 11 16
MICHAEL	..	..	2410	.. 26 11 16
MARGARITA	..	..	1112	.. 26 11 16
CHRISTOFOROS	..	..	3674	.. 27 11 16
DEMETRIOS INGLESSIS	..		2088	.. 2 12 16
FOFO	..	..	2615	.. 4 12 16
SPYROS	..	..	3357	.. 8 12 16
GRIGORIOS ANGHELATOS			3635	.. 12 12 16
SALAMIS	..	..	3638	.. 15 12 16
SAPPHO	..	..	2087	.. 1 1 17

Name.			Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
TSIROPINAS	..	..	3016	2 1 17
DIMITRIOS GOULANDRIS			3744	.. 2 1 17
ARUSTOTELIS C. IOANNOU			2868	.. 2 1 17
EVANGELOS	..	..	3773	.. 7 1 17
ELIKON	..	..	1166	.. 4 2 17
VASILISSA OLGA		..	1400	.. 11 2 17
AGHIOS SPYRIDON		..	1618	.. 12 2 17
LAERTIS	..	..	3914	.. 22 2 17
MIAOULIS	..	..	2918	.. 24 2 17
VICTORIA	..	..	1388	.. 26 2 17
PRIKONISOS	..	..	3537	.. 28 2 17
NICOLAOS	..	..	1215	.. 1 3 17
THEODOROS PANGALOS			2838	.. 3 3 17
POSEIDON	..	..	2589	.. 25 3 17
KATINA	..	..	2464	.. 28 3 17
LIVATHO	..	..	2922	.. 8 4 17
NESTOS	..	..	4060	.. 8 4 17
THEMISTOCLIS	..	..	1895	.. 9 4 17
INDIA	..	..	2933	.. 12 4 17
NIRITOS	..	..	3756	.. 12 4 17
ODYSSEUS	..	..	3463	.. 13 4 17
PANAGHIS DRAKATOS	..		2734	.. 15 4 17
CRIOS	..	..	4116	.. 16 4 17
ZIOVIA	..	..	2976	.. 16 4 17
GEORGIOS	..	..	3124	.. 20 4 17

1 (M), } Total 60. 147,923 tons.
 59 (T), }

Name.	Gross Tonnage.	Date of Loss.
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ARGENTINE SHIP.

MONTE PROTEGIDO	.. 281 ..	4 4 17
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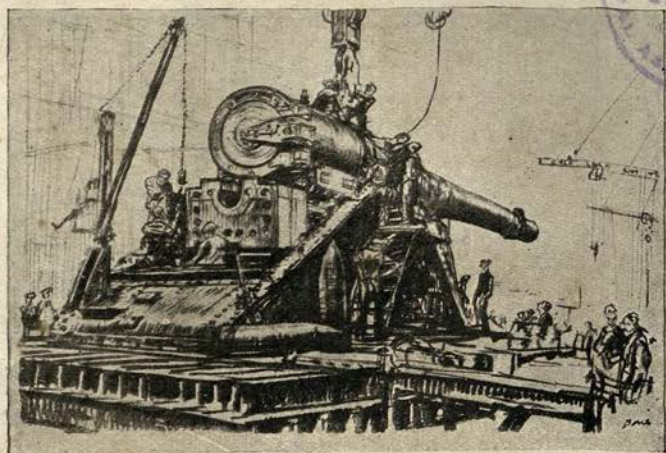
PERUVIAN SHIP.

LORTON	1419 ..	4 2 17
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URUGUAYAN SHIP.

PARAHYBA	2537 ..	19 1 17
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BRITISH WORKSHOPS AND THE WAR



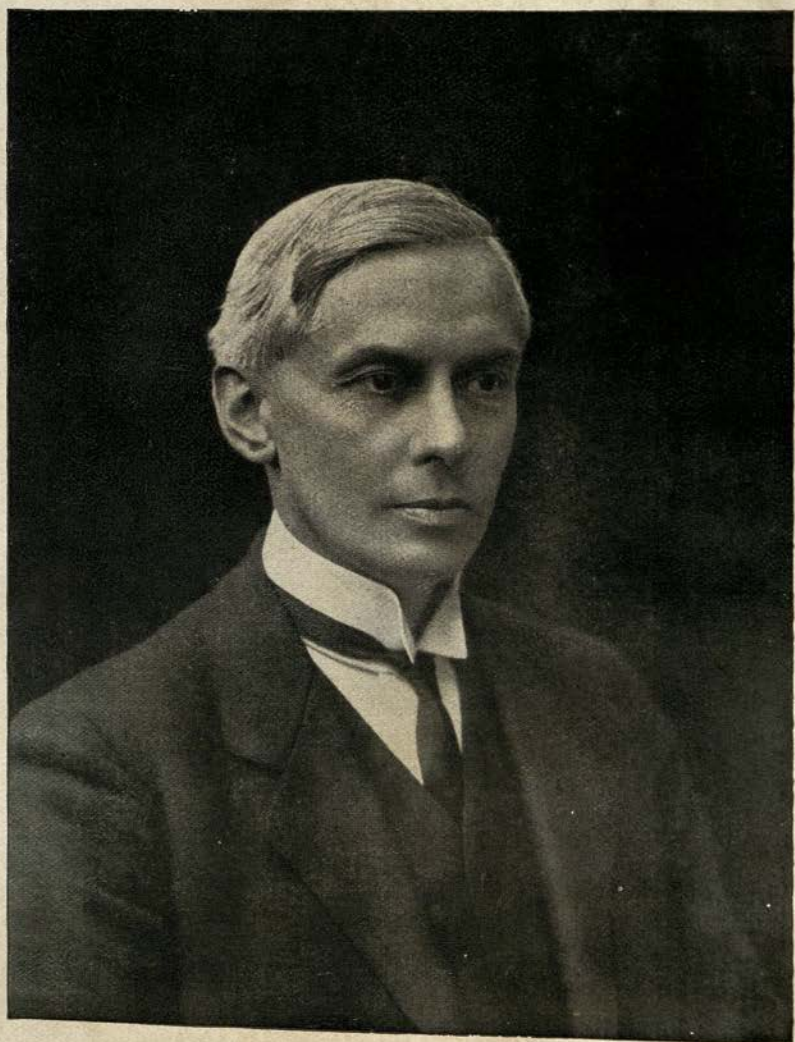
By

THE Rt. Hon. CHRISTOPHER ADDISON.
P.C., M.P.

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1917

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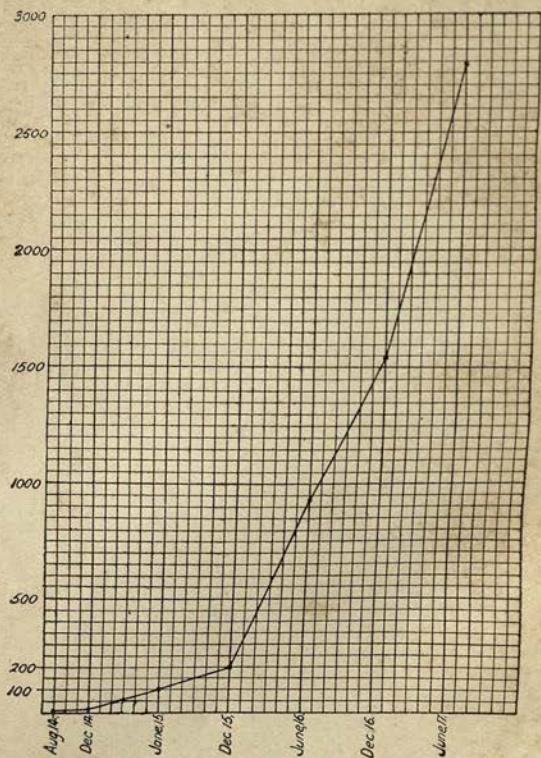
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1917



GRAPH SHOWING THE INCREASE IN PRODUCTION OF
MUNITIONS BY WEIGHT.

For purposes of comparison the production in June, 1915, when the Ministry of Munitions was founded, is taken as 100.

BRITISH WORKSHOPS AND THE WAR*

It is a little over two years since a small party of us gathered with Mr. Lloyd George, one Wednesday afternoon, in No. 6, Whitehall Gardens. We were about to open a munitions shop. There was to be one aim and one aim only—to obtain the goods and make delivery of them to the Army. No other interests and no considerations of leisure were to be entertained. A process of man-grabbing was also resolved upon. We were to seek out capable and trustworthy men and to secure their help in the great task on the same terms.

Such was the beginning of a story which I trust that, some day, someone more skilled in the art of narrative than I am will tell in all its romantic interest with faithfulness and with affection. It will be a story of disappointments many, of difficulties manifold and often unexpected, of expedients without end, and of resolute determination by which those difficulties were steadily overcome. It

* A speech delivered in the House of Commons on the work of the Ministry of Munitions, June 28, 1917.

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will be a story of improvisations gradually leading up to the formation of an organization which, assuming, or having forced upon it, first this function and then that, became at last as prodigious in its proportions as in its output of munitions. It will be a story of the courage and uncanny insight of Mr. Lloyd George, of the labours of a band of helpers of an unique and splendid character and of the untiring and patriotic efforts of men and women, employers and employed, who by their collective efforts have provided an imperishable tribute to British genius and resource.

HOW EXPLOSIVES HAVE BEEN PROVIDED.

The Department of Explosives Supply is the oldest Department of the Ministry of Munitions, and was the first to become organized. Before the formation of the Ministry, Lord Moulton and a band of able men whose services he had secured had already embarked on a scheme of production on a great scale. But the demands of the artillery programme, as it was formulated in the latter half of 1915, were such that it was necessary to plan for the erection of large additional factories. The designing and equipment of these factories, as of those which had been begun before, were undertaken by Mr. Quinan, the American engineer, and in the great works at Queensferry, Gretna, and elsewhere we have become possessed, through Mr. Quinan's genius, of factories which to a very large extent will be of permanent value to peace industries.

They were erected at such a pace that what were untouched green fields one year were the sites a year later of great establishments capable of dealing with the raw materials of minerals or cotton, and of working them up into finished explosives in great quantities every week.

As an example of the value which we are deriving from these national explosives factories, I may mention that, in a group of T.N.T. factories which have been operating for the longest period, a capital expenditure of one and a half millions has provided us with capacity which has already produced explosives at a cost of three and a half millions which, at the contract prices being paid when the factory was under construction, would have cost the country seven millions.

The present cost of production of T.N.T. at Queensferry, exclusive of interest and amortisation, is $8\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb. The cost in the market when this factory was started was $1s. 9d.$ per lb.

During the later months of 1916 it was decided to erect a large additional factory for the production of a certain explosive for which we had hitherto been mainly dependent upon American supplies. The American firm of Dupont generously sent over their experts and gave us great assistance in the planning of it. The Cabinet, however, recently decided not to proceed further with the work, the grounds for this decision being that we could now count upon the active support in the War of the great Republic in the West, and that a great saving, in money and material as well as in tonnage, would

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thereby be effected, seeing that from three to four tons of raw materials were required to be shipped for every ton of finished explosive produced.

For a long time the output of explosives was in advance of the output of shells and other forms of ammunition. But during the last few months we have been able to balance the one with the other. Some conception of the magnitude of the production of explosives in this country may be formed from the fact that in March, 1917, the capacity for the output of high explosive was more than four times that of March, 1916, and twenty-eight times greater than that of March, 1915.

A DISAPPOINTMENT FOR GERMANY.

The Explosives Supply Department, of which Lord Moulton is Director-General and Sir Keith Price Deputy Director, is, of course, intimately concerned with the great chemical trades. It is responsible for the sulphuric acid necessary for the manufacture, not only of explosives, but of superphosphate and artificial manures generally, as well as for that of a great many other commodities. Under recent arrangements with the Food Production Department, we have started a section of the Explosives Supply Department for the provision of all the artificial manures which are required. By our control of the iron and steel industries, we are able to provide the basic slag that is wanted, and I have little doubt that we shall be able to meet the war programme, which includes more than one

million tons of super-phosphate, nearly half a million tons of basic slag, and a quarter of a million tons of sulphate of ammonia.

Hitherto this country has been entirely dependent upon Germany for its supplies of potash and I noticed in the papers the other day a statement to the effect that the Germans expect after the War to hold us to ransom on this account. I see no objection to their knowing that, in this respect, they will be disappointed. Thanks to the ingenuity of Mr. Kenneth Chance and other gentlemen working with him, a process has been discovered whereby great quantities of potash may be obtained ; and we shall be able to provide every ounce of potash that the optical glass trade requires, with some surplus for the needs of agriculture.

The production of sulphuric acid, with the hearty co-operation of the chemical trades, has necessarily undergone a great development, not only in private works but in our national factories. Especially is this the case with regard to the strong fuming variety, of which the present capacity for production in this country is more than fifteen times greater than it was before the War, while it is being produced at much less cost.

It is sometimes said that the progress of a country may be measured by the quantity of sulphuric acid which it requires per head of its population and there is a good deal of truth in this statement. Whatever arrangements are made for the future, it is essential to secure that sulphuric acid is made available to *bona fide* users at fair rates, for if this is done it

should lead to the establishment of an important group of new industries.

GUN AMMUNITION AND FUZE PRODUCTION.

The great new National Factories for shell and fuze production have come into their full bearing during the past year and we have been able also to reap the fruits of the work of the Boards of Management which were established throughout the country in accordance with the scheme of organisation designed in the early days of the Ministry and carried out under Sir James Stevenson. These Boards direct the operations of local co-operative groups as well as of a number of factories which are described as National Shell Factories, and they superintend the execution of an infinite number of local contracts. They are responsible in fact for about a quarter of our total shell output and we are indebted to them for many valuable suggestions resulting in improvements and economies in the manufacture of different munitions.

The variety of the productions, under Sir Glynn West's Department, of gun ammunition supply is only paralleled by the volume and improving quality of their output. The great National Projectile Factories for the production of the heavier natures of shell have been in full operation during this year and produced in March exactly one-third of the total output of these heavy natures of shells.

Some impression can be obtained of the diverse processes for which this Department is responsible

by considering for a moment the manufacture of a single round of ammunition. Apart from the more obvious constituents, it is necessary to obtain and work up emery stone, cryolite, calcium carbide, magnesite, wolfram ore, acetone, carborundum, nickel, bauxite, nitrates, oil, cotton, antimony and many other items from different countries. Forgings and castings must be supplied here and there, brass rod and stampings, an infinity of machining operations must be done, along with the superintendence of equipments, the ordering of the machinery, the manufacture, distribution and supply and use of hundreds of gauges, the assembling of ingredients from different works in appropriate centres, the calculation of the raw material, the arrangements for transport, and so forth, making up such a multitude of operations per week that they present collectively manufacturing and other problems of the greatest magnitude, as regards organisation, production and direction. It all runs so smoothly now, the supplies and processes of one department operating with those of another, that the country is scarcely aware that it is going on. It is a result which could only have been secured by the hearty co-operation of carefully picked staffs at headquarters, of engineers, manufacturers, inspectors, transport officers and others in the different districts, assisted by the goodwill and patriotic and continued devotion of business men and workpeople from one end of the country to the other. Recently we reached such a state of production that we have been able to divert certain of our national factories,

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in whole or in part, to assisting other sections of the munitions programme.

A NEW COMPONENT.

After extensive trials at the front, it was found a few months ago that a component of a new type possessed great advantages for certain purposes over any which had previously been produced. At first it seemed doubtful whether we should be able to produce any large quantity in time for the spring offensive, but happily, with the co-operation of all the departments concerned, we were able to provide a large supply in a short time, and the result has proved of the greatest value in facilitating the advances at the front, and in saving life.

Again, during January last, it appeared that we might possibly be behindhand in the accumulation of the great reserve of field gun ammunition asked for, but the requirements were fully met in good time and, notwithstanding the enormous expenditure of gun ammunition, during the first nine weeks of the present offensive, the stock of filled shells had only fallen by 7 per cent.

STRUGGLE AND VICTORY.

These results have not been easy of attainment. We have had to get ammunition in enormous quantities, working with a new explosive mixture, training gauge-makers and other operatives, building factories, and making machinery all at the same time. I remember how when first one difficulty

cropped up and then another, even the sanguine temper of the Prime Minister sometimes showed signs of wear. There were endless difficulties over obtaining an efficient detonator, difficulties over gauges and, above all, over the different types of fuzes, with a perpetual struggle against "duds" on the one hand and "prematures" on the other. It seemed sometimes as though we fought our way through one difficulty only in order to discover another. It was like a man climbing a mountain, conquering with joy and expectation the peak in front of him, only to find another and a more difficult one before him. But our work has not been fruitless and our soldiers on the ridges of Vimy and Messines can now see the plain beyond.

In those early days Sir Eric Geddes handled with singular courage the provision of new filling factories and their installation with machinery. I remember him often saying: "It will be so many months before you begin to see a big rise of output." The plans were well and truly laid, but it was a time of waiting and difficulty which, looking back upon it now, seems almost like a nightmare.

Many of our filling factories, like the shell factories, are worked by voluntary Boards of Management, and, in this way, we are able to make full use of the services of many able men in each district. And here I would like to refer to the ingenuity and boldness of resource shown by Lord Chetwynd in the management of his great filling factory. It is to him that our army in the field owed a great proportion of their earlier supplies

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of heavy ammunition. The whole work is now under the direction of Colonel Milman, and the National Filling Factories, employing about 100,000 persons, now fill about 85 per cent. of the shell ammunition. The cost of filling has been reduced by 40 per cent. as compared with a year ago.

INSPECTION AND DESIGN.

As the work has grown, it has necessarily cast an increasing burden upon the Inspection Department. About a year ago Sir Sothern Holland and Sir Harry Ross Skinner were asked to leave the Explosives Department and to undertake the direction of the rapidly growing work of inspection. Its growth has necessarily been great not only because of the increasing magnitude but because of the increasing diversity of the munitions supplied.

In July, 1915, the staff of the Department consisted of 8,761 persons. It now consists in this country of nearly 40,000, with an additional staff in the United States of America of more than 8,000. We have sought to employ women in every possible way. In March, 1916, they composed 28 per cent. of the staff : they now compose 61 per cent., numbering 29,000, and they are employed on almost all operations except those in which special technical experience or physical strength are required.

The work of inspection, I am afraid, is often very tedious and monotonous. When we remember that there are no fewer than 183,000,000 separate

gauging operations for every million rounds of 18-pounder shell—which is no great quantity nowadays—we get some glimpse of its monotony.

Inspection is necessarily very closely associated with design, which is under the charge of General Bingham. This, too, has undergone substantial development. During the last twelve months, many of the former prolonged experiments and tedious trials have come to fruition, and the perfection of our present ammunition is due to the increased expertness and careful collaboration of the staffs of the Design, Inspection, Supply and Filling Departments, as well as to the growing expert experience of those concerned with manufacture. During the Battle of the Somme, we were constantly receiving reports both from our own side and through prisoners that we were still firing a considerable number of rounds of ammunition—not a high proportion, of course, but still many in the aggregate—which failed to explode, or which burst prematurely. The increase in the quantity of the ammunition supply has happily coincided with the improvement in its quality, and we have lately received enthusiastic reports from Sir Douglas Haig on the accuracy and on the fine detonating quality of the ammunition supplied, whether used for wire cutting, barrage, or for any other purpose. About a year ago the premature bursts of shells were at least ten times as frequent as they have been during the recent offensive, and the damage accordingly to our guns from this cause has become almost negligible.

DEVELOPMENTS IN GUN SUPPLY.

The Gun Supply Department during the past year, under Sir Charles Ellis and Colonel Symon, has had thrown upon it one of the most difficult tasks assigned to the Ministry. The plant required is so large and so extensive and, in some respects, the degree of skill required is so high, that the factors limiting output are specially difficult to overcome. It is well known, also, that guns of British manufacture are to be found both on the Russian and on the Italian fronts.

Demands for guns for anti-aircraft purposes and for the arming of merchant ships have placed a particularly heavy strain upon our capacity for producing long-range guns for use in the field. With the increase in the number of guns in the field, also the work involved in making good wear and tear and in providing for repairs has grown in proportion. Lately I have associated Sir Glynn West and the many factories of his department with this work.

Our output of machine guns and rifles under Mr. Alexander Duckham has been fully equal to the demands made upon us for these arms. The output at Enfield has increased tenfold, and our capacity for the production of machine guns weekly is more than twenty times greater than it was two years ago. Some months ago, also, our output of small arms ammunition became so abundant that we ceased to require any assistance whatever from outside this country.

Let me here pay a tribute to our great arsenal at Woolwich, to which we are indebted for almost all kinds of munitions and for the performance of work of the most highly-specialized and skilled kind, including the preparation of drawings, specifications and the working out of the details of the new types in which such great advances have been made during the past year. In August, 1914, the staff consisted of 10,866 persons; now it amounts to 73,571. The number of women employed in 1914 was 125; now it is close on 25,000. Many new shops have had to be built and equipped, and thirty-one canteens have been provided to assist in the provisioning of the workers, many of whom have to come from considerable distances, although we have undertaken extensive housing work in the neighbourhood. Most of this development has taken place under the superintendence of Sir Vincent Raven, whom, with some misgiving, in view of urgent necessity, I have recently lent to Sir Eric Geddes, the new Controller of the Navy. Colonel Martel has been appointed to succeed Sir Vincent Raven.

GLASS FOR OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS.

We have concentrated the supply and testing of master gauges at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington under Sir Richard Glazebrook, and the skilled work done there suggests another section of supply that is of first-class importance, not only for war purposes, but for the establishment of industries of permanent value in peace time. I

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refer to the section under Mr. Esslemont, which is charged with the supply of scientific instruments. Gun sights, apparatus for aeroplane photography, for telegraphic work, for commercial and scientific glass and for a host of other purposes are supplied by this branch. Its triumphs have been due to the enthusiastic co-operation of scientific men, of makers, of workers and of the training schools. One illustration must suffice. Before the war we could rely on British sources for only about 10 per cent. of the glass used in optical instruments, being dependent mainly on German and Austrian supplies. Our manufacturers now have been brought together and immensely strengthened. Difficult formulæ have been worked out, especially by Professor Jackson and his colleagues, and, under comprehensive arrangements, we not only have adequate supplies for ourselves, but are able to provide substantial assistance to our Allies. A whole group of industries connected with the glass trade has been placed on a secure foundation.

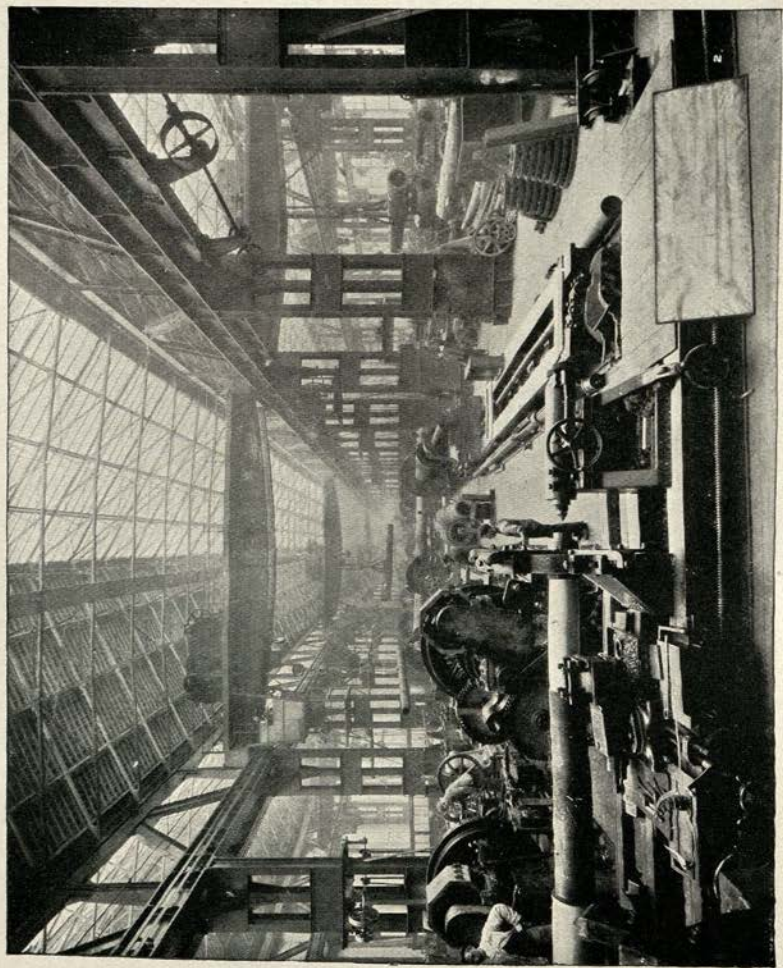
THE GREAT PROVIDER.

The Machine Tool Department, under Mr. Herbert and his Advisory Committee, is the servant of all and, like the last-mentioned, makes special demands on skilled labour. Every variety of machine, from the smallest tool or lathe to the mightiest crane, is provided by this department. In order somewhat to relieve the pressure upon it, we recently established a Machine Tool Clearing House under the



MAKING BIG GUNS FOR THE ALLIES.

Vickers, Ltd.



SCENE IN A MUNITION FACTORY.

Vickers, Ltd.

superintendence of Sir J. Stevenson and Captain Kelly, by which we investigate and examine idle and insufficiently used machinery and try to divert it to a better use. During the past seven months this branch has investigated 22,027 applications and succeeded in releasing 42,638 machines, roughly valued at £3,129,000.

RAILWAY AND MOTOR TRANSPORT.

I now come to the group of departments that require the use of steam or internal combustion engines. These are the departments for the supply of railway material, motor transport, tanks, agricultural machinery, and aeroplanes. With the exception of tanks, the responsibility for all these supplies has been added to the Ministry during the past year.

The other day Sir Douglas Haig paid a high tribute to the work of military transportation. It has been the duty of the Ministry to supply the goods, except that the transfer to France of a certain amount of existing railway stock was undertaken by the Railway Executive Committee. There are few more thrilling stories in the history of the Ministry than how Sir Ernest Moir and his colleagues succeeded in a short time in meeting the demand.

The number of locomotives and trucks, with the track required, was so great that to manufacture all in time—even if there had been the raw material to spare, which there was not—would have been an

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impossibility. We had therefore to obtain the balance from existing stock where we could. Track was pulled up at home. India, Australia and Canada sent their contributions. The Government of Canada held a meeting, and within forty-eight hours had arranged, if we wanted it, to pull up 800 miles of track and ship it complete. More than 2,000 miles of track have already been supplied in a complete condition, and nearly 1,000 locomotives of different kinds, apart from hundreds supplied by the Railway Executive Committee.

Motor transport was transferred to us last year, and was at first under the charge of the President of the Board of Trade. It is now directed by Colonel Holden, under the superintendence of Mr. Percy Martin, the Controller of Internal-Combustion Engines. The British Army is well supplied; and we are also able to render much assistance to our Allies in this department.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT SUPPLY.

Agricultural implement supply became one of our duties in the late autumn, and Mr. Edge, who is in charge, has the assistance of a small committee of agricultural implement makers who responded to our request for assistance with the same readiness that has always been accorded whenever we have asked business men to come to our help. Most of the large agricultural implement makers had previously become considerable suppliers of munitions and extensive re-arrangements of work have been

rendered necessary in order to meet the large programme put forward by the Food Production Department.

TANKS AND AEROPLANES.

The tank made his appearance last autumn. I say "his," although we distinguish a male and a female variety. At the close of last year much work required to be done in the way of alteration and improvement, as the experiences of the Somme suggested, but the supplies of the new designs are coming forward excellently. The end of the story is not yet, for the enthusiasm of Colonel Stern, Sir Eustace D'Eyncourt and their colleagues knows no limits.

When early in this year the Ministry of Munitions was asked to undertake the supply of aeroplanes and seaplanes for the Army and the Navy, it became evident that the mobilisation of all our resources for the production of internal combustion engines under a unified scheme of direction was essential. A working relation with the Air Board was established, and the production of all internal combustion engines was placed under the direction of Mr. Martin, who left the B.S.A. Company and the Daimler Motor Company to join the Ministry for this purpose. Formerly there were many shops which were producing a number of different types of engines. By a continued effort to diminish the number of types and to concentrate on the best, with a policy of securing that one shop shall be devoted to the production of only a single type of

engine, we have already obtained an enormous increase in production, apart from the addition either of machinery or labour. At the same time, I asked Sir William Weir, who had done such good work for us as Director of Munitions for Scotland, to take charge of the supply of aeroplanes and seaplanes. He and Mr. Martin became members of the Air Board and of its Technical Committee, not only as representatives of supply, but so as to establish a close working relation between the manufacturing side under us, and the formulation of programmes and designs which belongs to the Air Board. Under Sir William Weir's direction, the output of aeroplanes is rapidly increasing. The production for May is more than twice that of December and is four times greater than that of May, 1916. We must not, of course, lose sight of the share in these results which belongs to Sir David Henderson and those who were in charge of the work last year. The supply, however, will become much greater still in a few months' time, for we are working at a vast programme of production, and the plans we have in prospect provide for its full realisation. There is a pressing demand for skilled workers in this service, and, if they can be obtained, we may be sure of a supremacy in the air in material and equipment as emphatic as it is on land in the case of artillery.

INLAND AND OVERSEAS TRANSPORT.

The work involved in connection with the movements of overseas supplies, as well as with the move-

ments of ores, metals, machinery and other munitions in this country, has necessitated the provision of two further sections—one under Mr. Howard Williams for Inland Transport and another under Mr. Burton Chadwick for Overseas Transport.

In overseas supplies alone we are interested in nearly 1,500,000 tons of shipments monthly, and the submarine campaign, bad as it is, will not provide much comfort for our enemies when they know, for example, that of shell components shipped from North America to supplement home production the total loss since the commencement of the unrestricted submarine campaign, taking the heaviest item of loss in any single component, is only 5.9 per cent. of the amount shipped.

At the request of the Secretary of State, early in the year Sir Frederick Black and a small number of special officers went to India with a view to assisting the further development of munitions production by placing their experience at the disposal of the Government of India. Sir Frederick Black has now returned, and we are very hopeful that the valuable suggestions he has made will lead to good results.

AMERICAN AND CANADIAN SUPPLIES.

Our supplies from the United States until recently were arranged for, so far as purchase was concerned, through Messrs. Morgans, with separate organisations for supply and inspection. Lately, however, Mr. Gordon, the Vice-Chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board in Canada, at my request, has

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moved to the United States, and has been appointed as the head of all our munitions organisations there. Mr. Gordon will report out there to Lord Northcliffe in the same way as the other chief British representatives in charge of shipping, transport, grain purchases, and other services. Some time ago also there was set up in London an inter-Allied Bureau on which our European Allies and ourselves are represented for the purpose of pooling our requirements in the American market as much as possible and for the avoidance of competitive buying. Negotiations are now proceeding at the suggestion of the United States Government for a further consolidation of interest, on this side as well as in America. The result of these negotiations, if successful, will be of enormous value not only in enabling the United States Government to place their great resources more readily and effectively at the Allies' disposal, but in promoting economy in purchase. These arrangements have been much facilitated by the work of Mr. Balfour's Mission, on which the Ministry was represented, amongst others, by Mr. Layton, the head of the Statistical Department, who also represented us with Lord Milner in Petrograd and with the Prime Minister in Rome.

The Imperial Munitions Board in Canada, under the chairmanship of Sir Joseph Flavelle, is now the greatest business organisation in the Dominion. More than 200,000 workpeople are employed by it, and their supplies, which cover almost the whole field of munitions, are dealt with on this side by the

Hon. R. H. Brand, who was at one time a member of this House.

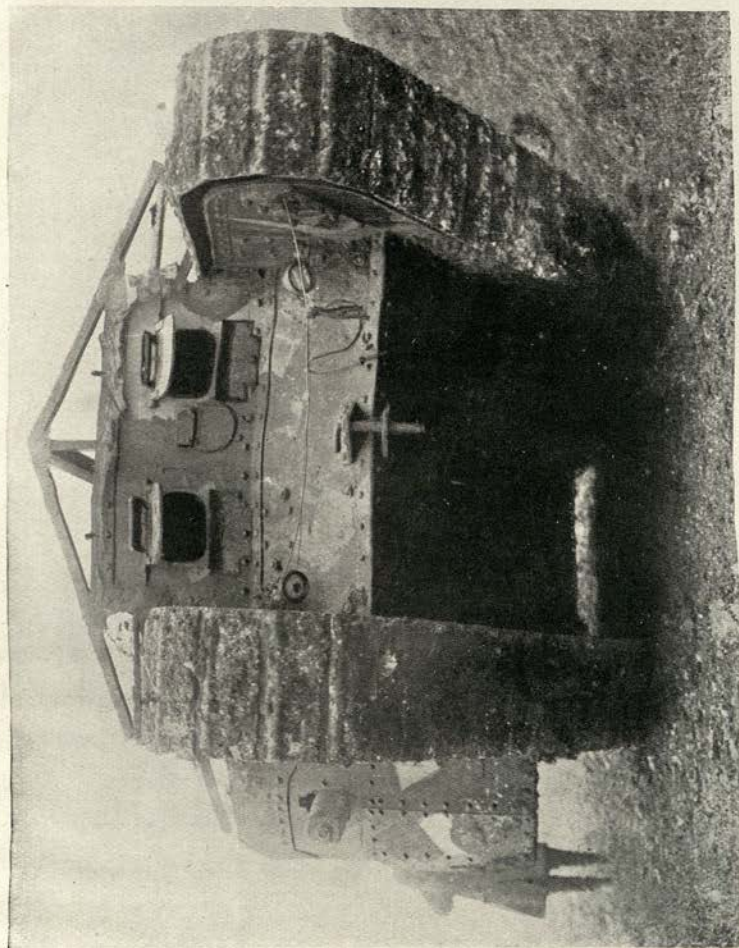
INCREASED OUTPUT OF STEEL.

Overseas supplies bring me to that group of Departments which is concerned with the supply, distribution, working up and control of the various necessary minerals and metals. Do what we will to avoid fresh burdens, the work of this group of Departments continues to grow from day to day, but there is nothing of more hopeful augury for the future than the proofs which we are thereby accumulating of the great undeveloped potentialities of our Home and Colonial resources.

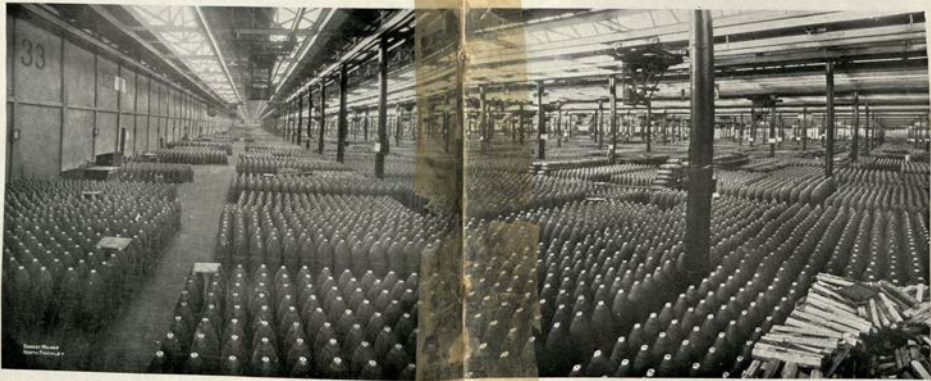
Before the War, the output of steel in this country had been more or less stationary for some time—at a little over seven million tons per annum. The output is now nearly ten million tons and I shall be very much disappointed if, with the schemes which are now being worked at, we have not reached the rate of a twelve-million-ton output by the end of next year. We shall then have gone far towards doubling the pre-War steel output of this country and I do not need to emphasise all that is involved in this addition to our industrial strength and resources.

With the exception of the rich deposits in Cumberland, nearly all the iron-ore mined in this country is of a somewhat low grade and is of the basic variety as distinguished from the acid or hematite ores of Cumberland and those which form so large a proportion of our imports. As a result

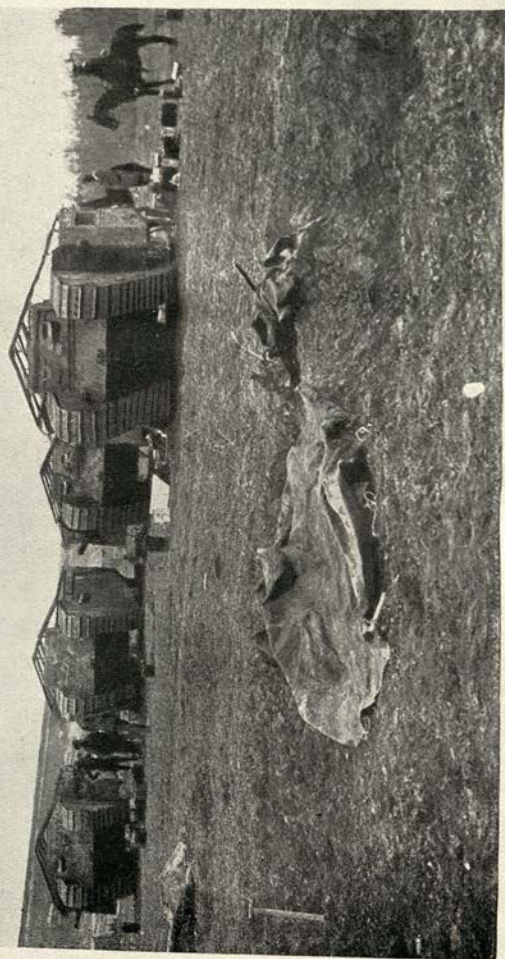
of our great imports of hematite ores, many of the blast-furnaces and steel furnaces of the country have been specially adapted for its use and a more extensive use of home-produced basic ores involves important modifications in working plant. In order to make ourselves as safe as possible against the worst the submarines could do, I asked Mr. John Hunter, under whose strong leadership the whole of the Steel Department works, to have a comprehensive survey made as quickly as possible, with a view to making the utmost use of home ores in case the submarine menace proved effective in restricting importation. We do not aim at restricting importation, but we aim at increasing our steel supplies—and increasing them as rapidly as possible—by the use of home ores. Mr. Hunter got together a strong band of willing experts, the programme was rapidly formulated and the Government decided to use every endeavour to give full effect to it. The increased production of basic steel from home ores, with the consequent adaptation of old or the bringing in of new furnaces, should provide us with the capacity for the production in this country by the spring of next year of an additional one and three-quarter million tons of basic steel above our previous home production. Added to this, we propose an extended use of the hematite ore from Cumberland for the production of acid steel, provided the necessary labour can be obtained. I cannot pretend to give in this short summary any adequate impression of the enormous amount of detailed labour which the preparation and working



FRONT VIEW OF A TANK COMING OUT OF ACTION.



SCENE IN A SHELL FILLING FACTORY IN ENGLAND. THIS LARGE STORE COVERS $9\frac{1}{2}$ ACRES.



HEAVY ARMoured CARS READY TO GO UP.

out of this scheme has involved and of the laborious days which have been spent in its elaboration by the gentlemen who have placed their services at our disposal ; suffice it to say that, within about fourteen months from the commencement of the scheme, we shall have increased our home capacity for the manufacture of basic steel by 30 per cent. The demands for steel are so many that we have had to make our control of this precious metal very close indeed, and I must acknowledge the loyal acquiescence of the great body of steel users in accepting the restricted allocations which the Ministry have been obliged to make. The demands, however, upon our steel-producing capacity are so great that, with all the help which we derive from Canada and the United States, I cannot, in fairness, offer any immediate prospect of relief.

A signal success with respect to the fixing of prices has been achieved in this branch of supply. Notwithstanding the costs of material and labour, we are obtaining steel plates in this country at less than half their cost in the United States, where shell steel also costs 30 per cent. more than it does at home.

PROFITABLE ENTERPRISES IN NON-FERROUS METALS.

The Non-Ferrous Metals Department is under the charge of Mr. Leonard Llewelyn, and is responsible for our supplies of spelter, aluminium, copper, tungsten, brass, antimony, lead, nickel and other metals. The production in this country before the war of spelter or commercial zinc was only about

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one-third of our national requirements. Before the end of the present twelve months I hope that the country will have double that capacity, and I believe that the new works will be found not only designed on the most modern lines, but capable commercially of holding their own with any spelter plants in the world. A part of the scheme involves the working up of the Australian zinc concentrates, which were formerly largely under German control, and we have in hand some schemes for increasing the output of refined spelter, both at home and in Canada.

Some time ago steps were taken to obtain control of the wolfram ores in the Empire with a view to regulating the stocks of tungsten which are necessary for the production of high-speed steel, and if anyone cares to compare the price of the high-speed steel that we are obtaining in Sheffield with the price in New York, I think he will be satisfied that the country is enormously profited by these enterprises.

Works have been established at home for the production of tungsten which enable us fully to meet our own requirements and to supply much besides to our Allies.

By a system of rationing of aluminium supplies we have converted a deficit into a surplus. At the same time, steps are in hand which will increase the home production of aluminium by 45 per cent. as compared with pre-War days. The control of copper has been one of special difficulty and complexity. The arrangements made have certainly enabled us to avoid in a great measure some of the

penalties of the very high prices which have prevailed, but there are few important metals of which there is greater need for scientific and methodical development in this country than is the case with copper.

DEVELOPMENT OF MINERAL RESOURCES.

So much impressed have we become with the importance of rendering this country in the present emergency as independent as possible of foreign supplies of minerals that a short time ago we invited a small committee of engineers and mining experts, under the chairmanship of Sir Lionel Phillips, to collect information and to make proposals, under a unified scheme, for the development for war purposes on commercial lines of the mineral resources of the United Kingdom. Much useful information has already been collected, and we anticipate very valuable results from the work of this committee.

Owing to the insufficiency of the world's supplies of certain metals for munitions and for all commercial purposes, we have had to establish an elaborate system of priority certificates, and some little time ago, at the suggestion of Mr. Edgar Jones, M.P., the Controller of this Department, after a conference with our Colonial representatives, arrangements were made for the Colonies and India to co-operate in the examination of their demands upon us on lines similar to those we have adopted at home. The Priority Department has to adjudicate on an average upon more than

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9,500 applications per week. It has about 1,000 individual interviews with representatives of firms every week, and its control extends over steel, iron, copper, lead and other metals, as well as over numerous alloys.

Some time ago, in order to be as secure as we could that this work was carried out with a minimum of hardship to private trade, I instituted a standing Priority Committee of business men, under the chairmanship of Mr. John Wormald, of Messrs. Mather and Platt, to examine and advise upon various schemes of priority as they affected individual industries. The trades that have been examined cover a large variety of industries, from the manufacture of washing machines to that of jewellery.

SCRAP COLLECTING AND SALVAGE.

Priority is one method of effecting economy in the use of metals. Further help has been given by the institution of a system of scrap collecting and distribution. This is now getting into working order throughout the country under the direction of Mr. Alexander Walker, and it should lead to an extensive cleaning up of the masses of scrap of all kinds which may still be seen in some places and in various munition works.

With a view also to rendering further assistance in this direction, we have established an extensive Salvage Department, under Sir Charles Ellis, which works in co-operation with the armies at the front for the salvage, re-shipping to this country, re-

forming and re-issue of a large number of parts of munitions. We are now able to re-form hundreds of thousands of 18-pounder cartridge cases. When it is remembered that the price of a new case is about 7s., that it can be re-formed four times, and that we are re-forming cases at the cost of 4d. a case, the importance of this branch of work is obvious.

As another contribution towards the saving of metals, an expert committee, presided over by Mr. Fielding of the Rio Tinto Corporation, and working in conjunction with the Designs Department, is now charged with the duty of making recommendation for economising the use of the more expensive metals. Largely through the efforts of this Committee we are securing a reduction in the amount of copper used in copper-bands, amounting to a saving of many thousands of tons of copper in a year ; and less expensive metals are now being brought into use as constituents of various fuzes and other shell components.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Many useful suggestions in the direction of economy and for the utilisation of cheaper materials have been received from the Munitions Inventions Department under Colonel Goold-Adams. There is still a steady stream of suggestions and more than 6,000 have been reported on since the beginning of the present year. Many valuable contributions have been made over a wide field, varying from improvements in scientific instruments and

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modifications in defensive and offensive apparatus to economies in the use and treatment of fuel. In sixty-five cases special rewards have been made to employees of firms for useful suggestions.

And here I should like to make a passing reference to the fact that attempts are being made to promote the production of nitrates at home with the avoidance of importation, in accordance with proposals founded upon the work of the Nitrogen Products Committee—a committee which consists of a number of eminent engineers, manufacturers and scientific men, under the chairmanship of Colonel Goold-Adams.

Special efforts are also being made in these islands for the development of oil production. Thanks largely to the tact and knowledge of Professor Cadman, we have already promoted an excellent working arrangement between the workpeople and employers in the Scottish shale districts, which has resulted in a great economy in the methods of production, as well as in an increased output of oil. Subjects such as these have necessarily led us to appeal for the aid of a large number of scientific men, especially chemists, physicists and engineers, and we have not appealed in vain.

SUPERIORITY IN TRENCH WARFARE.

The Trench Warfare Research Committee, under the chairmanship of General Jackson, has been responsible for the initiation and development of the more highly specialised forms of warfare which are peculiar to the trench fighting on the Western

Front. I cannot, of course, describe in detail any of the newer developments, but I can say, with confidence, that although we started behind in the race, we are probably now as superior to the Germans in this section of warfare as we are in that of artillery.

The Trench Warfare Supply Department, under Sir Alexander Roger, covers an enormous variety of supplies from fireworks and grenades to the heaviest form of bombs, also helmets, shields, specialised chemical apparatus, trench mortars and their ammunition. This Department has supplied one and a-half million steel helmets during the past six months. As an illustration of the increasing demands of the Army for Trench Warfare material, I find that in December the tonnage requirements amounted to 7,648 tons, whilst last month it reached 17,963 tons.

THE WELFARE OF THE WORKER.

The Trench Warfare Department of the Ministry has brought us into contact, in some of its branches, with manufacturing problems of a peculiarly difficult and often of a dangerous kind, and we have received much help from the branches of the Ministry which had special charge of the welfare and the health of munition workers. The Health of Munition Workers' Committee, under Sir George Newman, has produced a number of valuable Reports, and has been instrumental, I think, in establishing principles which will continue to be applied long after the war. More than 600 firms have appointed supervisors

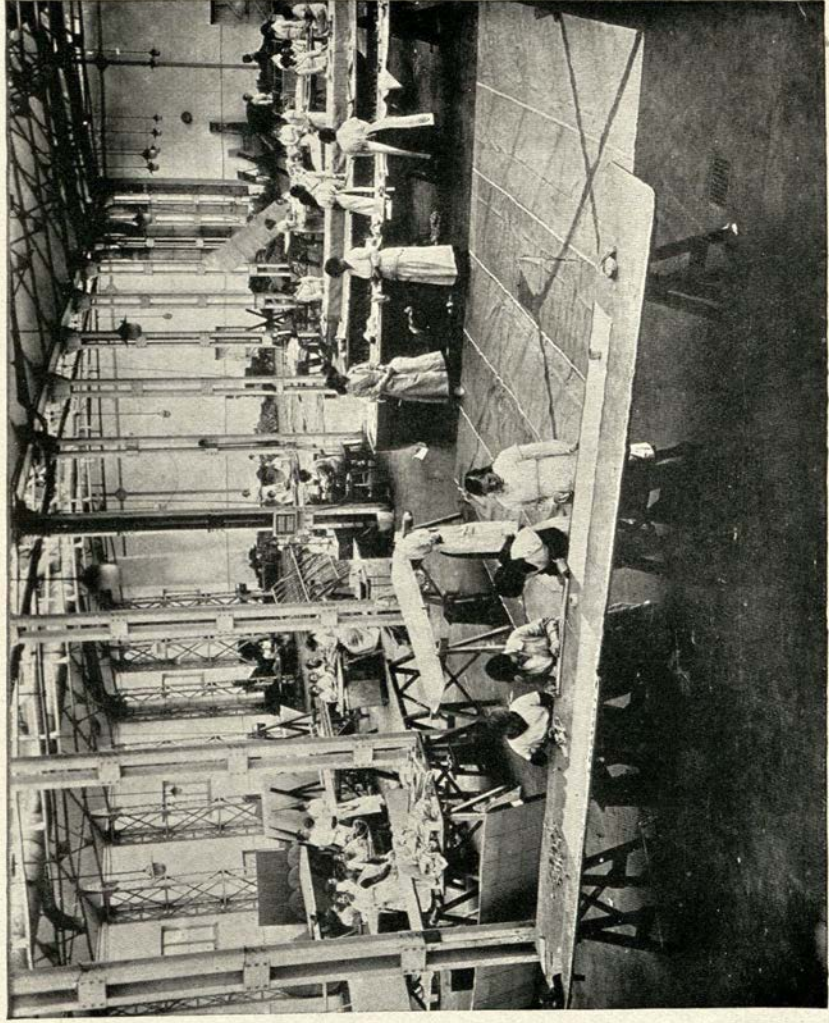
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whose sole duty is to promote the welfare of their workers, and great benefit has resulted in different directions. It will be evident that questions associated with food, clothing, light, ventilation, rest, and so forth arise almost in every workshop, and there has been friendly co-operation between the staff of the Ministry dealing with these special problems and the Department of the Home Office that is concerned with factory administration. Should they be necessary, schemes have been prepared in connection with the feeding of munition workers which have regard to the arduousness of the labour on which they are engaged.

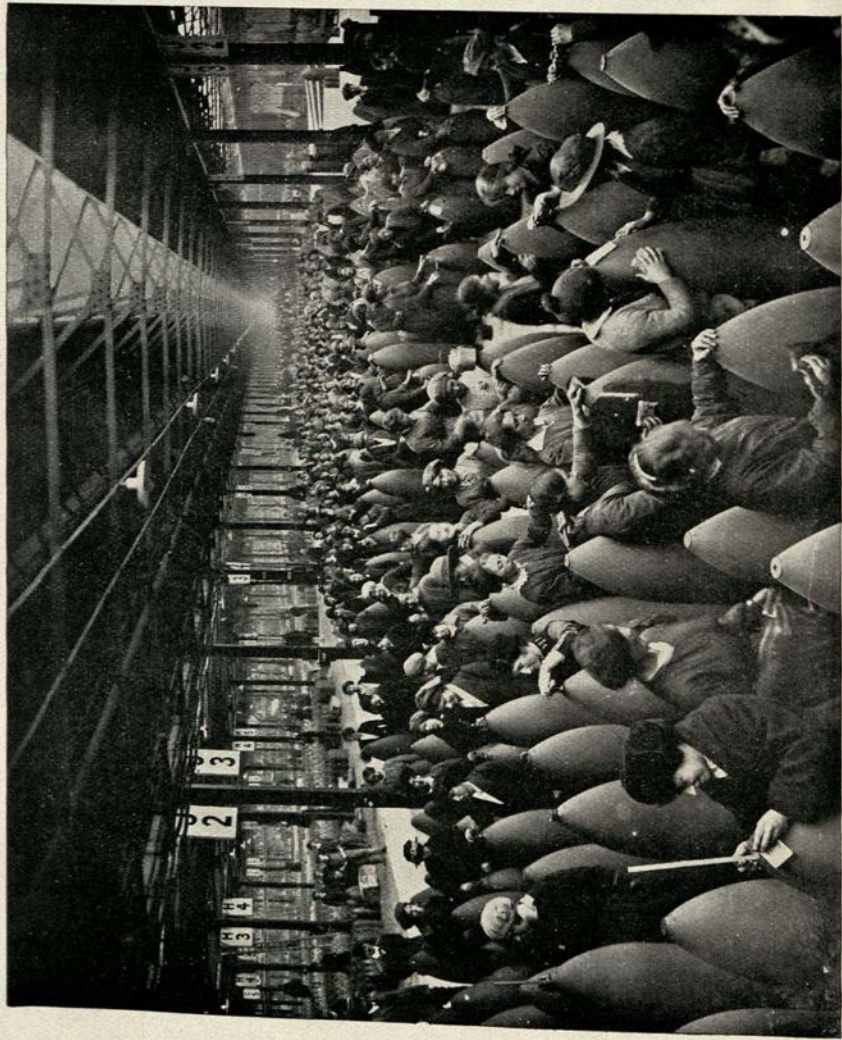
Last year the problems arising out of the handling of T.N.T. and other poisonous explosives became somewhat acute, and I appointed a special committee, under the chairmanship of Dr. W. M. Fletcher, Secretary of the Medical Research Committee, to investigate them and make recommendations. The efforts of this committee, in conjunction with the Filling Department, have resulted in the application of suggestions which have been accompanied by an enormous diminution of the cases of illness. We have found here, as we have found often enough before, that the problems of prevention when understood are simpler than those of cure.

LABOUR SUPPLY.

In the early days of the Ministry we were confronted with a demand for labour amounting to many hundreds of thousands of workpeople. But



WHAT THE DAUGHTERS OF BRITAIN ARE DOING. / GENERAL VIEW OF AIRCRAFT FABRIC
WORKROOM.



WOMEN WORKERS IN A BRITISH SHELL FACTORY.

Ernest Milnes

the work of the Ministry has almost doubled within the last twelve months.

At the beginning of this year we found that the Aircraft Supply programme would require at least 10,000 additional workers, many of them skilled; and what applies to aircraft applies to shipbuilding, gun manufacture, tanks, agricultural implements, and many more supplies.

In connection with the development of iron-ore at home, we have received great assistance in the recruitment of men in the china-clay districts in Cornwall who have volunteered to move into iron-ore districts. Some hundreds of them have already taken up the work. In co-operation with the Coal Controller, steps are being taken to draft into those districts where the iron-ore is mined a number of men experienced in mining. I should like here to mention, as one of the most gratifying interviews I have ever had on labour questions, a deputation which I recently received of the joint employers and employed from the Cleveland iron-ore district. During the discussion, it appeared that they had not had a strike of any magnitude in that trade for nearly forty years, and when one saw the spirit and traditions which had been established between the two parties, manifested in the patriotic way in which they tried to meet our demands, no surprise could be felt at their record.

WOMEN'S WORK AND MOBILE LABOUR.

If we have regard to the upheaval it has involved in industrial methods we may claim, I think, that

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the widespread employment of women in munition work has been attended with singularly little difficulty. From 60 per cent. to 80 per cent. of the machine work on shells, fuzes, and trench warfare supplies is now performed by women. They have been trained in aeroplane manufacture, in gun work, and in almost every other branch of manufacture. It would have been quite impossible to meet the demands by any of the available mobile labour without training others, and bringing into operation a large body of labour previously inexperienced. This necessity has cast a large burden upon the training section of the Ministry, which has operated to supplement the training which goes on in the works. More than sixty technical schools and colleges in Great Britain are used in this work. We have trained more than 32,000 workers in these places. There are also five special industrial factories engaged in training. Nearly 8,000 people trained in specially difficult processes have been placed in employment this year and we have contributed 1,450 trained mechanics to the Royal Flying Corps.

Three other sections of the Ministry have been in constant operation to supplement that which is done either by dilution or training. There are 38,000 skilled workpeople employed away from their homes as War Munitions Volunteers, and I cannot pay too high a tribute to the loyal manner in which they have observed their undertakings and been willing to move as the urgency of one part of the munition programme may have acquired priority

over that of another. There are also over 40,000 soldiers who have been released from the Colours and have similarly placed themselves at the disposal of the Ministry. In addition, more than 30,000 Army Reserve Munitions Workers have been placed on work of construction in the steel trade and elsewhere. It would have been impossible to have met the ever-changing and growing programme without this large body of mobile labour, and I cannot refrain from a heartfelt tribute to the work of Sir Stephenson Kent and his colleagues who have had charge of Labour Supply.

DILUTION IN PRIVATE INDUSTRY.

In the nature of the case, the Ministry cannot escape so long as the war continues from the difficulty of having to meet great programmes of supplies of all kinds, and the demands of the Army for reinforcements. The perplexities and difficulties which these conflicting problems present can possibly be imagined, but they are very difficult to describe. After consideration of them all in October of last year, the Man Power Distribution Board recommended the Cabinet to suspend the issue of badges, and, at the same time, to secure the retention in industries of the necessary supply of skilled workers. With a view to meet the difficulties which afterwards arose in this connection, the Trade Card Scheme was negotiated. It was found that the release of men strictly according to age groups in some of the most important industries, such as the

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electrical trade, the magneto industry, aeroplane manufacture and others which are relatively new, and therefore largely staffed by young labour, presented special difficulties and had necessarily to undergo some modification when it was tried last December. The Man Power Distribution Board also, after a careful examination of the case, came to the conclusion that the only available source for the skilled labour required—at all events in some industries—must be derived from private and commercial work, and recommended that the methods of dilution, under proper safeguards, should be extended thereto. The need to-day is much greater than it was then.

Apart from the difficulties inherent in the administration of any exemption scheme, the Ministry, along with other departments, was instructed by the War Cabinet early in this year to provide a certain quota for the Army during the coming months, and this, apart from other difficulties, compelled a revision of the Trade Card Scheme. We are making special efforts to deal comprehensively with the whole issue of organised skilled labour at the present time, and have decided to make drastic modifications in the Munitions of War Act in an effort to provide a working scheme which, whilst giving us the skilled labour which we require, with adequate safeguards, will go far, I hope, to remove the hardships and difficulties which have inevitably been involved in the administration of the Munitions Act itself.

DISPUTES, WAGES, AND SAVINGS.

It would be unfair to the Disputes section of the Ministry under Mr. Wolff not to give some indication of the extent of its work. Let me say at once that if it were possible to start again with a clean slate, I should welcome a scheme whereby all labour disputes for all Government departments were dealt with in one department. But a department which is responsible for the employment of two million persons, and for keeping the products of their exertions up to a level which continually rises, cannot escape from responsibilities that attach to every good employer of labour.

We have dealt successfully in the Disputes branch with more than 100 disputes on an average every month which have been accompanied by short cessations of work. I find that during the first five months of 1916 the number of working days lost through suspensions of work was 1,559,900, which itself is less than one-quarter of the figure for the same period in 1914. During the same period of the present year, however, notwithstanding all that we hear against the Munitions of War Act, the figure has fallen to 540,700—or only one-third of what it was a year ago. There are forty-five local Labour Advisory Boards, many of which have rendered invaluable service. We have to administer and apply to our workers, for example, the 1,500 awards which were given by the Committee on Production during 1916. There are about 230 cases dealt with per week under the Fair Wages

clause, and we have, on the average, to adjust and deal with awards, apart from the Fair Wages awards, at the rate of four every day. These are for the most part separate from the findings of the special tribunals and the orders issued as the result of their findings affecting the wages of women. These latter awards have now been applied to more than 90 per cent. of the women employed on munition work in controlled establishments, and some conception may be formed of the magnitude of the achievement as it affects women's wage when I say that before the War the average wage for women employed by time-rate, doing 48 hours a week, was 12s. a week. At the present time, the lowest rate for time-work for adult women is 22s., and the average rate for women time-workers is 25s. a week.

As to savings, Major Scott, our commissioner on the National War Savings Committee, reports that those connected with munition work are known to have contributed no less than £40,187,381 either directly to the War Loan or through certificates issued through the Boards of Management.

THE CONTRIBUTION TO INDUSTRIAL METHOD.

The Labour Department of the Ministry of Munitions has come in for a good deal of criticism lately. We have made our mistakes ; who would not ? We know much more about them than those outside. But we are entitled to ask our critics and others to look at the magnitude of the difficulties, and the enormous extent and variety of our opera-

tions, and to bear in mind the thousands of cases in which adjustments are smoothly arrived at.

One day you are confronted with a demand for aeroplane workers, another day it is an augmented production of chemicals for smoke clouds, another day it is acetylene welders that are wanted for bombs or mines, another day it is workers in T.N.T. and poisonous compounds, then it is a demand for long-range guns, then for agricultural tractors, then for iron-ore workers, and so on and so on, requiring ever-changing adjustments and improvisations—time-rates, piece-rates, movements of labour and all the rest of it.

We face our critics without apology, and we shall find, I believe, that in the rates of pay of women workers, in the reduction of the hours of labour and in humaner methods of employment, as well as in many other directions, the Labour Department of the Ministry of Munitions has made an enduring contribution of high value towards our industrial methods.

HOUSING AND OTHER BUILDING SCHEMES.

The employment of so many workers, especially women, away from their homes raises social and other problems which are very difficult to deal with, and there are few questions of administration which cause one at times more anxiety.

It is our duty to do the best that can be expected of a good employer, and also to recognise the

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responsibilities which belong to the State. But the difficulty of obtaining personal and tactful assistance of the right kind, properly directed, and without interfering with the proper liberties of the subject, raises a number of personal and human issues which are very difficult to adjust. If you leave it simply to the voluntary effort of the locality, you will find sometimes that it is done very well ; in other cases, the work is not done at all ; and sometimes it is over-done.

Our Housing Schemes fall into three groups :—

(1) Those in which, by Government contribution, we have assisted local authorities or others to provide permanent housing ;

(2) where the Ministry itself has constructed temporary cottages or hostels ; and

(3) where we have taken and adapted for munition workers existing accommodation.

The management and administration of some of these new townships—for they amount to little less—have been greatly assisted by many business firms, by workers' organisations, co-operative societies and volunteers, and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking them for what they have done or are doing.

The establishment of canteens has made great progress during the last twelve months, and I find that altogether in controlled establishments and in national factories canteens have now been provided for supplying meals to 810,000 workers daily.

The commitments of the Ministry with respect to new buildings or extensions of factories are so numerous and were made in the emergencies of the War under such diverse conditions that I recently asked a number of gentlemen from outside who had had the necessary technical and business experience to devote themselves, under the chairmanship of Mr. Palmer, of Messrs. Rendel, Palmer and Tritton, to the examination and control of all works of building and extensions undertaken or assisted by the Ministry both from the structural and financial point of view, as well as from the point of view of their necessity. It has involved a very heavy burden of work, but I am glad to say that substantial progress has been made. The Controlled Establishments Branch, under Mr. Owen Smith and his advising accountants, is necessarily closely associated with this side of our work.

EXPENDITURE AND THE SCRUTINY OF ACCOUNTS.

The expenditure of the Ministry on extensions has been great, but by far the most considerable item of the enormous expenditure for which we are responsible is that connected with the supply of gun ammunition.

We have done our best to reduce the cost of shell components, and the cost of ammunition during the past year, as compared with the cost that the same amount would have involved at the prices of the previous year, represents a saving of £43,000,000. But I am sorry to say that our best efforts in these

directions, in view of the increasing extent of our work, afford no prospect of reduction in the total expenditure. The control of this enormous expenditure imposes great burdens upon the Finance Department, the charge of which devolved upon Mr. John Mann after Sir Hardman Lever left us.

A short time ago a reorganisation of the Store-keeping and control was instituted under Sir Harry Ross Skinner and Major Cripps, and, at the same time, I invited some eminent accountants from outside to devote themselves to the scrutiny and supervision of Stores accounts. Mr. Garnsey, of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co., and Mr. Guy, of the Nurneby Company, U.S.A., are specially in charge of these duties. The magnitude of their task may be imagined when I say that our different stores cover a floor area of 5,000,000 square feet ; that we make more than 60,000 individual consignments each week ; and that the number of articles handled each week by the Stores Departments exceeds 50,000,000.

The complexity and difficulty of the checking and control of this expenditure and material is hard to describe, and we welcome every useful suggestion which makes for its more efficient discharge.

In order that we might have constantly with us a body of men able to devote themselves free from office duties to the consideration of these problems, I set up a few weeks ago an Advisory Committee on Finance under Sir Clarendon Hyde, consisting

of a small number of gentlemen experienced in these matters. In many directions, the cost accounting and financial methods which have been adopted have not only provided considerable savings but have improved methods of manufacture. At the same time, in this gigantic business, involving as it does the purchase, collection, distribution, supply and checking of innumerable items, waste and oversight is bound to occur, and we should aim progressively at the adoption of methods which automatically prevent their occurrence as far as possible.

DIRECTION AND CONTROL.

Now I may refer in a few words to the methods we adopt to secure direction and control in our great and constantly changing responsibilities. So far as possible allied departments are grouped under a number of Directors-General, certain groups reporting to each of the Parliamentary Secretaries, Mr. Kellaway and Sir Worthington Evans. In some cases, as I have indicated, those in charge of associated groups meet for the consideration of their common problems, whilst special committees deal with questions which arise in particular departments. In order, however, to secure the consideration of big problems affecting many departments, or the Ministry as a whole, we have a Ministerial Advisory Committee, consisting of Sir Arthur Duckham as Chairman, Sir James Stevenson as Vice-Chairman, with Sir Frederick Black,

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Sir Stephenson Kent, Sir Ernest Moir, and Sir Alexander Roger as members.

These gentlemen have considered and recommended schemes for dealing with many of our greatest and most difficult problems, such as those raised by the addition to our duties of aeronautical supplies, by the control of metals, the regulation of stores, and a large number of kindred subjects, and I cannot speak too highly of the help which they have ungrudgingly rendered.

The Ministry presents perhaps the most remarkable aggregation of men and women of diverse qualifications and attainments that has ever been got together in this country. Men from every branch of commerce and industry are serving with us, often as volunteers; scientists, lawyers, literary men, commercial men, travellers, soldiers, sailors, and I know not what besides are working in our ranks, and worthily have they served the State.

THE PROBLEMS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

From what I have said it will be recognised that the problems of reconstruction, and the possibilities of useful developments which the experiences of the Ministry have provided during the last two years, are so many and of such great moment that they may well engage the constant attention of the best minds. Whilst, with true British instinct, we dwell upon our faults and failings, nothing throughout the War has been of greater value than the proof which has been afforded that, given the incentive and the

intention, the nation is abundantly equal to making a full use of the lessons and of the opportunities that present themselves.

Nothing in the relations between Capital and Labour gives rise more to difficulty and distrust than two customs which are dependent upon one another. The first is the cutting of rates of pay on piece work so as to limit the rise of earnings when improved methods of manufacture, leading to a great output, are introduced. It is not the practice of the best employers, but it is adopted by many. This practice—or the fear of it—has inevitably led to the second and retaliatory practice of the restriction of output. The influence of these two practices in our industrial life is thoroughly poisonous. We must establish a system whereby both parties have a direct interest in the introduction of improved methods. Without it our progress will inevitably be accompanied by endless disputes. The accounting side of the Ministry has abundantly proved that modern methods of production are not only well able to afford good wage rates, but are benefited by so doing.

REDEEMING NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES.

In some industries, vital to the prosecution of the War and to the maintenance of improved peace industries, we had allowed the Germans to acquire control, either of the whole industry or of some part of it which was essential to its continuance. We have steadily overcome these drawbacks, but it is almost

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impossible to describe the handicap they have been. In overcoming them, however, we have been awakened to some of our neglected opportunities and have founded—and will be able to found with proper direction—great new industries and extensions on a vastly improved scale of old ones. Should the War last, we ought to find ourselves next year with a capacity for steel production more than 50 per cent. greater than it was before the War, with modern coke ovens, equipped with recovery plants, with knowledge of how to extract and use the valuable by-products, with groups of blast-furnaces, steel furnaces and rolling mills arranged on a big scale, suitably situated and co-ordinated with one another. Instead of being able to produce at home about one-third of the spelter that national industries require, we should have a capacity for producing two-thirds or more. Instead of having to look to Germany for our fertilisers, we should be able to produce at home spelter and acid and fertilisers and many other products related to these trades by modern, economical, and efficient methods on a vastly augmented scale.

At the beginning of the War we found ourselves with no facilities to smelt the copper produced in our own colonies. We were dependent upon Germany for the potash so vital to some of our industries and to our agriculture. The story of glass and dyes is so well known that I need do no more than refer to it, and the catalogue could be continued to a great extent. There are, however, two matters of great moment to which I should like

specially to allude. We have had to import nitrate from Chili and pyrites from Spain, for practically every ton of essential nitrates that we require. I have good hope of the schemes which are at present in hand for the use of gas-works ammonia and for the production of cyanamide, as well as otherwise for obtaining nitrogen. Germany is obtaining all her nitrates without a cargo from Chili. The importance of the solution of this problem as a key to immense industries can scarcely be exaggerated, and no effort should be spared to solve it on commercial lines.

The other problem of equal magnitude and, in some respects, closely related, is the provision of cheap power and the utilisation of inferior coals. I cannot go into details, but important developments are in progress, and it is most important that no effort should be spared to bring them to a successful issue.

We have suffered in the War not only from old-fashioned plant and negligent financial methods but from a serious neglect of research and scientific work as applied to industry, and I should like to acknowledge the help which has been afforded by the Committee on Scientific and Industrial Research, in the origin of which I may perhaps claim some parental pride. Our manufacturers are awakening to this need, and so is labour, and I cannot think of any national investment worthier of thought and of cost than this one.

A number of the chief men of the different departments of the Ministry are at work on plans

for reconstruction, and there is a Ministry Reconstruction Committee to secure uniformity of direction in accordance with an arrangement made with the Central Reconstruction Committee. The destination of our national factories will at once suggest itself as an important matter for consideration, but others are emerging which may be of greater consequence even than this.

The War has revealed that a certain measure of central control and common direction may place at the disposal of individual effort opportunities otherwise quite unattainable.

The flow of demands in the Priority Department points to an opportunity of securing a great volume of useful commercial work for this country. The flow of foreign orders, demands for restoration abroad, the needs of our railways and shipyards and common service undertakings show that there are abundant opportunities before us. If preparations are made beforehand, it should be possible, by a wise administration, to help in bridging over the transition between the disestablishment of the industries of War and the establishment of those of peace. At the direction of the Imperial War Cabinet, the Ministry is taking steps which will assist in providing information on commercial lines as to the mineral resources of the Empire. We want information which will be available not simply in general terms, but examined and proved, so that we may be able to know not only what resources there are, but by what methods and at what cost they may best be developed. There are mineral

resources at home, which have been scarcely tapped, and what applies to these small islands applies with much greater force to the almost infinite resources of the British Empire.

THE FORWARD LOOK.

These things are worthy of the sustained attention of the best minds the nation can command, and we should consider them not from any narrow profiteering standpoint, but in such a way as will enlist the help and sympathy of all classes.

As we review them and reflect upon all the possibilities of development, both in material and in human things which they disclose, we gather, amidst our labours, further resolution, and take fresh courage in our determination to endure until, in company with those who are fighting with us, we have put down military tyranny in the world and have thus removed the one great obstacle in the way of real human advancement.

The minds of men are open, all hearts are stirred, and the power and capacity of our people is proved to be so great and so sufficient that, properly directed, patiently, with consideration and with careful forethought, the end is sure.

We look forward, therefore, to the future with a confidence made strong by the experiences and work of this great Department, the record of whose achievement is to be found, not in this incident or in that, not merely in great industrial advances at home, but in far distant lands, at the gates of

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Gaza, on the hills of the Carso, on the stricken fields of France and Belgium, wherever the British Army is to be found—an Army which in its equipment of munitions is now equal if not superior to any other army in the world.

**PRESENTED
BY**

Why British Labour Supports the War

**BY
J. A. SEDDON.**

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

MR. J. A. SEDDON is one of the best known and most influential of British labour leaders. He has served as President of the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants—a union which he helped to organise—as Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, and as President of the Trades Union Congress. This last office is the supreme honour organised British labour can bestow. From 1906 to 1910 he was Labour Member of Parliament for the Newton Division of Lancashire.

At the outbreak of war, in August, 1914, Mr. Seddon promptly and unhesitatingly took up the national cause. He has since done notable service. Previously he had been an outspoken opponent of militarism in any form.

In the following pages he shows how the same fundamental principles which once made him a pacifist—love of liberty, love of justice and a desire for the well-being of mankind—to-day make him, and the overwhelming mass of British workers, stern supporters of war.

Why British Labour Supports the War

Before the outbreak of the Great War, organised British labour was wholly pacifist. We were opposed to militarism in every shape and form. We fought the increase of armaments. We did our best to allay anything which might be likely to promote the growth of the fighting spirit among our people. We looked to see the spirit of international friendship spread till all nations were united in world peace.

We believed that the burden of war falls most heavily on the worker. The Trades Union Congress, the Parliament of British Labour, representing close on three millions of organised toilers, had not so much as a trace of a militarist party in it. This was as true of the last annual gathering of the Congress before the outbreak of war, as it was of any Congress for years before. It was true of the Parliamentary Committee of the Congress, its executive and administrative body. I can speak on that point with some authority, for I was Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee. The Congress was anti-war. My colleagues on the Committee were anti-war. I was anti-war.

To-day British labour whole-heartedly supports

the war against Germany. My same colleagues who before August, 1914, were teaching peace are now working to the utmost of their power to help in the great fight. In order to help on the war and to bring victory, our trades unions have sacrificed, for the time, many jealously guarded rights, which we and our fathers had won only after long struggles.

Men who led the campaign for short hours of work are now themselves working long hours on war tasks. The trades unions have permitted the dilution of labour, the introduction of women and semi-skilled men in what were solely skilled men's tasks. Many trades union regulations have been wiped out for the time by the trades unions themselves. The unions have passed self-denying ordinances against strikes. Disputes that once would have made fifty thousand men down tools in an hour are now endured until opportunity comes to get them put right.

Labour has done more than approve of the war and work to help on the war. Long before conscription became law hundreds of thousands of men gave up regular work to enlist voluntarily in the Army. If you want to know the truth about the British working man as a fighter, study the records of the British Army. The Scottish regiments, that enrolled tens of thousands from the Clyde; the Lancashire regiments, largely recruited from factory hands and miners; the Durham regiments with their colliers; the regi-

ments recruited in practically every industrial centre tell the same story. These are the men and the sons of the men who fought militarism before 1914. Now they are fighting, and often enough dying, in the Army, and are glad and proud to do so.

Why ?

What has brought about this great change ?

We have learned that Prussian militarism must be destroyed, root and branch, and the only way to destroy it is to fight it. We have realised that this war is a death grapple between systems which cannot co-exist if freedom is to be something more than a name. We know what the horrors of war are. We know who is responsible for those horrors.

In my own case, my official position made it necessary for me, when war broke out, to consider all the facts of the situation, not merely from my personal point of view, but as a representative of labour. Accordingly, I studied the State papers issued by the different Governments, by Germany and Austria, as well as by England, France, and Russia. To me the evidence in these documents was unmistakable. Germany had first brought about the situation leading up to the war, and then had forced the war on Europe.

Using Austria as her tool, and the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince as a pretext, she had kindled the blaze of war at the moment she thought most favourable to herself. She made Austria insist on impossible terms from Serbia,

and refuse any modification, knowing that this would lead to war. She got Russia to mobilise by a trick. She refused mediation.

She was ready. England, France and Russia were not. She did not believe that England would or could come to the aid of France and Russia. She thought that she saw world supremacy in her grasp, and she grabbed at it.

Germany started the war. England and her Allies did their best to avoid it.

That is what the State papers told me. These papers are published and are open to the world. Read them! Read what each Government had to say in those fateful days, and see if you do not come to the same conclusion. Other British trades union leaders studied the matter as I had done, and thought as I did. We issued a manifesto, which was widely circulated.

Shortly afterwards I went to America, to take a message from the toilers of Britain to the workers of the United States and Canada. Here I had opportunity to learn more of events that had led up to the war. I met prominent neutrals, who had had entry into some of the most influential circles in Berlin. They told me what they knew of German ambitions and preparations. I saw that there had been a deliberate conspiracy of the Kaiser's Government, that had stretched over a number of years, to plunge the world in war. The idea of "Deutschland über alles" dominated the minds of the German leaders. They were

going to make Germany over all. Knowing that the main opposition to this would come from England, they had cultivated the hatred of their people against us.

This war was Germany's work, and Germany's purpose was to secure world domination. British labour was opposed to war. But British labour was and is infinitely more opposed to the establishment of a system that would place the nations at the mercy of Prussian bureaucracy! Better many years of war than this. We realised that Prussianism and freedom cannot exist side by side.

The German violation of Belgian territory stirred the British working men, for we could not understand a nation boasting of its culture treating its solemn treaty obligations as mere scraps of waste paper. But when we knew how the people were being treated, the passion of our race was fully aroused.

When accounts came to England of outrages committed by German troops against Belgian civilians, most of us at first did not believe them. Even though the Germans were our enemies, we refused to credit them with actions so vile. We thought that possibly a few individual acts had been exaggerated and magnified. We did not propose to blame the whole of a nation for the excesses of a few of its members. We gave Germany credit for some respect for the humane conventions which she herself had accepted and promised to observe.

But before long we had to believe. We learned on proved evidence that the horrors we had at first refused to think possible were only a part—and by no means the worst—of what was going on. Many of the deeds of the Prussian Army in Belgium were so terrible that they could only be whispered from man to man. We found that the reign of terror in the conquered territory—the burning of villages, the shooting of peaceful priests, schoolmasters and doctors as hostages, the outraging of young girls and married women, and the wholesale destruction of homes—was no chance excess of individuals, but the systematic and deliberate policy of the German Government, prepared for in advance, and carried through without justice or mercy.

I cannot describe the effect of this on British labour. We realised that Prussian militarism, with its attested cruelty, rapine and murder, must be destroyed, in every shape and form. We realised that now there could be no compromise and no slackening. This aggressive militarism must be overthrown, or all our efforts would have been in vain.

The revelations acted as a flame to a torch. We were facing the issue chiefly from the point of moral values. Our people have an appreciation of right and wrong. We knew without argument that a nation fighting with weapons such as Germany employed in Belgium must be wrong.

To-day our first refusal to believe in the German

outrages may be considered extraordinary. We have had much evidence since, from the sinking of the *Lusitania* to the submarine murders of wounded on Red Cross ships, of how Germany makes war. The deeds Germany has admitted, deeds officially described and glorified, are her own condemnation. But at the beginning of the war we did not think them possible. We did not believe that any nation claiming to be civilised could sink to such depths.

I undertook a series of recruiting meetings on my return to England. Time after time, when I described what had happened to the people of Belgium, whole audiences were stirred as they had been stirred by nothing else. Men sprang to their feet, volunteering to enlist and go to fight. They did not even wait to go home and talk it over with their wives. They were willing someone else should tell the Missus.

The Englishman loves a scrap. That is part of his racial inheritance. He is never against joining in a rough-and-tumble. But it was not love of a scrap that led him to join up now. He had had a rude awakening. A situation had arisen undreamed of in his philosophy. His dream castle of peace had tumbled about his ears. His sense of nationality, his sense of justice, his hatred of wrong united to arouse his slumbering passion.

It was in those days that British labour made up its mind that no sacrifice was too great, no

struggle too long, no effort too mighty to settle this menace to the world. Everything that has happened since has strengthened our conviction. Prussian militarism must go or freedom must go.

I may be told that British labour is not unanimous. "What of the strikes on the Clyde, and at Barrow, and of the labour struggle in South Wales?" I may be asked. These troubles were comparatively small, and were the work of a few well-known mischief-makers. Some of us would deal with these mischief-makers in much more drastic fashion than our authorities do. I would send them to the trenches, under escort, to learn what war is.

The trades unions did not recognise the strikes, and did their best to end them. Some of the men in them did not understand what they were doing. It is not always easy for a man working closely over forge or in a mine to realise the actualities of war conditions. I went to some of the men on strike. "You have sent your sons to fight," I said. "Are you going to leave them in the trenches without cartridges or shells, to be shot down by the enemy? For that is what your striking means. Are you going to let them be put up to be potted without having a shot to send back?" "Ah!" said one man, "I didn't think of it that way!"

The trouble-makers haven't had much success. The strikes have not lasted long. And surely the

fact that there have been so few strikes, and for so short a time, is the best evidence of how British labour as a whole has worked for the war.

What of the conscientious objectors—the C.O.'s? What of the people in England who refuse to fight? There are not many of them, but there are a few. We trades unionists regard the conscientious objectors as national blacklegs. They accept the protection provided by the nation, and the security established by our fighting men. They receive the benefits of our national organisation, and are trying to escape from paying their fair dues. Trades unions get rid of blacklegs. I would clear these national blacklegs out of the land.

The course of the war is bringing about far-reaching changes in British labour, changes the full effects of which are as yet scarcely realised. All classes have commingled in the trenches, and have perhaps learned to understand one another better. The men of the Overseas forces, who have come among us in their hundred thousands, have helped the British worker to realise the Empire. Men born in Toronto and Melbourne have fought side by side with men born in Liverpool and Sheffield.

The progress of the war and my experiences during a visit to France helped to convince me that until international disarmament comes and the character of the German is transformed, we must guard ourselves by national service against future dangers. The so-called voluntary system cost us dearly. Witness the destruction of so

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many of our first Expeditionary Force in France, because we had not the trained men to send to their support.

I believe that the nation must create a system which will give us security for the future, and that such a system can be established without dislocating the industry of the country. We cannot risk the repetition of 1914.

The coming of America into the war has brought fresh hope and encouragement. I never had any doubt of the sympathy of vast masses of American people. I saw much of them in the early days of the war. I have heard much from them since. President Wilson's speech declaring war revealed the greatness of his conception. It thrilled England. I started reading it when beginning a railway journey. I passed several stations beyond my destination before I had finished. I had forgotten everything but the President's words. Now that America is by our side the sympathy and friendship between the workers of our two lands will be closer than ever. For our aims are one.

Terrible as this war has been, and heavy as is its cost, I am yet profoundly convinced that it is bringing us new vision, new hopes, new life. A common sorrow over our lost ones is helping to break down many old barriers. The sense of a common fellowship is uniting us.

BY
WHY ITALY IS WITH
THE ALLIES.

BY
ANTHONY HOPE.



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WHY ITALY IS WITH THE ALLIES.

"The power of this great national movement has fortunately been directed only to the securing of Italian liberty and not to the oppression of others. No doubt the reason of this is the fortunate fact that no alien race dwells beside the Italian within the boundaries of the Peninsula. There is no one for the Italian to oppress. But the result has been the sustained purity and idealism of patriotic emotion there, from the time of Mazzini's Young Italy to our own."

G. M. TREVELYAN.

Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Page 294.

What may conveniently be called modern Italian history is summed up in the story of the great national movement to which the accomplished biographer of the Liberator refers in these words—the movement which inspired Italy to the task of winning her unity and her liberty. It matters little whether we say that her aspiration was liberty through unity, or unity through liberty. The two things were indissolubly combined—were indeed fused into one—in idea and in fact. Her dreamers and prophets on the one hand, her rulers and statesmen on the other—we may content ourselves with the representative names of Mazzini and Cavour—differed about many things—means and methods, times and seasons, internal political ideals and forms of government—but they never differed about the great twofold aspiration, which was but a single one. Italy must be united and Italy must be free. This was the aim—one and indivisible—which fired

the hearts and nerved the arms of Italian patriots from the beginning of the *Risorgimento* to the day on which Victor Emmanuel entered Rome. And beyond that day.

To an Italian patriot it could not be otherwise. Melancholy centuries had taught him that division spelt servitude, servitude to many masters, or perhaps, in the end, to one. Whether he approached the question from the idealistic point of view or from the severely practical—whether he were a patriotic dreamer or the most “real” of “real” politicians—the same conclusion was forced upon him. An united Italy alone could be a free Italy. An Italy united and free was at once the only Italy worth having and the only Italy possible to get. It alone satisfied the heart of the dreamer and the mind of the statesman. Italy was no Italy unless she were free; Italy could not be Italy at all, unless union gave her the strength to maintain and defend her freedom. Unless she possessed that strength, both unity and freedom were impossible; they could never be obtained or, at best, would be transitory and delusive. The old enemies who had parcelled her out, time and again, would be able and only too ready to repeat the operation. There was, then, nothing wild and extravagant in the vision of the dreamer, any more than there was anything unreasonable or aggressive in the demand of the statesman. They met in the end, and met on firm ground. In the end all that either asked was to possess his own house and to possess it in security.

There is one thing always to be remembered when we are considering Italian questions. This Italy, united and thereby free, is a great nation. There is perhaps no single criterion judging by which we can call a nation great; but what possible criterion does not united and free Italy satisfy?

Whether we judge by history and tradition, or by literature and art, or by territory, population, and resources, she is great. Greatness cannot give or increase the right to freedom—that depends upon other considerations—but it does and should extend the use to be made of freedom. Greatness brings responsibility. Italy is not only able, she is also bound, to make her voice heard in the world, to take her share in the government of it, to do her part in securing that right and not wrong ideals shall prevail, that a right and not a wrong conception of civilisation shall triumph. If she does not do these things, she is false to the heritage which she has reclaimed for herself by splendid effort. If they will properly conceive of their position, the Great Powers must see themselves as trustees of the welfare of the world. Italy is one of them. She is not one of the small nations who may properly, with full right and with no loss of dignity, ask to be guarded by civilisation; she is bound herself to be a guardian of it.

And yet, guardian as she was and was bound to be of civilisation—of right and justice—she was herself also a claimant, a petitioner at the bar of justice and of right. Her union was not complete, nor her freedom secure. She was not yet mistress of the whole of her house, and not quite safe in any part of it. And plainly it is difficult, with all the goodwill in the world, to be an efficient guardian unless you are yourself independent and secure. Italy did not feel herself, in a full measure, either. The work of the great national movement was still incomplete—incomplete alike for the dreamer and for the statesman.

Italia Irredenta—Italy Unredeemed—is a picturesque phrase, and picturesque phrases are apt to be suspected, often with justice. This one, how-

ever, happens to express a simple truth. There still exist, beyond the present political frontiers of Italy but contiguous with them, considerable territories inhabited by people Italian by nationality, language, history, and culture, even as the territories themselves are Italian by every canon of political geography. For centuries they were Italian; it is hardly more than a century ago that they were forcibly torn from Italy; there is no manner of doubt that they are Italian now in heart and feeling, and eagerly await the chance of becoming so again in fact.

More than this. Not only are these territories essential to the unity and completeness of Italy; they are no less indispensable to her security and to her freedom. Through the possession of these territories Austria holds the keys to Italy—the mountains from which her armies can descend on the Italian plains, the harbours whence her fleet can assail the eastern coast of Italy.

A hard situation for Italy to accept! And yet she did accept it—not indeed in the sense that she abandoned her rightful claims or the hope of realising them some day and by some means, but in the sense that she consented to their remaining in abeyance, and—so far from seeking to enforce them by her own arms, or by intrigue, or by concerting alliances against Austria—even became, in obedience to what she herself (or her rulers) considered to be paramount national interests, an ally of Austria and a participant in the Triple Alliance. There is no need to examine the soundness or unsoundness of her policy in taking this step. It is sufficient here to say that, having entered into this engagement, she loyally observed it so long as the Alliance which she had joined preserved—or could possibly be regarded as preserving—the

pacific and purely defensive character in the guise of which it had gained her adherence.

Thus matters stood with Italy when this war came upon the world, and whatever doubts might be felt in some quarters as to its origin and its originators, its nature and character, Italy felt none. She knew her allies too well, and had too good cause for her knowledge. She was not deceived by the pretext of Serajevo. How should she be, when her statesmen knew that Austria, or rather the Central Powers, had meditated just the same *coup* a year before, and had been turned from it only by her own refusal to be their accomplice? She knew that it was no defensive war. She said as much, and announced that she would be no party to it. Probably the other two hardly expected that she would, for this time they had not even taken the trouble, or observed the courtesy, of consulting her. Yet Austria, at least, was bound to consult her before she occupied, either permanently or even temporarily, a yard of Serbian territory; indeed, she was not merely bound to consult her; she was bound by the Treaty of Alliance to arrive with her at "a previous agreement on the principle of reciprocal consent" in regard to any advantages which she might derive from the alteration of the *status quo* in the Balkans. A like obligation would have lain on Italy, had she been the Power whose action altered the *status quo*.

Italy, then, declared herself neutral and, let it be remembered, by this neutrality rendered great service to the Allies and to the cause for which they were fighting. Even moderate Italian forces, arrayed on the side of the Central Powers, might have vitally affected the course of the war in 1914. But the moral service was no less valuable. Italy's neutrality was an independent support of the

Allies' contention, a clear and unhesitating condemnation of the real aggressors. "But," says an Italian writer, "Italy has not claimed and will not claim any gratitude from the Allies for this; to enter the war on the side of the Central Empires would have been something like a physical impossibility to us. It might have meant an internal revolution, if the Government had chosen to engage the nation on that course; but no Italian Government would in any case have made Italy the accomplice of a deliberate aggression on the peace of Europe, of a war waged for the purpose of imposing the hegemony of one nation on the world."* And it seems to be a fact that no Italian statesman of established rank urged his countrymen to such a course, a rather remarkable fact when we remember the extent to which Italy was permeated by German commercial interests and influences. But if Italy had allowed too much of her business to slip into German hands, she kept her honour and her conscience in her own.

For nine months Italy maintained her neutrality, and during this period she carried on negotiations with Austria on the subject of her unredeemed provinces and her frontiers. Into these we need not enter in detail, but something must be said, because some extreme idealists—at least we shall see some reason to think them extreme—have accused Italy of trying to make profit out of her principles, that is, out of the opportunity which her refusal to participate in an aggressive war gave her. There was a party in Italy which might perhaps fairly be considered as open to this charge (not, after all, as politics go, a very heinous one)—the party led by Signor Giolitti, one of her most

* Raffaello Piccoli. "Italy and the War." T. Fisher Unwin, London. Page 9.

influential statesmen. He advised Italy to pledge her continued neutrality, and in return for it to accept from Austria a *parecchio* or, as we might say, "something on account" of her historic claims. But this party, strong as it was in some influential quarters, upheld by powerful commercial and financial interests, and energetically backed by Germany and Austria, was not the party that won the day. Nations are judged not by the policies that they reject, but by those which they accept. The policy pursued by the Ministry of Signor Salandra, which was in power and which the nation was unmistakably resolved to keep in power, was something quite different.

It was the duty of responsible Italian statesmen to ensure that the country should come to no harm by its policy of neutrality, if that proved to be the policy for which Italy finally elected. The risks of it were considerable; they were seen and appreciated from the outset. If the Central Powers were victorious, how would Italy stand? Her gates were still open, or at least the keys of them were in Austria's hands. If the victorious Empires were minded to punish the desertion of their ally, the way was open. Here was the crux of the matter. What Italy demanded might be styled, in the veiled language of diplomacy, "compensations"—compensations due under the Treaty of Triple Alliance for Austria's disturbance of equilibrium in the Balkans. In reality, and above all for the purposes of these uneasy months, they were safeguards. Would Austria give—and would Germany guarantee—to Italy frontiers which she could defend, behind which she could be safe and free? The moment that the Triple Alliance ceased to be in effective force, then necessarily, and as it were automatically, the question of the unredeemed provinces,

which had been in abeyance, was raised at once and in an urgent form. For with the provinces went the frontiers—and with them both went also the question of strategic safety in the Adriatic Sea. Again, as in the earlier days of the great national movement, the two questions were but one. Again for Italy unity and freedom were indissolubly connected, and safety was the condition of both. How could Austria or her partner complain, when it was their own unprovoked action which roused the two-fold question from its troubled sleep? If Italy “grasped her opportunity,” it was the only opportunity of national safety that she grasped—unless indeed she were even now to buy her safety at the price of becoming an accomplice in the crime of the war.

Well, Austria would give something—at least she would promise something; she would promise something some day; after the war was over would be the most convenient time. And Germany would guarantee her promise to give something some day—after the war, by preference. And what nation ought not to be happy, content, and confident with Austria’s promise and Germany’s guarantee? But events had happened in other parts of the world which made Italian statesmen pardonably shy of confiding in Austrian promises and even in German guarantees.

To these events, to this wider field, we must now turn, not indeed in order to re-tell, in any detail, the thrice-told story of horror and brutality, of utter lawlessness, and of an ambition which revealed itself as at once pitiless and unbounded, but to show how the revelation of these things—growing clearer day by day through the anxious and restless months of neutrality—affected the Italian people, and brought them, as surely and perhaps even more

quickly than it brought their statesmen, to a realisation of what was in truth at stake in the war and of what part it behoved Italy to play. Many Italians indeed there were who needed no such enlightenment, who saw from the beginning the bearing of the struggle, who knew by memory and tradition what the *tedeschi*—Germans and Austrians, for in Italy the one hated name is common to both—were and what manner of things they did. Early in the fight the name of Garibaldi—in itself a battle-cry—was written on the roll of the legions of France. From the beginning there was a strong party of generous and ardent, yet clear-sighted, men who saw that the fate of Italy was involved in the fate of Europe, and that the fate of Europe, yes, and of the world, was in question. "It was not to us," writes one of these, "who have of the *tedeschi* a recent and bitter experience, besides an intimate knowledge that spreads over centuries—that the revelation of the temper of the German people could come as a surprise. We knew what to expect from them, and here too we had our place assigned" in advance. It was not a matter of choice.*

Many such voices made themselves heard. There was, God knows, no lack of texts to preach on, no want of material from which a moral might be drawn. Belgium, with its utter negation alike of law, of faith, and of humanity—with the rapine and flame and blood of Aerschot and Andenne, of Dinant and Louvain—Poland, Serbia, and invaded France—the staggering deed of shame that sank the *Lusitania*—if these things were to be done and suffered, civilisation was dead. Here was one issue which the course of the war revealed to Italy; she could not well have been expected to anticipate such things; nobody anticipated them. But seeing

* Raffaello Piccoli. "Italy and the War." Page 17.

is believing, and a new light dawned on the mind of Italy—Italy, the heir of Rome, who had given civilisation and law to Europe.

But another light dawned on her as the war went on. If German methods of warfare were thus rudely inconsistent with law, good faith, humanity, and civilisation—and on which of all these counts, can any man of independent mind acquit Germany?—it was inevitable that Italy should ask herself, with more and more urgency, and more and more misgiving, whether German objects were any more consonant with the ideals—or rather with the most modest demands—of Western civilisation than her methods. Ruthless cruelties were based on—and almost avowedly defended by—arrogant pretensions. If civilisation was to be banished, freedom was to follow in its train. In his great speech, delivered at the Capitol in Rome on the 2nd June, 1915, Signor Salandra, then Italian Prime Minister, eloquently puts the case, and we may take his voice for that of his country. He puts Italy's case first, but passes on from that to embrace the European, the world-wide, issue. "Let us suppose," he says, "that Germany's guarantee was given with the full intention of carrying it out. Let us suppose that at the end of the war Germany would be in a position to keep her word—which is by no means certain—what would our position have been after this agreement? There would have been a new Triple Alliance, a renewed Triple Alliance, but under far other and far inferior conditions than had existed before, because there would have been one sovereign state and two vassal states. On the day on which one of the clauses of the Treaty was not fulfilled . . . of whom could we ask redress? Should we have to apply to our common superior—to Germany?"

Then from this national point of view he rises to the international—not with bitterness towards Germany (with far less bitterness than history would justly warrant from Italy towards the *tedeschi*)—indeed with a generous recognition of her qualities, but with ardour and with clarity. “With all the respect due to learned, powerful, great Germany, that marvellous example of organisation and resistance, I must say, in the name of my country, no vassalage; no protectorate under anyone. The dream of a universal hegemony has been shattered. The whole world is risen up against it. The peace and civilisation of humanity must in the future be based on respect for existing nationalities, among which great Germany must take her place as an equal and not as a mistress.” And we are told that this transition from the national to the international, from the Italian to the world-wide point of view, was greeted with loud applause by the audience assembled in the Capitol.

It might well be thus acclaimed: for the orator was faithfully reflecting the mind of his country, and truly expressing the change which had come over it during the first months of the war, and thanks to the revelation which the war had brought. For this transition, this progress, from the national to the international standpoint is exactly what had happened in Italy during the months of her neutrality, and sums up the history of that period. Or the same thing may be better put by saying that Italy had come to realise that the national and the international were bound up together, just as, in the old days of the great movement of the re-birth of Italy, unity and freedom had been bound up together for Italy herself. The concrete objectives which she set before her, when she entered on the war, might be stated in terms of national aspira-

tions and of military security, but they transcended these limits. To Italy's now fully awakened consciousness these things, still cherished and necessary in themselves, took on a yet higher and wider significance. They were seen as the conditions—and the only possible conditions—on which Italy could share in the freedom and civilisation of the world, and could take a worthy part in preserving and maintaining them. No longer merely harboured as national aspirations for the fulfilment of which Italy was content to wait and hope—even as France had schooled herself to wait and hope in peace for the return of her lost provinces—they were perceived now to be at once a national necessity and a European necessity, essential to Italy's independent life, essential to Europe's freedom.

And they could be realised only by entering the war on the side of the Allies. To this conclusion also Italy had been driven—in part by the course of her negotiations with Austria, no less powerfully by what she had seen in the larger theatre of events. She saw now that she could no longer rely on her rights, that she could no longer afford to repose a passive confidence in what might come to her in a future when the claims of nationality and freedom should be better recognised. She had witnessed plain proofs of the emptiness of such a confidence. This is the Nemesis which waits on German principles and methods. Repudiating right, Germany makes others despair of resting their case on right. Suddenly seizing for herself her military opportunity, she makes others afraid to wait for their peaceful opportunities. Appealing to force only—as sole method, as paramount justification, as religion itself—she makes of no avail the appeal to anything else. How can she be allowed to complain of the arbitrament which she herself has not

only challenged but glorified? She is contemptuous of anything but power—and of all kinds of power save one. To that one power of the sword she compels all nations to appeal—yet with the hope and the purpose that it may not stand thus with the world for all time. But for the moment so it does stand, and by May, 1915, Italy had realised it.

“Each for all, all for each, all confident that by our supreme efforts we shall hand over to the generations that are to come an Italy more complete, more powerful, more honoured; an Italy who shall take her seat in the comity of nations, not as a vassal, not as a minor, but secure within her natural boundaries; an Italy who shall return to the fruitful rivalries of Peace, the champion, as she has ever been, of liberty and justice in the world.”

In these words her Prime Minister defined the aims that Italy set before her when she entered the war. They are national, but they are also more than national. In what Italy seeks, she seeks only that which is her own and without which she cannot be secure. And, if it be given her to attain what she seeks, she engages to use it as a free and equal member of the comity of free and equal nations, and for the better advancement of the cause of liberty and justice in the world. She is true to the traditions of the great national movement—to the aims of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour. She is true to them, but she passes beyond and even above them. She sees herself not only as the free nation which those great men aspired to make her, but as a member of the community of free nations, a place that she will make for herself.

Is there anything unworthy in this—anything that can support a charge of calculated ambition and rapacity? There is no substance in the accusation. The purity and idealism which

inspired her struggle for unity and freedom are alive in her still, but they have taken on a broader view and a higher vision. For the freedom of her unredeemed provinces Italy had been content to wait. For the freedom of the world she saw that she must strike. By her great decision she did honour to herself and to the cause to which she gave allegiance.

MORAL ASPECTS OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

*A Lecture delivered under the auspices of the
Nucleu de Propaganda Pro-Alliados at the
Academia de Estudos Livres on the 13th May,
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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Instead of the lecture I have so kindly been invited to deliver, I should have preferred to preach you a sermon on the text of the sacred words—*In terra pax hominibus!* On earth, peace, says the text, and it adds: *bonæ voluntatis*—good will toward men. That is to say, to those of good will, to right-minded men, to lovers of justice, to men who do not place their personal interests before the welfare of their country and of mankind. As to the others, these form a minority, insignificant in numbers but powerful throughout the world by the dissolvent power of their intrigue, their grasping egotism, their malevolent solidarity. I shall speak of them later on perhaps: that is to say, if time permits, and if my audience is disposed to listen.

The former, composing the great majority of crushed, impoverished, bereaved mortals, cast into grief and misery by the most tremendous war that history has ever witnessed, these are the men who

[. .]

interest me, who interest us all. It is their voice which speaks through the lips of the great statesmen of the belligerents, proclaiming their desire for peace, but an honourable peace, a lasting peace, a peace which shall free future generations from the anguish and tortures assigned by destiny to ours.

This brings me to the point of my sermon; but let us turn back a little. For sacred discourses I find myself lacking in the one essential thing, and perhaps the greater portion of my audience may be in like case—we have not the gift of faith! For want of it, the heart of many of us has for long been desolate and shrouded in gloom. This I deplore for my hearers as I do for myself. To live in a dream is still the most blissful, perhaps the only really happy form of existence on earth. And the dream of the supernatural is the supreme hope, for without hope the soul of man sinks into darkness. This it was which inspired Dante to record, over the gateway to his Inferno, the fateful legend :

Lasciate ogni speranza, ó voi che entrate.

And indeed, with an eternity of despair, no other torment was required to make a hell of Hell.

But let us desist from vain regrets. It is possible that the philosophic mission of Christianity may be on the point of vanishing from the world. Sincerely I hope not. But its social mission still survives, despite revolutions and cataclysms, as the source of all morality among the civilised nations of Europe and America. Be we devout, sceptical, or atheistic, we still remain saturated with its doctrine, and thus fail to conceive, outside the

domain of savagery, any society which does not revere its precepts. The ideals of justice on which all democratic legislation is based spring from the blood so unjustly shed on Calvary. The ideals of love, which kindle our hearts, take their rise from the sacred lips which proclaimed: "Love one another." The ideals of equality and fraternity, never yet attained, were from the same sublime source. Yet it is remarkable that those very revolutionaries who are the fiercest in their zeal for stripping Christ of His divine attributes should inscribe on their banner of social regeneration, in the name of Humanity, the identical words which epitomize the doctrine preached in the name of God.

Hence, Gentlemen, my conclusion is this: be our sentiments as regards religion what they may; be we believers or sceptics, mystics or atheists, in the depths of our souls we are all Christians—Christians from the moral standpoint, Christians in our mutual relations with the Godhead. Twenty centuries of Christianity have accumulated in our consciences a store of ethical sentiments which no storm will ever sweep out, unless we are prepared to revert to primitive savagery. Conceptions of honour, of duty, of respect for the rights of others, of charity towards the unfortunate, of pity for the oppressed, of horror for unjust violence, of hatred for tyranny, of execration for perfidy and crime: all these have become engrafted into our very being as essential principles, incontestable and indispensable to our social life. Without them we should lapse into the cavern-life of troglodytes, seizing with tooth and claw, with the knife and other

weapons of death, the bread we require to keep us from starvation.

True, the good seed of the Gospel has not yet expelled evil from the world. But in the human animal it has at least softened those instincts of rapine, the proximate or remoter source of all social conflagrations. War itself, the organic fatality of societies, from the time when Christ's word poured balm upon the soul of the warrior, has become less atrocious in its methods. In that long period of ten centuries known as the Middle Ages, when a northern barbarian came on the scene, flooding the lands of the sun in the hope of restraining the advance of the Græco-Roman civilisation, a gleam of hope filtered into the dungeons of the captives, a ray of pity flashed against the swords of the invaders. Faith, honour, adherence to the plighted word, respect for innocent and defenceless life, protection for the unjustly persecuted: all these notions of justice and dignity, which Roman law had formulated and Christ's apostles had acclaimed, found their way into a code tacitly accepted by all civilised peoples, even by those who, like the Mussulman, were themselves outside the pale of the Church. Such was the code of chivalry, which for centuries stood as the safeguard of millions of oppressed, the refuge of the weak, a shield against the tyranny of the strong, and a mitigation of the violence of armed savagery in war.

By this I do not mean, and it would be senseless to affirm, that, times without number, brute force did not gain the mastery over law and reason; that might was not the supreme arbiter of unbridled

ambition. But it is certain that brute force itself paid homage to justice by cloaking its misdeeds under moral pretexts more or less specious. It was in the name of Catholic faith that the Spanish conqueror slew the Indian, that his kings bathed Flanders in blood. It was under colour of a resistance to despotism that Napoleon I. undertook by force of arms to forge his own despotism upon Europe. And in the various wars of succession, the ambitions which crossed swords always invoked the protection of divine right, universally acknowledged as the source of monarchical power.

What I mean to say is that greed or wickedness invariably clothed itself in the guise of some sacred ideal, and at least in modern times—never till now—has it dared to affront the conscience of mankind by a cynical parade of its true intentions.

Never till now, I have said; never till yesterday, I ought to have said. For it was but yesterday, only three years ago, in the full daylight of civilisation, that a European nation struck the cultured world full in the face, proclaiming over all the globe the supremacy of might as the dogma of her moral culture. It was but yesterday, to the shame of civilisation, that the most admirable conquests of modern science, carefully turned to account during forty years of painstaking preparation, were brought into play to crush the weak, to surprise the unsuspecting, to trample under the brutal weight of her armies the most generous aspirations of the human soul—all this, according to the impenitent confession of her warriors and philosophers, with the sole

object of riveting upon the world at large the iron bondage of German rule.

History repeats itself. Some fifteen centuries before, Attila, king of the Huns, devastated all Europe, proclaiming that never again would grass grow where the hoofs of his steed had trod. Just in the same spirit German arrogance boasted itself that never again, in the regions swept by German cannon, would popular liberty be reborn. Over the whole world of old, with Attila, dark night came on. But mark the fateful coincidence: it was on the banks of the Marne, in the Catalaunian plains, that the defeat of the Hunnish hosts dispelled the fearful gloom; and it was in the battle of the Marne that the first dawn of victory gleamed in our eyes. Let us be of good cheer: the same fate is in store for the modern Hun.

The modern Hun has to go under, if we so will it. Let us strengthen our will, not only against the transitory vicissitudes of war, but—note this well—against the persistent insinuations of peace. Yes! For almost half a century these influences, slowly infiltrating, have threatened to pervert our thought and deprave our conscience, just as they have succeeded in doing within the borders of Germany herself. For the present war is the explosion of deleterious forces which, sapping Germany, have brought her back to the first stage of normal civilisation. In attempting to establish the Teutonic hegemony of the world, those forces have shaken the foundations upon which human society rests; they have converted social life into a fierce struggle of

individual egoisms in perpetual revolt against the preponderant egoism.

The Germany of which I speak, please remember, is not the Germany which captured the admiration of thinkers, philosophers and artists. It is not the Germany which under the hand of Luther broke the fetters of religious intolerance, which illuminated human thought by the brilliant beacon of Kant, which through the sublime genius of Goethe shed its renovating rays over universal literature, which with Beethoven and Wagner brought fresh charm into the Divine Art. No! From the day when the most unprogressive of Germany's races, that race which to-day stands for the truculent energies of barbarism, hurled over her the chariots of its steel colossus, *that* Germany, great and mighty, sank into oblivion. The German nation (though blindly and unconsciously so) is to-day the victim of Prussian militarism. Aided by a tenaciously malevolent intelligence, the germs of that poison, spread ever since the eighteenth century at the instance of Frederick the Great, have been filtering into the organism of Germany, there to develop with intensity, above all since the war of 1871 placed the Imperial crown on the head of the King of Prussia. From that time onward the pest overflowed the frontiers and began to contaminate the whole world. To-day, and only to-day, has the consciousness of this infernal perversion of men's minds begun to be perceived, up to now accepted as it has been by the *snobism* of the world at large as if it were a salutary transformation.

Yes! Many of our contemporaries, and among them some of the best informed, have been reading

eagerly and assimilating with delight the Nietzschean doctrine that for those organisms endowed with an excess of energy, the so-called supermen, all mankind should make way. And this abominable doctrine, based on a sophistication of scientific principles, the negation of all morals and all justice, the consecration of violence and rapine, has been received without protest, nay even with sympathy, by minds rooted in Christianity, by social workers whose activities had for their motive force the deepest respect for the dignity of man.

But if the tares spread beyond the German borders, what wonder that they should have flourished within them, where an environment had been so assiduously prepared for their reception! The State, with singular astuteness, turned to its own ends, if it did not actively promote, the vagaries of genius so as to mould the German mentality. Nietzsche's monstrous theory was practically given a collective interpretation. The superman was expanded into the super-nationality. The professor and the soldier effectively collaborated with the philosopher in the work of moral perversion. Into the Germanic conscience was infused the mystic conviction that the German people was that chosen by the Deity to shepherd the human flock. The pride of moral and intellectual supremacy became engrained in the soul of the people, inspiring her claim to an indisputable dominion over all the races of the earth. She presented an amazing crisis of general megalomania, which the imminence of defeat has not yet cured, and her partial victories still foster. Of this fact there are abundant proofs, but want of

time and the character of this discourse forbid my enlarging upon them. Suffice it to mention, as the latest instance of this form of arrogance, the expression used last summer by Professor von Stengel, of the University of Munich. "The whole war up to now," his iron pen wrote, "has shown that Germany has been selected by Providence to guide all other nations. Let us march at the head of them, and we shall lead them to a permanent peace. For this mission we have the strength, and likewise the spiritual gifts, as we are the crown of all civilisation. . . . The whole world, and especially the neutral nations, have only one means of profitable existence, and that is to submit themselves to our direction, which is superior to all others from every point of view. No nation surpasses us in the widest and highest ideals and sentiments, and under our dominion none need concern himself as to the defence of his rights."

Be it specially noted: the words I have just recited were penned in cold blood, inside the walls of a German University, by a man whose brain was saturated with science, at the very period when two years of war-pressure at the hands of the Allies had begun to make itself cruelly felt within the borders of Germany. Yet this document unmistakably manifests the ambition of universal dominion, its threats not even sparing the neutral Powers. It portrays in gloomy perspective a future for humanity under the iron-shod jack-boot of the Teuton.

Should not the universal conscience, that of the whole civilised world, be it inspired by Christ or

Muhammad, by Buddha or by the goddess of Reason, combine in revolt against this formidable hypertrophy of national egoism? With all sincerity I confess it: in the midst of this tremendous conflagration, what most alarms one, the epidemic of war-madness in Germany synchronising with a world-wide blindness elsewhere, is that Germany should have allies at all, and that a single neutral should continue to exist in the world. When, with an effrontery such as this, a whole people forsakes its rudimentary moral sense, boasting its own brute force as the sole sanction of its boundless pride, we feel we are confronted with a pack of ravening wolves. These it behoves us to hunt down with all our available energies, unless we all, every man among us, mankind in the mass, are willing to be torn to pieces by their death-dealing fangs.

To hunt them down, yes! To destroy them utterly, no! This would neither be practicable, nor humane, nor yet beneficial. Our vision is one of a reconstituted Germany, relieved of Prussian militarism, dedicated to her own prolific task of peace and science, unoppressed by the horrid nightmare of which her only record is a universal hatred. Freed from the illusive fumes of vainglory, her eyes fixed on the supreme ideal of liberty, her robust hands wielding the instruments of honest toil, her powerful brain applied to invention, a Germany such as we portray would be a potent lever of incalculable value towards human progress. During long years of apparent prosperity, though the latent

virus was mining her organism, she showed the world the greatness of her genius, the pertinacity of her toil, the excellence of her manufactures. She contributed largely to the material comfort of mankind, rendering life easier and more joyous, and giving the poor a share in that luxury which used to be the monopoly of the rich. It may have been that to this end this unfortunate people was ignorantly sacrificing its old ideals of dignity, burning on the altars of despotism the last remnants of its democratic pride. But however great her services to us may have been, the price she demanded from us in return was out of all proportion. It was an ignoble serfdom, this transformation of free men into a gang of convicts, toiling on the endless task of filling their coffers. The first onslaughts of hunger should have led them to see the senselessness of such an aspiration.

What a pity that to this distracted people, the progenitor of heroes and geniuses, so cruel a disillusionment as this should alone have remained! But, should it open her eyes to her true position, she may be able later on to say, having regained full possession of her senses, that it was not she who was defeated, but the ancestral forces which overwhelmed her from within, the atavic eruption of barbarism bursting through the noble sentiments acquired by her as the work of many centuries of civilisation. That formidable outburst over, she will have been released by the hands which, when fighting her, were purifying her from the malign ferment which has poisoned her culture—a culture of which she was so proud, yet one which only attains its

true fecundity when the rays of the Latin sun are allowed free play upon it.

For half a century the Germanic genius, shrouded in a mantle of pride, has sought to withdraw itself from those vivifying rays. The result is what we are now witnessing. Given up entirely to herself, Germany has by insensible transitions been sliding down the declivity into barbarism. Kept going by her undeniable internal energy, her products have been colossal, but monstrous; flourishing, but aberrant. A depraved philosophy: a brutalised art. In applied science alone, served by an admirably methodical mind, and on the utilitarian side of civilisation alone, thanks to an astounding tenacity, has German genius during that period earned an indisputable title to the gratitude of mankind.

But it is equally certain that this very savagery of greatness in her conceptions has blinded her. I have already referred in passing to the fatal influence of German philosophy. That influence has not restricted itself to the limited orbit of those thinkers who alone possess the brains capable of the laborious assimilation of such metaphysical dainties. Lamentable though it may be, it would not be altogether an evil had they, sequestered in their own lazarettos, refrained from contaminating society at large. But around the thinkers there hover the restless, petulant multitude, the chattering, pervading army of snobs, and it is they who are the transmitters and the propagators of the virus. Filtered through this layer, those philosophical principles change their form, either crystallising into dogmatic aphorisms or diffusing themselves in

subtle emanations which spread throughout the whole body social. Often even the most beneficent of them, by excessive concentration, assume deleterious properties: what then of those which, as in the present instance, are by their nature dissolvent?

In this way the pernicious principle of the supremacy of force over right, elevated into a body of moral doctrine, the inspiring idea of the Nietzschean philosophy, has been worked to its full extent so as to arouse into mischievous activity the savage instincts slumbering in the minds of the many. Recourse to violence, intolerance of control, the rebellion of the ruled, exacerbations of the egoistic passions, refusal to yield where interests conflict, all emerge as the fatal and ultimate consequences towards which we have long been ignorantly drifting. And indeed many minds at present hostile to Germanism have nevertheless become tainted by it. Everywhere idealistic tendencies are carped at, humane precepts ridiculed, disinterestedness scorned, the struggle for life accentuated. Our old romantic ideals are tied up into bundles and slightly labelled "sentimentalism." And this spirit of disdain, which in the individual lets loose the evil passions, has its inevitable reflection in international life. Among private individuals, as among nations, material interest is assigned as the sole possible motive for every act. Legal formulæ become a deceptive cloak for the claims of the weak, and the strong may tear them up or remodel them according to their own sweet will. And the majority of minds, imbued with this sinister teaching, fail to perceive, in their impulsive indignation, that the

synthesis of it is to be found in the old Jesuitical maxim, adopted by the German Chancellor, "The end justifies the means."

A curious thing ! The Germanic spirit, prone to expansiveness like all its earlier contemporaries, used to indulge from the first in the most exaggerated flights of romantic idealism. We have a familiar instance of the kind in the youthful creation of Goethe—Werther. Remember how he could find no other means of ridding his brain of a criminal passion than by shattering it with a pistol-shot. The vogue created by this romance became so extraordinary throughout Germany that imitators arose on all sides. An epidemic of passional suicide ran through the nation. Goethe had to hasten to check it, and succeeded in doing so by cauterising the evil he himself had created, in his later work, "The Basis of Sentimentalism."

And now, a century and a half later, the torrent of German materialism and overweening self-adulation has not merely subverted the exaggerated sentimentalism of the ultra-romantic school, but has stripped off the foliage and withered the flower of romance which gave the human soul its only perfume. It has thus destroyed the only check upon the corrosive influence of egoistic passion, the only restraint upon savagery and crime. And this time there is not the slightest hope that the disseminators of the pestilence will repent and provide the remedy for the evil they have wrought.

My audience will note how dark a future would be reserved for mankind had chance not opposed a barrier to this devastating torrent, and, after it had

been dammed back, had some germs of good, deposited by the flood, not been left in the world.

But, as the apothegm of the old Roman poet hath it: "*Quem Jupiter vult perdere, dementat prius.*" It was thus that Germany, materially prosperous, aggrandised from the worldly standpoint, allowed herself to be deceived so far as to attempt a gigantic and decisive blow towards making good her own monstrous megalomania. The blow was prematurely delivered. The world had not yet been sufficiently sapped by the corruption previously spread abroad. It was still but a minority of thoughtless persons who, impelled by a craving for the new and the extravagant, by the deplorable obsession of political passion or of despicable interests, received and welcomed the advent of the movement. The others, the well-meaning, not entirely contaminated by the virus, had their eyes opened in time to the menace as revealed in the crushing of innocent populations, in the vandalistic destruction of revered monuments, in terror glorified as the true system of warfare, in unscrupulous rapine, in slaughter without pity, in ferocity without limits. Taken thus by surprise, the nations armed themselves to resist the barbarians. They saw, emerging from the sea, the agonised arms of the victims of the *Lusitania*. The cries of the starving, the captives led into slavery, the slaughtered, cries from Belgium, from France, from Serbia, filled the air. A drop of the heroic blood of Edith Caveil entered all honest hearts as a burning incentive to vengeance.

But I need not recapitulate the dreadful tragedy which for the last three years has been bathing the

world in blood. I am no politician, so it is in its moral aspect alone that I justify the lawfulness—nay, more, the bounden duty—of resistance at all hazards to the arrogant ambitions of Germany, to the fatal corruption which her hegemony would diffuse among us, to the infamies with which she has stained the pages of history.

The world's moral conscience has at last revolted in an unmistakable form. No more eloquent condemnation of *welt-politik* as interpreted by the Central Empires exists than is furnished by the famous message of President Wilson to the American Senate. He is blind who does not see in that document the synthesis of the cries for justice, for that national liberty which a Prussian kick would hurl into the abyss; it demands that these things be secured for all time.

I am not unaware, Gentlemen, that the message to which I have just referred has given rise to controversy among the Allies themselves. But, much as I respect all expression of genuine opinion, and gather from it elements for the formation of my own, I have a way of thinking, rightly or wrongly, which is that of my own brain, and not of others. My motto is that of de Musset :

*Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans
mon verre.*

Thus let me show you briefly the wine I have in my cup—a wine which may be different to-morrow should good reason be forthcoming for altering or improving upon it. For, among the few qualities in

respect of which I believe myself to diverge from the national character, I claim to be neither impulsive nor unyielding—characteristics which to my mind seem too German not to be worth a serious effort to eradicate them from our psychology.

Throughout the world to-day there is no one of good faith who is not standing at the window watching anxiously for the coming of the white dove with the symbolic olive-branch. But let not our vision be deceived. Let not the plumage coloured by the rays of the dawn disguise the hue of blood, or the foliage of the hangman's oak be mistaken for that of the olive. Yet this is precisely the device to be feared should perchance the dove come from the aviaries of the Kaiser, the hatching-ground of all the perfidies and lies that for half a century back have been flying round the political horizons of Europe. We all know to-day how the falsification of the celebrated telegram of Ems was the origin of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. And we have now seen how Germany tore up the treaty which imposed upon her respect for the neutrality of Belgium, and the conventions of The Hague which aimed at attenuating the cruelties of war; how she induced Greece to betray Serbia, her ally. To look to her, then, to honour her own signature to a treaty of peace, so long as the instruments which can still serve her boundless ambitions remain unbroken in her hands, would be a form of madness only comparable in imbecility to that of the guileless creature who would commit his money and his life to an armed bandit, trusting to the bandit's word of honour. No matter how intense the desire for

peace, the Allies must refuse to treat for it with so perfidious an enemy, who dares to propose it while in the same breath boasting himself victorious. Much more so that the moment has now arrived when their resources, tardily assembled, justify them in the hope of manacling the enemy in a very short space of time. A bargain concluded under such conditions as these can be little else than a mere truce, permitting the foe to collect himself and prepare for a new and more terrible onslaught than before. The transaction would be inspired by a desire not altogether unlike the egoistic wish to postpone the payment of a debt, although well aware that it would only stand overloaded with accumulated interest so as to crush our heirs and successors.

It was in this spirit that the Allies replied to the humane intervention of President Wilson with a frank exposition of their aims. The Central Empires dared not indulge in a similar outspokenness. The arrogant and cynical frankness that is theirs is only for use when they believe themselves certain of victory. When uncertain they hide their claws, but woe betide him who trusts to the velvet paw thus shown him!

Still the President of the great transatlantic Republic did not relax his efforts. He waited, serene and pertinacious, until the ideals of justice embodied in his noble message should have penetrated deep into the American conscience. The practical politician may perhaps disdain the document as one of platonic idealism. I, however, in my quality of unyielding idealist, salute it as the most admirable manifesto of international law as yet

issued by the chief of any State. I salute it as, in its own phraseology, "the voice of the silent mass of humanity, which as yet has not had the time or the opportunity of making known what is passing in its heart with regard to the death and the ruin befalling the persons and the homes most dear to it." I salute it as the most solemn condemnation of that despotism which, under the mask of political equilibrium, would trample whole nations underfoot. I salute it as translating the most generous aspirations for national liberty which the mind of a statesman can conceive.

It would be superfluous to analyse further this magnificent document. It will take its place in History as the most radiant escutcheon of glory for the great nation which conceived it. Let me confine myself to the enumeration of its essential characteristics: peace without victory, a peace which will not be a ferment of persistent hatreds; the right of peoples to group themselves under governments fulfilling their own ideals; the equality of nations before the common law, irrespective of nice distinctions as to the greater and the smaller nations; the organisation of an international force so powerful as to impose its will on any combination for perturbing the common peace; the freedom of the seas; access guaranteed to them for the legitimate expansion of all; limitation of armaments; the free action of every people in the direction of their own policy, exempt from threats and overlordship.

Who can in good faith refuse his enthusiastic applause to this programme of world-wide

confraternity? It may be that much that it contains is unrealisable, at least in the near future. But even in this world of ambitions and miseries the germs which fall will not be sterile. It will certainly be necessary for their fructification that the so-called Great Powers, those of both the belligerent factions, shall resign themselves to immediate sacrifices and to mutual compromises. Still, a rapid scrutiny of the map of Europe will show that the claims of justice will be chiefly felt by our enemies. Alsace-Lorraine, which in the course of forty-four years German militarism has failed to Prussianise, will return to the fond bosom of France. Poland will be freed from the tense bonds holding her to Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The Czechs will demand the restoration of their ancient kingdom of Bohemia. The Slav, Italian, Croat, and Slovene populations, now conglomerated in the mosaic pompously styled the Apostolic Empire, will revert to their respective folds. And in this way will be broken up that decorated casket of Pandora from which for ages, to the undoing of mankind, have emerged the mephitic gases of war.

Now you can see, Gentlemen, why the message of President Wilson, transformed into a diplomatic instrument, should prove inharmonious during this anachronistic fury of despotism raging so terribly over Central Europe. We, however, who prize above all things liberty and justice, cannot fail to receive it as the basis of a future and welcome code, universally accepted by civilised nations, under which international affairs will be governed. We salute it as the dawn of a hopeful day, through the heavy

clouds still venting their fury upon us. We welcome our troubles, we rejoice in our sacrifices, so long as we know that our children and grandchildren shall warm themselves in the splendid sunshine which these slender rays foretell for us.

But that we may accept these sacrifices without reluctance, it behoves us that they be equitably apportioned. And this brings me to the topic which President Wilson seems to have overlooked. I am now trying to keep the promise I gave at the beginning of my discourse. But as the subject is a delicate one, and I am perhaps the first to broach it, I propose to resort to a mythological parable which will be easily intelligible to those who can, and will, understand my meaning.

Olympus of the Greeks and Romans is an inexhaustible repertory of symbols, and from it I propose to draw my materials.

First of all, let me present to you Mars, the god of war—a stupid deity, whose strength would be of no avail had chance not brought Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, to aid him. It was she who trained his muscles and improved his weapons. Here we have him, brave and ready for the fray, but so clownish that he lets himself be caught in a net by the jealous Vulcan, at the moment when robbing the latter of the conjugal caresses of the fair and beauteous Venus. So stupid is he that this issue is not settled in favour of the stronger. It is then that the astute Mercury comes to his aid. You know him?—the gentleman with wings on his heels and helmet, who carries a winged staff with a pair

of serpents curled round it—his caduceus. If you have not seen him, you must have heard him flying round the market places, the counters of the banks, and the offices of the merchants. Such is Mercury.

Now Mercury, the amiable, insinuating and jealous, whispers things into the asinine ear of Mars, and to such good purpose that the clown at once places himself at his service. Thenceforward Mars goes round the world, aided by Minerva, inspirer of the discovery of all harmful things, from the monk Schwartz, who invented gunpowder, down to the manufacturer Krupp, who makes 42 cm. guns, and harnessed to Mercury, who pulls the strings. So, behind this fearsome automaton, making use of the terrors he inspires, moving his arms and legs at will, wrinkling his brow, shooting boasts from his lips and fire from his eyes, Mercury goes on governing the world. He it is who directs the pen of the diplomatist and places himself at the elbow of the statesman. Governments, autocratic, parliamentary, or democratic, bow the knee before his omnipotent caduceus. With the lever of monopolies and syndicates, the cunning deity has succeeded in setting up the famous law of supply and demand by which to strangle nine-tenths of the human race. Its high priests, gambling with national jealousies, make their own understandings with one another all round the world, from Hamburg to New York, from London to Tokio, from Paris to Melbourne, from Vienna to Peking, ready to make peace or war as the interests of their cult may dictate. Should a conflagration break out, the blood shed but serves to

give a greater brilliancy to the gilding of the caduceus, the flames to melt the metal which will improve it.

One might think that Mercury, in spite of all his astuteness, may sometimes deceive himself and fail to measure correctly the consequences of the moves he makes on the great chess-board of the world, with its potentates as his pawns. But he never loses. He always has the knack of turning the misfortune of others to his own advantage. Every hungry belly to him represents more nuggets of gold to be garnered in with eagerness; every mourning, some more yards of crape to be supplied by him at a good price; every cannon-ball, so many more pounds of steel to be turned into the gold which rings true. And in this way he is cunning enough to compensate himself copiously, excessively, for all the sacrifices he pretends to make for love of countries he does not even know, out of dedication to ideals that to him are but so many empty labels.

Ah, good Mercury! honest Mercury! sparkling Mercury! As it is in the nature of things that you must govern the world, when may we expect you to acquire at least so much of a conscience as may serve you by way of mariner's compass?

Wilson failed to mention this, perhaps the most powerful of all the agents of war. I am not surprised. He would not be the chief of a State were he not to pay homage to the divine caduceus. But in the end, from the resolute attitude he has now assumed, it seems certain that the desires of Mercury this

time are in accordance with those of well-intentioned men. Peace is the universal aspiration. But between good and evil, peace cannot exist for long unless evil submits itself, unless the noxious ferments are destroyed. And whatever may be the sophisms engendered by Germany and welcomed by a world of evil-disposed and blind, it is indubitable that her enemies are on the side of right.

Thus it is, Gentlemen, that I excuse myself from appealing to the material interests affected, or from employing arguments drawn from politics, when I seek to justify the armed intervention of the civilised world against the powerful empire which hopes to drag it back into barbarism. In the name of all the moral principles buffeted and trampled underfoot, of the evangelical culture which has tamed the human beast, of the justice preached on the Cross and revindicated in the fires of the Holy Office and on the scaffolds of the Revolution, of the consciences affronted by the infamies of a despotic militarism, of the rights spat upon by the Teuton, I claim this war to be a sacred one. And to sanction the solidarity of movement of all the peoples against the ambitions of Germany, it does not occur to me to invoke a more adequate text than that which a great German has himself furnished. The words I would quote are those of Schiller: "Let no free country be alien to the freedom of another country."

Assuredly, when, more than a century ago, Schiller put these words into the mouth of one of his characters, he little foresaw that his own country would take its stand as the systematic persecutor of popular liberty. His generous spirit did not dream

that the moral sense of his fellow-countrymen would become perverted to the extent of preaching force as the one and only source of right, violence against the weak as the duty of the strong, espionage as the basis of civic education, sack and extermination as legitimate means of gain, fetters imposed on men for the benefit of, and under the lash of, supermen, human life itself as a benevolent concession of the Kaiser. The religious soul of Schiller could not have anticipated that the old northern divinity Thor, the lord of war, would reincarnate himself in that arrogant potentate, proclaiming to the four winds of heaven the supremacy of terror and the inanity of all Christian morality.

But to-day, as a reply to that execrated doctrine, there is the human aphorism of the great dramatist which deserves to be inscribed on the common banner of the Allies: "Let no free country be alien to the freedom of another country."

Portugal is going solemnly to affirm on the field of battle her adhesion to this precept, though uttered by German lips. In defence of it, Portuguese will fight side by side with Englishmen, as they fought with them at Aljubarrota, side by side with Frenchmen, who fought with them at Montes Claros. Were it necessary to appeal to a motive less disinterested than the noble ideal proclaimed by Schiller, we have this: the payment of an ancient debt, to which our honour binds us. Let us go forward to defend territories of those who defended ours, let us maintain the independence of nations who contributed to the salvation of our own independence.

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But the objective is a higher one, I repeat. This has been made quite clear within the last few months, through the revolution in Russia, the participation of the United States, and the solidarity, more or less effective, of all the democracies. It is the peoples' struggle for right, for liberty, for civilisation against the dark forces of despotism and barbarism. Portugal would betray her historic mission were she now to fold her arms, the arms which discovered worlds. When the earth was given to man, it was not that it should be peopled by slaves. The sails of Portuguese ships surrounded the globe like a diadem of stars, not as a collar of darkness to strangle it.

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**THE CHARACTER OF THE
BRITISH EMPIRE**

THE
CHARACTER
OF THE
BRITISH EMPIRE

BY
RAMSAY MUIR

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NOTE.—*The following essay is based mainly upon a book by the same author entitled “The Expansion of Europe,” in which an attempt is made to estimate the part played by various nations in extending the civilisation of Europe over the whole world. A few references are therefore given to the fuller treatment of various aspects of the subject contained in the book.*

THE CHARACTER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

I.

NEARLY all the great self-governing nations of the world are now combined in a desperate struggle against the scarcely-veiled military despotism of the Central European Powers, and the object of the struggle has been well defined by President Wilson as the securing of freedom for democracy, so that it shall be safe from the threats of militarist and conquering empires.

In the forefront of the group of States engaged in the defence of democracy stands the British Empire, the greatest dominion that has ever existed in history, which covers a quarter of the earth's surface, and in which a quarter of the earth's population is subject (at any rate, in form) to the rule of two small European islands.

The very existence of this huge Empire seems to many people to stultify in some degree the cause for which the world's democracies are fighting. It seems, at first sight, to be simply the greatest example of that spirit of conquest and of military dominion against which we are striving. This is the view taken by some neutrals. "Imperialism is the enemy," says one Swiss writer; "whatever form it takes, German or Russian, British or French, it is equally the foe of free government." The Germans themselves make great play with this notion. They

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describe the British Empire as a vast, greedy tyranny, built up by fraud. They invite us to free the oppressed millions of India before we talk hypocritically about liberty. They assert that the naval supremacy of Britain is far more dangerous to the freedom of the world than the military power of Germany could ever be. Some people even in the allied countries are affected by doubts of this kind. The Russian Socialists, for whom imperialism has in the past meant nothing but a hideous repression of freedom, are ready to assume that the British Empire, because it is called an empire, must mean the same ugly things. And criticism of the same kind can sometimes be heard in France, in Italy, in the United States, and in Britain herself.

Our purpose, in this short paper, is to examine the truth of these superficial impressions. But before we do so there are two preliminary observations worth making.

The first is that men's minds are extraordinarily easily influenced by mere *words*. The word "Empire" suggests, to many, conquest and dominion over unwilling subjects. In so far as it does so, it begs the question. As we shall try to show, this word is really misapplied to the British realms. The character of their government and of the bond which holds them together would be much better expressed by a phrase which is now being widely used in Britain—the British *Commonwealth of Nations*. Of course, that title also begs the question in a way. But the reader is asked, at the outset, to keep in his mind, while he reads, the question, "Is the title 'Empire,' or the title 'Com-

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monwealth of Nations,' the truer description of this extraordinary aggregate of lands and peoples?"

The second preliminary observation which we shall make is, that there are certain outstanding features of the war which must have thrown a striking light upon the character of the British Empire.

Over a million volunteer soldiers have come from the great self-governing Colonies of the British Empire without any compulsion being imposed upon them. The princes and peoples of India have vied with one another in their generous and spontaneous gifts to the cause, while Indian forces have fought gallantly in all parts of the world, and at the same time India has been almost denuded of British troops. That is not the sort of thing which happens when the masters of a tyrannical dominion find themselves fighting for their very life. Apart from the unhappy troubles in Ireland (which were the work of a small minority) and the rebellion in South Africa (which was promptly put down by the South African Dutch themselves), there has been no serious disturbance in all the vast realms of this Empire during the three years' strain of war. Even the most recently subdued of African tribes have shown no desire to seize this opportunity for throwing off "the foreign yoke." On the contrary, they have sent touching gifts, and offers of aid, and expressions of good-will. It appears, then, that the subjects of this "Empire" have, for the most part, no quarrel with its government, but are well content that it should survive.

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II.

The creation of the British Empire has been simply a part (though, perhaps, the greatest part) of that outpouring of the European peoples which has, during the last four centuries, brought the whole world under the influence of western civilisation. That is a great achievement, and it has brought in sight the establishment of a real world-order. It is merely foolish to condemn the "lust of conquest" which has driven the European peoples to subdue the rest of the world, though, of course, we ought to condemn the cruelties and injustices by which it has sometimes been accompanied. But without it North and South America, Australia, and South Africa would have remained deserts, inhabited by scattered bands of savages. Without it India would have been sentenced to the eternal continuance of the sterile and fruitless wars between despotic conquerors which made up her history until the British power was established. Without it the backward peoples of the earth would have stagnated for ever in the barbarism in which they have remained since the beginning. The "imperialism" of the European nations has brought great results to the world. It has made possible that unification of the political and economic interests of the whole globe which we see beginning to-day. It is one of the fine aspects of this grim and horrible war that it affects the interests of the whole world, and that the whole world knows this

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The giant's part which has been played by Britain in the conquest of the world by Western civilisation, and the peculiar character of her work, have been due to two things—British institutions and the British Navy.

It ought never to be forgotten that down to the nineteenth century (that is, during all the earlier part of the process of European expansion) Britain was the only one of the greater European States which possessed self-governing institutions. She has been, in truth (this is not a boast, but a mere statement of indisputable historical fact), the inventor of political liberty on the scale of the great nation-state, as Greece was the inventor of political liberty on the scale of the little city-state. And wherever free institutions exist to-day, they have been derived from Britain, either by inheritance, as in America and the self-governing British colonies, or by imitation, as in all other cases.

When the outpouring of Europe into the rest of the world began, the British peoples alone had the habit and instinct of self-government in their very blood and bones. And the result was that, wherever they went, they carried self-government with them. *Every* colony of British settlers, from the very first, was endowed with self-governing institutions. *No* colony ever planted by any other nation ever obtained corresponding rights.* That is one of the outstanding features of British expansion. In the eighteenth century, and even in the middle of the nineteenth century, Britain herself

* See "The Expansion of Europe," Chapters II. and III.

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and the young nations that had sprung from her loins were *almost the only free States existing in the world*. It was because they were free that they thrived so greatly. They expanded on their own account, they threw out fresh settlements into the empty lands wherein they were planted, often against the wish of the Mother Country. And this spontaneous growth of vigorous free communities has been one of the principal causes of the immense extension of the British Empire.

Now one of the results of the universal existence of self-governing rights in British colonies was that the colonists were far more prompt to resent and resist any improper exercise of authority by the Mother Country, than were the settlers in the colonies of other countries, which had no self-governing rights at all. It was this independent spirit, nurtured by self-government, which led to the revolt of the American colonies in 1775, and to the foundation of the United States as an independent nation. In that great controversy an immensely important question was raised, which was new to human history. It was the question whether unity could be combined with the highest degree of freedom; whether it was possible to create a sort of fellowship or brotherhood of free communities, in which each should be master of its own destinies, and yet all combine for common interests. But the question (being so new) was not understood on either side of the Atlantic. Naturally, Britain thought most of the need of maintaining unity; she thought it unfair that the whole burden of the common defence should fall upon her, and she

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committed many foolish blunders in trying to enforce her view. Equally naturally the colonists thought primarily of their own self-governing rights, which they very justly demanded should be increased rather than restricted. The result was the unhappy war, which broke up the only family of free peoples that had yet existed in the world, and caused a most unfortunate alienation between them, whereby the cause of liberty in the world was greatly weakened.*

Britain learned many valuable lessons from the American Revolution. In the new empire which she began to build up as soon as the old one was lost, it might have been expected that she would have fought shy of those principles of self-government which no other State had ever tried to apply in its over-sea dominions, and which seemed to have led (from the imperialistic point of view) to such disastrous results in America. But she did not do so; the habits of self-government were too deeply rooted in her sons to make it possible for her to deny them self-governing rights in their new homes. On the contrary, she learnt, during the nineteenth century, to welcome and facilitate every expansion of their freedom,† and she gradually felt her way towards a means of realising a partnership of free peoples whereby freedom should be combined with unity. Its success (although it must still undergo

* See "The Expansion of Europe," Chapter IV., where this view of the American Revolution is developed.

† See "The Expansion of Europe," Chapter VI., where the "Transformation of the British Empire" during the nineteenth century is analysed.

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much development) has been strikingly shown in the Great War.

Thus British institutions—the institutions of national self-government, which are peculiarly British in origin—have played a main part both in determining the character of the British Empire and in bringing about its wonderful expansion. The more the British Empire has grown the more freedom has been established on the face of the earth.

The second great factor in the growth of the British Empire has been the power of the British Navy, which has been the greatest sea power of the world practically since the overthrow of the Spanish Armada in 1588.

It is a striking fact that in all her history Britain has never possessed a large army, until the necessities of this war suddenly forced her (as they are now forcing America) to perform the miracle of calling her whole manhood from the pursuits of peace to arms, of training them, and of equipping them, all within two years. In 1775 it was the fact that she possessed only a tiny armed force (some 40,000 men for the defence of all her dominions), which made it necessary for her, for example, to hire Hessian troops in a hurry for the purposes of the American War of Independence. Is not this an astounding paradox, that the power which has acquired dominion over one-quarter of the earth has done it without ever possessing a large army? And does it not suggest that the process by which this empire was acquired must have been very different from the ordinary processes of military conquest? This

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is a paradox which those who speak of the British Empire as if it were a mere military dominion must somehow explain.

But there has been the supreme British fleet. It has made the creation and preservation of the Empire possible by securing the free transit not merely of soldiers, but, far more important, of settlers, merchants, administrators, organisers, and missionaries. Scattered as it is over all the seas of the world, the British Empire would undoubtedly be broken into fragments if the security of the ocean high-roads by which it is united were ever to be lost. But although the British Navy has made the growth of the Empire possible, and has held it together, it has not conquered it. A fleet *cannot* conquer great areas of land; it *cannot* hold masses of discontented subjects in an unwilling obedience; it *cannot* threaten the freedom or independence of any land-power. It is strong only for defence, not for offence.

There are two aspects of the work of the British Navy during the last three centuries which deserve to be noted, because they also help to indicate the character of the work done by the British Empire during this period.

In the first place, the British naval power has never been used to threaten the freedom of any independent State. On the contrary, it has been employed time and again as the last bulwark of freedom against great military Powers which have threatened to overwhelm the freedom of their neighbours by mere brute strength. That was so in the sixteenth century, when Spain seemed to be within an ace of making herself the mistress of the world.

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It was so a hundred years later, when the highly-organised power of Louis XIV. threatened the liberties of Europe. It was so again, a century later, when Napoleon's might overshadowed the world. It is so once more to-day, when the German peril menaces the liberty of nations. During each of these desperate crises the British Navy has seemed to neutrals to be interfering unduly with their trade, in so far as their trade helped the enemy. In this connection it is worth noting that it has been for two centuries the invariable rule of the British Navy that in no circumstances must a neutral vessel ever be sunk, and in no circumstances must the lives of non-combatants be sacrificed. But is it not reasonable to say that in each of these great wars the theoretic rights of neutral trade were justly subordinated to the struggle for the preservation of liberty? In all the great crises of modern European history, then, British naval power has been the ultimate bulwark of liberty.

But how has this power been used in times of peace? The Spanish naval power, which preceded the British, enforced for its people a monopoly of the use of all the oceans of the world except the North Atlantic. The Dutch naval power, which carried on an equal rivalry with the British during the seventeenth century, established a practical monopoly for Dutch trade in all the waters east of the Straits of Malacca. But the British naval power has never for a moment been used to restrict the free movement of the ships of all nations in times of peace in any of the seas of the world. This, again, is not a boast, but a plain statement of unde-

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niable historical fact. The freedom of the seas in times of peace (which is much more important than the freedom of the seas in times of war) has only existed during the period of British naval supremacy, but it has existed so fully that we have got into the habit of taking it for granted, and of assuming, rather rashly, that it can never be impaired. What is more, it has been entirely during the period of British naval supremacy, and mainly by the work of the British fleet, that the remoter seas have been charted and that piracy has been brought to an end, and the perils of the sailor reduced to the natural perils of wind and wave. This also is a contribution to the freedom of the seas.

British institutions, the institutions of self-government, and the British Navy, which has at all times been a bulwark of liberty, and has never interfered in times of peace with the use of the seas by any nation—these have been the main explanations of the fabulous growth of the British Empire. We cannot here attempt to trace the story of this growth, but must be content to survey the completed structure and consider on what principles it is governed.

III.

The vast realms of the British Empire fall naturally into three groups: the great self-governing dominions, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and Newfoundland; the lands of ancient

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civilisation, India and Egypt; and the wide protectorates (mainly in Africa, but also in Asia and the Pacific) which are inhabited by backward and primitive peoples. There are other regions also, such as the West Indian Islands, or the military posts and calling stations like Gibraltar, Malta, and Aden, which do not fall into any of these three categories. But they are of relatively minor importance, and it will be convenient to concentrate our attention upon each of the three main groups in turn.

Regarding the self-governing dominions, the intelligent reader scarcely needs to be told that they are to all intents and purposes entirely free States, which remain in association with the Mother Country only by their own free will. If they were to claim complete independence, there would certainly be no attempt made by Britain to force them to remain in partnership, though the breach would be a great sorrow to the Mother Country. They make their own laws; they appoint all their own officials (except the Governors, who perform almost purely formal functions, corresponding to those performed by the King in the "crowned republic" of Britain); they levy their own taxes, and both may and do impose any duties they think fit upon imports from Britain equally with those coming from other States. They pay not a farthing of tribute to the Mother Country. They are not even required to contribute to the cost of the Navy, which protects them all, though some of them make voluntary contributions. The only restriction upon their political independence is that they do not

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pursue an independent foreign policy or maintain ambassadors or consuls of their own in foreign countries. The responsibility (and the total cost) of this function falls upon Britain. If Britain should be drawn into war, the great dominions are also technically at war, and if Britain were to pursue a warlike or aggressive policy, this would soon alienate some or all of these young democracies. But it is only by their own free will that they take any part in a war in which Britain is involved, and the Mother Country has neither the right nor the power to demand military aid from them. Yet we have seen what whole-hearted and generous aid they have all given. Would it have been as great, or as valuable, if it had been compulsory? Gradually they are beginning, through their Prime Ministers or other representatives, to take a more and more effective part in the direction of the common policy of the Empire. The meetings of what was called the "Imperial War Cabinet" in the spring of 1917 marked a definite stage in this development, and incidentally afforded a very striking proof of the elasticity and adaptability of the British system of government. It is certain that this method of co-operation will be carried still further in the future.

Clearly, so far as concerns the great dominions, the British Empire is far from being a military domination imposed by force. It is a voluntary partnership or brotherhood of free peoples, a Commonwealth of Nations. It is a wonderful achievement in the combination of unity and freedom, an experiment in the unforced co-opera-

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tion of free States such as has never before been seen in human history. If *that* is the meaning of Imperialism, who will cavil at it?

Only one series of events has prevented a large part of the world from realising that this was the spirit in which the British Empire was governed. The South African War made Britain appear, in the eyes of most of the world, a vast, greedy, tyrannical power, which, not content with an already immense dominion, must fall upon and devour two tiny, free republics, merely because they contained gold! But the world did not appreciate the real meaning of the South African War.* In the British South African colonies (the Cape and Natal) the fullest equality of political rights was enjoyed by Dutch and British residents alike, and their institutions were the same as those of other British dominions. But in the semi-independent Dutch republic of the Transvaal and the independent Orange Free State (especially the former) no such equality of rights existed. The ideal they aimed at was that of Dutch predominance, and some of their leaders hoped in time to drive the British out of Africa, and to establish there an exclusively Dutch supremacy. This did not matter so long as the inhabitants of these lands were only a few Dutch farmers. But when the discovery of gold and diamonds brought an immense inrush of British and other settlers, who henceforth produced nearly all the wealth of the country, this denial of equality of rights became serious, and the programme of Dutch conquest, prepared for mainly at

* See "The Expansion of Europe." Chapters VI. and VIII., for an analysis of British policy in South Africa.

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the cost of the new settlers, began to seem dangerous. This was the real cause of the South African War. It might, perhaps, have been avoided, and, if so, those who precipitated it unnecessarily were much to blame, whether they were Boers or Britons. There were faults on both sides. But essentially the war was, on Britain's side, a war for equality of rights. What were its results? So far as Britain was concerned, the bones of thousands of her sons lay on the African veldt, and her public debt was vastly increased. She made no direct material gains of any sort : the gold-mines remained in exactly the same hands as before. But so far as South Africa was concerned, the result was that in a very few years the conquered republics were given full self-governing powers, on the basis of equal rights for both races, and a few years later they and the older British colonies combined in the Union of South Africa, a great, free, federal state, in whose affairs Dutch and British have equal rights, and in which a new nation, formed by the blending of the two races, can grow up. *That* was what British imperialism led to in South Africa.

And now observe the sequel. When the great war began (scarcely more than a dozen years from the time when Dutch and Britons were fighting bitterly) the Germans tried to bring about a revolt among the more ignorant Dutch. It was put down by the forces of the Union, mainly Dutch, led by Louis Botha, who had once been the commander-in-chief of the Transvaal army, and was now the prime minister of a self-governing dominion within the British Empire. And then, still led by

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Both, a combined force of Dutch and Britons proceeded to the conquest of German South-West Africa, suffering casualties which, by a happy chance, were exactly equally divided between the two races. And then a South African contingent was sent to East Africa, and the supreme command over them, and over British regulars and Indian regiments and native levies, was assumed by the Dutch General Smuts, once a formidable leader against the British. And, lastly, General Smuts came to England to join in the deliberations of the Imperial War Cabinet, and to make speeches of profound foresight and political wisdom to the British people, in which he sang the praises of the British Commonwealth of free nations as something that deserved every sacrifice from the peoples enrolled under its sheltering ægis.

Is there any parallel to these events in the history of the world? And is the Empire whose spirit leads to such results to be spoken of as if it were a mere, ruthless military dominion?

IV.

The second great group of British dominions consists of those ancient and populous lands, notably India and Egypt, which, though they have been able to develop remarkable civilisations, have never in all their history succeeded in establishing the rule of a just and equal law, or known any form of government save arbitrary despotism.

It is impossible to trace here, even in the baldest

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outline, the steps by which Britain acquired the sovereignty over India and Egypt.* They form two of the most curious and romantic episodes in history, for the strange thing is that in both cases British intervention was begun with no thought of conquest, and in both cases the responsibility of political control was assumed by Britain with very great reluctance. This may sound incredible, but it is an indisputable historical fact. We must content ourselves with a very brief analysis of the character and results of the British dominion.

What, then, has the establishment of British power meant in India? Until the British power was established, India had in all her long history never known political unity. She had seen nothing but an almost uninterrupted succession of wars, an endless series of conquests and evanescent dominions. Always Might had been Right; Law had represented only the will of the master, and the law courts only the instruments of his arbitrary authority, so that the lover of righteousness could only pursue it by cutting himself off from all the ties of society and living the life of the ascetic. India was the most deeply divided land in the world—divided not only by differences of race and tongue (there are 38 distinct languages in India to-day, and some of them differ more widely than Russian and Spanish), but divided still more deeply by bitter conflicts of creed and, most sharply of all, by the unchanging, impermeable barriers of caste, which had arisen in the first instance from the determination of conquering

* India is dealt with in Chapters III., IV., VI., and Egypt in Chapter VIII. of "The Expansion of Europe."

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peoples to keep themselves free from any intermixture with their subjects. Nowhere in the world are there to be seen, cheek by jowl, such profound contrasts between distinct grades of civilisation as are represented by the difference between (say) the almost savage Bhils or the out-caste sweepers, and the high-bred Brahmin, Rajput or Mahomedan chiefs. One result of these time-worn distinctions is that through all the ages the ruling castes and races have been accustomed to expect, and the mass of humble men to offer, the most abject submission; so that British administrators have often had to complain that the chief difficulty was, not to make laws for the protection of the humble, but rather to persuade those for whose benefit they were made to take advantage of them.

To this divided land the British rule has brought three inestimable boons: a firmly organised political unity; the impartial administration of a just and equal system of law, based on a codification of Indian usages; and the maintenance of a long, unbroken peace. To this may be added the introduction not only of the material boons of western civilisation—railways, roads, irrigation, postal facilities, and so forth—but of western learning. This has had to be conveyed through the vehicle of English, because it was impossible to create, in all the 38 vernaculars, a whole literature of modern knowledge. And the consequence is, that all the members of the large and growing class of University-trained students, whose existence for the first time creates an instructed public opinion in India, are able freely to communicate with one another, and to

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share a common body of ideas, to an extent that has never before been possible in all the earlier history of India. Out of all these causes, due to the British rule, there has begun to arise in this deeply divided land a sentiment of national unity, and an aspiration after self-government. This sentiment and this aspiration are in themselves excellent things; their danger is that they may lead to a demand for a too rapid advance. For national unity cannot be created by merely asserting that it exists. It will not be fully established until the deeply-rooted differences which are only beginning to be obliterated have largely ceased to determine men's thoughts and actions, as they still do in India. And self-government, on the amplest scale of modern democracy, cannot be achieved until the traditionally ascendant classes, and the traditionally subject classes, have alike learned to recognise the equality of their rights before the law. But the foundations have been made of advance towards both of these aims; they are the result of British rule.

There are discontents in India; there is much sharp criticism of the methods of the supreme Government, especially — almost exclusively — among the new class of western-educated men. But the criticism has not gone so far, except with a very few fanatics, as to assert that British rule is itself unjust or evil; on the contrary, all the best opinion in India desires to see that great land steadily progressing towards greater national unity and greater political liberty under the guidance and protection of British rule; all the best opinion in

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India recognises that the progress already made has been due to British rule, and that its continuance depends upon the continuance of British rule; all the best opinion in India desires that India, even when she becomes, as she will steadily become, more fully self-governing, should remain a partner in the British Commonwealth of Nations. It was a real satisfaction of one of the aspirations of India when three representatives of the Indian Government, an Indian prince, an Indian lawyer, and an Anglo-Indian administrator, came to London in the spring of 1917 to take part in the councils of the Empire during the crisis of its destiny. Criticism and discontent exist. But their existence is a sign of life; and the freedom with which they are expressed is a proof that the Government of India does not follow a merely repressive policy, and that the peoples of India have at last been helped to escape, in a large degree, from that complete docility and submissiveness which are the unhappy signs that a people is enslaved body and soul.

India does not pay one penny of tribute to Britain. She pays the cost of the small, efficient army which guards her frontiers, but if any part of it is borrowed for service elsewhere, the cost falls upon the British Treasury. This rule was, indeed, broken in regard to the first Indian contingents in the present war, but only at the request of the Indian members of the Viceroy's Legislative Council. India contributes not a penny towards the upkeep of the British fleet, which guards her shores; nor does she defray any part of the cost of the consuls and ambassadors in all parts of the world

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who protect the interests of her travelling citizens. She is a self-dependent state, all of whose resources are expended on the development of her own prosperity, and expended with the most scrupulous honesty and economy. Her ports are open, of course, to British traders, but they are open on precisely the same terms to the traders of all other countries; there is no special privilege for the British merchant. Recently she has entered upon a policy of fiscal protection, with a view to the development of cotton manufactures. This policy was directed primarily against Lancashire. But because Indian opinion demanded it, it has not been resisted, in spite of the fact that the bulk of British opinion holds such a policy to be economically unsound. Nor have British citizens any special privileges in other respects. It was laid down as long ago as 1833, as an "indisputable principle," that "the interests of the native subjects are to be consulted in preference to those of Europeans, wherever the two come in competition." Where will you find a parallel to that statement of policy by the supreme government of a ruling race?

India, in short, is governed, under the terms of a code of law based upon Indian custom, by a small number of picked British officials, only about 3,000 in all, among whom highly-trained Indians are increasingly taking their place, and who work in detail through an army of minor officials, nearly all Indians, and selected without respect to race, caste, or creed. She is a self-contained country, whose resources are devoted to her own needs. She is prospering to a degree unexampled in history.

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She has achieved a political unity never before known to her. She has been given the supreme gift of a just and impartial law, administered without fear or favour. She has enjoyed a long period of peace, unbroken by any attack from external foes. Here, as fully as in the self-governing Colonies, membership of the British Empire does not mean subjection to the selfish dominion of a master, or the subordination to that master's interests of the vital interests of the community. It means the establishment among a vast population of the essential gifts of western civilisation—rational law, and the liberty which exists under its shelter.

What has been said of India might equally be said of Egypt, *mutatis mutandis*, but space does not permit of any detail on this theme. Enough to say that the achievements of the short period since 1882, when the British occupation began, in the rescuing of the country from bankruptcy, in the abolition of the hideous tyranny under which the mass of the peasantry had long groaned, in the development of the natural resources of the country, in the introduction of Western methods of government and education, in the removal of the peril of returning barbarism which threatened from the Soudan, and in the establishment of a just and equal system of law, is something which it would be hard to match in the records of history.*

Both in India and in Egypt lands of ancient

* The causes of the British occupation of Egypt, and the development of Egypt under British control, are discussed in "The Expansion of Europe," Chapter VIII.

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civilisation have been rescued from a state of chaos and set upon the path which leads to unity and freedom. And in both countries, if the kind of political liberty which consists in the universal diffusion of a share in the control of government has not yet been established, it is because the peoples of these countries are not yet ready for that, and because the premature establishment of it, by enthroning afresh the old ruling castes, would endanger the far more real gifts of liberty which *have* been secured—liberty of thought and speech, liberty to enjoy the fruits of a man's own labour, freedom from subjection to merely arbitrary superiors, and the establishment of the elementary rights of the poor as securely as those of the powerful.

Empires, like men, are to be judged by their fruits.

V.

Lastly, we come to the vast regions inhabited wholly or mainly by backward or primitive peoples. Most of these are territories of comparatively recent acquisition. And it is here, and practically here alone, that the British Empire comes into comparison with the recently created empires of other European states, France, Germany, Italy and Belgium; none of which possess any self-governing colonies, or any extensive lands of ancient civilisation like India, unless the French colonies of Algeria and Annam are to be regarded as falling within the latter category.

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The establishment of European control over most of the backward regions of the world has been, for the most part, a very recent and a very rapid development.*

The rush for extra-European territory which has taken place since 1878 is frequently regarded as a merely sordid exhibition of greed and of the lust for power; and indeed, some features of it deserve condemnation. But it ought to be recognised that this huge movement was, in the main, both necessary and beneficial. It was necessary because modern scientific industry needed the raw materials produced in these lands, and the primitive savagery of their occupants could not permanently stand in the way of the triumphant march of material progress. And it was (or was capable of being made) highly advantageous; not only to the industrial world, but to the backward peoples themselves, who, apart from it, might never have emerged from the unchanging barbarism in which they have mostly rested since the beginning of time. Whether that was to be so or not, depended, of course, upon the spirit in which the task was undertaken. We have seen some hideous examples of depraved cruelty in the treatment of backward peoples, as in Leopold of Saxe-Coburg's administration of the Congo (which improved beyond recognition as soon as it was taken over by the Belgian Parliament), or as in the ruthless German slaughter of the Hereros in South-West Africa. But on the whole, and with exceptions, the establishment of European control

* On these events see "The Expansion of Europe," Chapter VII.

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has been as beneficial to its primitive subjects as it has been advantageous to the development of modern industry.

In spite of the vast extent of her Empire in other regions, Britain has taken a far larger share of this work than any other single power; perhaps, all things considered, she has taken as great a share as all the rest put together. What are the reasons for this?

The first reason is that Britain had begun long before any of the other powers. Both in Africa and in the islands of the Pacific, the work of exploration was mainly done by British travellers; British traders had almost alone been known to the native populations; and British missionaries, who were extraordinarily active during the nineteenth century, had planted themselves everywhere, and played an immensely important part in civilising their simple flocks. Wherever the missionary went, he undertook the defence of the primitive peoples to whom he preached, against the sometimes unscrupulous exploitation of the trader. It was the constant cry of the missionaries that the British Government ought to assume control, in order to keep the traders in order. They, and the powerful religious bodies at home which supported them, did much to establish the principle that it was the duty of government to protect the rights of native races, while at the same time putting an end to such barbarous usages as cannibalism, slavery, and human sacrifice, where they survived. Often, too, native chieftains begged to be taken under British protection; while the better type of traders were anxious to see civilised

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administration set up, because it is only under civilised administration that trade can permanently thrive. Thus the British Government was under continual pressure from all sides, while the governments of other European countries as yet took no interest in colonial questions. The British Government was extremely loth to assume additional responsibilities, and did its best to avoid them. But some annexations it could not avoid.

Thus before the great European rush for colonies began, Britain, and Britain alone, had acquired a very wide experience in the government of backward peoples, and had worked out fairly clearly defined principles for the government of such peoples. What is more, in all the regions of this type which she controlled—indeed, throughout her whole Empire, everywhere save in the self-governing Colonies—it had become the practice of Britain to throw open all her ports and markets to the trade of all nations on exactly the same terms as to her own merchants. She is, in fact, the only great colonising Power which has adopted this principle. If a British merchant goes to the Philippines, or to Madagascar, or to Togoland, he finds that he has to compete with his American, French, or German rival on unequal terms, because a tariff discriminates between the citizen of the ruling people and the foreign trader. But if an American, French, or German merchant goes to India, or to any British Crown Colony or protectorate, he is admitted on exactly the same terms as the Briton. That distinction had already been established

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before 1878, though it has been accentuated since that date.

The British method of administering backward regions as worked out before 1878 was therefore based upon two principles, firstly the protection of native rights, and secondly the open door to all trading nations; and Britain may fairly be said to have learnt to regard herself as being, in these regions, a trustee—a trustee on behalf of her subjects, and on behalf of the civilised world. Is it not true that if these principles had been universally adopted, half the bitterness which has been due to the rivalry of the European Powers for colonial possessions would have been obviated? To-day these principles are being advocated by many earnest men as representing the only mode by which the supremacy of Western civilisation throughout the world can be reconciled with the avoidance of bitter rivalry and war between the civilised states; and they are preached as if they were a new doctrine of salvation. Yet they have been consistently practised by Britain during the greater part of the nineteenth century, and they are still practised by her to-day.

When the great rush began, the main object of the European states which took part in it was to obtain a monopoly-control of the regions which they annexed. But in all the available regions of the world, British trade had hitherto been preponderant. British traders saw before them the prospect of being absolutely excluded from lines of traffic which had hitherto been mainly in their hands, and they were naturally urgent that the only means of pro-

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tection available should be taken, and that the areas in which they had been most active should be brought under British administration. If the new colonising Powers had been prepared to follow the policy of the open door, to which Britain had so long adhered, there would have been no reason to fear their annexations; rather there would have been every reason to rejoice that other nations were taking their share in the work of giving civilised government to these regions. But since their object was monopoly and exclusion, it was inevitable that Britain should undertake great new responsibilities. Her doing so was, indeed, the only practicable way of preserving the trading rights, not merely of her own subjects, but also of all the other trading Powers which had not themselves joined in the rush, or had only a small part in it. Yet even now the British Government was extremely unwilling to take action, or to expand still further the already vast domains for whose good governance it was responsible. It had to be forced into action, mainly through the activity of trading companies.

In the vast new acquisitions of the period since 1878 (which were mainly in Africa), as in the earlier acquisitions, the old principles long pursued by Britain in the government of these backward regions were still maintained—protection of native rights and the open door. And thus it has come about that to-day these British realms present almost the only undeveloped fields to which all nations may resort on equal terms and in whose

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development all may take a share. The Germans have made a very large use of these opportunities.

Another point ought to be made. Immense as these regions are, and recently as they have been turned from barbarism, order and peace are maintained within them by extraordinarily small military forces: only the absolute necessary minimum. Yet they have been on the whole extraordinarily free from unrest or rebellion, such as has repeatedly disturbed the German colonies in Africa. There has been in their history no episode like the ruthless slaughter of the whole Herero race in German South-West Africa, after long, desperate, dragging campaigns. And while it would be absurd to claim that no abuses of the power of the white man over his coloured subjects have been known in them, at least there have been no outstanding or notorious atrocities. Their subjects are loyal, and are reconciled to peace, because they recognise that they are justly treated. That, it may fairly be claimed, is what the British Empire has meant in the backward regions of the earth. And if it be true that the institution of civilised government in these regions was necessary in the interests at once of modern industry and of the backward peoples themselves, it is equally true that there are no other backward regions in which the interests of the native subjects have been more solicitously considered, and none in which the interests of all the industrial nations, and not merely of a single dominant race, have been so steadily held in view, as in these regions of the British Empire.

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VI.

If we now turn to consider as a whole the character of this vast Empire,* whose principal regions we have been examining, the first thing that must strike us is that, while it is by far the biggest of all the world-dominions which have come into existence in modern times, it is also the most loosely organised of them all. It is rather a partnership of a multitude of states in every grade of civilisation and every stage of development than an organised and consolidated dominion. Five of its chief members are completely self-governing, and share in the common burdens only by their own free will. All the remaining members are organised as distinct units, though subject to the general control of the home government. The resources of each unit are employed exclusively for the development of its own welfare. They pay no tribute; they are not required to provide any soldiers beyond the minimum necessary for their own defence and the maintenance of internal order.

This Empire, in short, is not in any degree organised for military purposes. It is strong for defence so long as it is sure of the command of the sea, since it is open to attack at singularly few points by land. But it is incapable, by its very nature and system of organisation, of threatening the existence of any of its rivals or of making a bid for world-supremacy. For, vast though its population and

* The passages in this section are mainly quoted directly from "The Expansion of Europe."

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resources are, they *cannot* be made available for war except under the impulse of a great enthusiasm simultaneously dominating all its members, like that which has led them all to share in this war; and if its directors were to undertake an aggressive and conquering policy, not only could they not count upon general support, but they would probably bring about the disruption of the Empire.

The life-blood of this Empire is trade; its supreme interest is manifestly peace. The conception of the meaning of empire which is indicated by its history is not a conception of dominion for dominion's sake, imposed by brute force. On the contrary, it has come to be regarded as a trust, a trust to be administered in the interests of the subjects primarily, and secondarily in the interests of the whole civilised world. That this is not the assertion of a boast or of an unrealised ideal, but of a fact and a practice, is sufficiently demonstrated by two unquestionable facts, to which we have already referred, but which cannot be too often repeated. The first is the fact that the units of this empire are not only free from all tribute in money or men, but are not even required to make any contribution to the upkeep of the fleet, upon which the safety of all depends. The second is the fact that every port and every market in this vast empire, so far as they are under the control of the central government, are thrown open as freely to the citizens of all other States as to its own.

Finally, in this Empire there has never been any attempt to impose a uniformity of method or even of laws upon the infinitely various societies which

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it embraces; it not only permits, it cultivates and admires, varieties of type, and to the maximum practical degree it believes in self-government. It includes among its population representatives of almost every human race and religion, from the Australian Bushman to the subtle and philosophic Brahmin, from the African dwarf to the master of modern industry or the scholar of universities. Almost every form of social organisation known to man is represented in its complex and many-hued fabric. It embodies some of the most democratic communities which the world has known. It finds place for the highly organised caste system by which the teeming millions of India are held together. It preserves the simple tribal organisation of the African clans. To different elements among its subjects this Empire appears in different aspects. To the self-governing dominions it is a brotherhood of free nations, co-operating for the defence and diffusion of the ideas and institutions of freedom. To the ancient civilisations of India or Egypt it is a power which, in spite of all its mistakes and limitations, has brought peace instead of turmoil, law instead of arbitrary might, unity instead of chaos, justice instead of oppression, freedom for the development of the capacities and characteristic ideas of their peoples, and the prospect of a steady growth of national unity and political responsibility. To the backward races it has meant the suppression of unending slaughter, the disappearance of slavery, the protection of the rights and usages of primitive and simple folk against reckless exploitation, and the chance of gradual improvement and emancipa-

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tion from barbarism. But to all alike, to one-quarter of the inhabitants of the globe, it has meant the establishment of the Reign of Law and of the Liberty which can only exist under its shelter. In some degree, though imperfectly as yet, it has realised within its own body all the three great political ideals of the modern world. It has fostered the rise of a sense of *nationality* in the young communities of the new lands, and in the old and once decaying civilisations of the most ancient historic countries. It has given a freedom of development to *self-government* in a variety of forms, to which there is no sort of parallel in any other empire that has ever existed. And by linking together so many diverse and contrasted peoples in a common peace it has already realised, for a quarter of the globe, the ideal of *internationalism* on a scale undreamt of by the most sanguine prophets of Europe.

Long ago, in the crisis of the American Revolution, when the faithfulness of Britain to her tradition of liberty was for an unhappy moment wavering in the balance, the great orator Burke spoke some glowing sentences on the character of the British Empire as he conceived it. They read like a prophetic vision of the Empire of to-day, linked by ties which, in his words, "though light as air, are strong as links of iron," yet joining in an heroic comradeship to defend the threatened shrine of freedom. "As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards

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you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But freedom they can have only from you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond, which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the Empire. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of the mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English Constitution that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English Constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the Empire, even down to the minutest member."

The spirit of Burke was wounded in 1775; it is rejoicing to-day.

FACT v. FICTION.



FICTION.



FACT.

"The net losses of British shipping during the last six months have been one-half what the Germans claim them to be."—*Mr. Lloyd George.*

Mr. Lloyd George's Statement on Shipping and Food Supplies.

(HOUSE OF COMMONS,
Thursday, 16th August, 1917.)

HODDER & STOUGHTON
LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO

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FACT V. FICTION.

Mr. Lloyd George's Statement on Shipping and Food Supplies.

Not merely to inform the people of this country—but also for the information of neutrals and all others who may be concerned, I think it necessary that the facts of the case in regard to food and submarines should be placed before the country at the earliest possible opportunity.

This time last year the stocks of wheat in this country were 6,480,000 quarters. At the present moment there are 8,500,000 quarters of wheat. The stocks of wheat are 2,000,000 above those of the corresponding period of last year. The stocks of oats and barley are also higher than they were this time last year.

Speaking generally, owing to closer milling and to the food economy campaign there has been something saved which is equivalent to an addition of 70,000 quarters of wheat for the food supply of this country. That represents something like one-seventh of the total consumption of wheat. That is the position as far as stocks are concerned.

In December, 1916, the acreage of cultivation was down by something between 200,000 and 300,000 acres, as compared with the corresponding period of 1915. Now not merely has that deficiency been covered, but the area of cultivation is something like 1,000,000 acres above the acreage under cultivation last year. That represents oats, barley, potatoes, and wheat—something like an addition of between three and four million tons to the food supplies in this country.

If the harvest is as good as it promises to be now, and if the harvesting weather is not particularly unpropitious, the condition of this country in regard to food supplies is one which, taking everything into account, is very satisfactory. In fact, it is better than it has been for a good many years. I want here again to utter a word of warning. The harvests of the world, compared with previous years, are not good. On the whole, it looks as if the aggregate supply of food for human consumption



STOCKS OF WHEAT IN AUGUST 1916,
6,480,000 QUARTERS.

STOCKS OF WHEAT IN AUGUST 1917,
8,500,000 QUARTERS.

will be considerably below the average. All that has to be taken into account when you are surveying the prospects of the provision of cereals between now and the harvest of 1918. I am saying that in order to urge the need of strict economy, the continued need, and even the greater need of strict economy, because we have to think not merely of the condition of things in this country, we have also to think of our Allies, France and Italy. (Cheers.) Neither here nor in any other respect must we think only of ourselves; let us also think of those gallant Frenchmen and of the brave Italians who have been obliged to abandon the plough in order to fight for the liberty of their own country at the frontier. The more we economise in this country the less will be the drain upon the reservoir of food which France, as well as Italy and ourselves, have got to draw upon in Canada, in the Argentine, and in America. I still urge that the gratifying response which the householders of this country made to the appeal of the Food Controller should be continued until the harvest of 1918, in order not merely to save tonnage for this country, but to save food supplies for this country, as well as for our Allies.

The sugar stocks were at the beginning of this year very low; they continued to be very low throughout the Spring. Since then there has been a very material improvement, and there is an increase in our reserves, so that for the moment we do not feel the anxiety which we all felt in the early Spring with regard to the sugar supplies.

With regard to 1918, steps are being taken to increase the area of cultivation for that year. In 1918 you will have millions more acres of land under cultivation, and that means millions more tons of food raised in this country, and will be free from any submarine menace which the enemy can possibly develop against us.

The War Office are assisting us to the best of their power, and the distinguished officer in command of the Home Forces is lending us every aid in his power, and I think we can confidently expect to be able to supply the necessary labour for the purpose of carrying through the operations which have been undertaken with regard to the cultivation of land in this country. In regard to tractors, apart altogether from those in private possession, we have been able to gather together something like a thousand; by October there will be 2,500, and by the Spring there will be 8,000 tractors.

The Government have come to the conclusion that, with reasonable economy, there is no chance for starving out the population of these islands.

I come to the shipping situation. Here the Germans have been very busy for their own purpose circulating statements and figures with regard to the destruction effected by their submarine campaign. They have circulated them in their own country and in Austria, and they are circulating them in neutral countries, and even in countries which are allied to our own. They are doing it in their country to cheer up their own people. There is no doubt at all that they had given a very definite promise that, by the month of August, the submarine campaign would have effected such ravages on our mercantile marine that England, as they put it, would be out of the war. There was a definite promise to that effect given in the German Reichstag. Now they find that that is not true, and there is a corresponding sense of discouragement in their own country, and that has spread to other countries. The Germans are now preparing a set of figures, which they call official, on the authority of the Admiralty; they are circulating these figures throughout Germany and throughout Austria, figures as to the losses inflicted upon British shipping. The reason in their own country is quite clear. So is the purpose in other countries. There is no doubt that the pressure of the war is very great upon their population, and the pressure is great upon the populations which are allied to Germany. They



ACREAGE UNDER CULTIVATION IN
DECEMBER 1916.

ACREAGE UNDER CULTIVATION TO-DAY.

want to create the impression that in a very short time the damage inflicted upon our mercantile marine will be so great that we cannot last much longer, and the moment Great Britain is out of the war their view is that the whole of the alliance will collapse.

The unrestricted submarine campaign began in February. There is an enormous advantage from the point of view of the assailant in being able to hit your ship without having to ask any questions as to the flag she carries or as to the cargo she carries. If they fire a torpedo at anything that appears on the surface, then undoubtedly their chances of doing injury to shipping tonnage is twice, at any rate, as great as it would be when they had to hesitate and to consider whether that was an American ship, whether that was a Dutch ship, or whether she by any chance could be a British ship, because it has got to be done instantaneously if it is done effectively. The moment the Germans came to the conclusion that they would destroy every ship that appeared on the surface of the deep, then the losses increased, so that by the month of April we lost about 560,000 tons of shipping in a single month.

The German official figures claim that we are losing between 450,000 tons and 500,000 tons net, that is, that after deducting the ships which we build every month our losses are 450,000 to 500,000 net. Now I give the worst month, and I begin with April. The 560,000 was gross, not net. Now came the Admiralty methods of dealing with the situation. There were several means which they devised of dealing with a very perilous situation, but they all had the effect of first of all giving more

protection to our ships and of making it more dangerous for the submarine to ply its tyrannical trade. The result has been that the losses, which were in April 550,000 tons, in July came down to 320,000, which is a very considerable reduction. These are the figures without deducting the tonnage which we have built.

The net losses, which, according to the Germans, are 450,000 to 500,000 tons a month—our net losses during the last six months, that is, since the beginning of the unrestricted submarine campaign, so far from being 450,000 to 500,000 tons, are under 250,000 tons per month.

If the August figures continue at the same ratio of loss as we have experienced during the first fortnight, then our net losses during the months of July and August would be at the rate of 175,000 tons a month. That is, taking the whole of the six months we have only lost half what the Germans claim. At the present rate we are only losing one-third of what the Germans claim. That is a very serious difference, and I should like to point this out. *The losses are diminishing, the building is increasing.*

With regard to the methods adopted by the Admiralty, without going into them in detail—for it would be obviously unwise that I should do so—the figures indicate that they are meeting with considerable success in their endeavours to deal with submarines, and the measure of their success is all the more conspicuous when it is borne in mind that the number of the submarines is increasing. In spite of that fact the losses inflicted by them are diminishing, and have diminished very considerably as compared with three or four months ago.

Now I come to other methods for countering the submarine menace. The Shipping Controller has succeeded in first of all so re-organising the shipping of this country by means of better loading, by taking ships off longer voyages and concentrating them on shorter voyages, by turning ships round more quickly so that they should be able to make more voyages in the course of the year. He has been able by that means to secure that, although we have a diminished tonnage, we have been able to carry more tons. Our shipping in June and July of this year, compared with June and July of last year, is something like 10 per cent. down, and as there is no diminution in the tonnage which is devoted to the carriage of Government material for our armies abroad, that means that the diminution in the tonnage available for ordinary imports

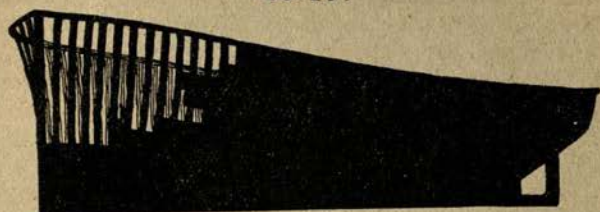
1915.



1916.



1917.



NEW SHIP-BUILDING IN 1915	..	..	688,000 tons.
" " IN 1916	..	..	538,000 "
" " IN 1917	..	..	1,904,000 "

is down not by 10 per cent., but by 20 per cent. In spite of that fact we succeeded in carrying during the period which I have indicated, 150,000 more tons in British ships to the United Kingdom.

In addition to that, the Shipping Controller has taken steps for the quickening of ship-building.

In 1915 the tonnage built in this country was 688,000. The tonnage built in this country during peace times is, I think, on an average something a little under 2,000,000. In 1915 the ship-building came to 688,000 tons. In 1918 it was 538,000 tons. In the first six months of this year it was 484,000 tons; but in the second six months of this year—this will include some purchased abroad—the new shipping acquired by this country will be 1,420,000 tons in six months. A little over a million tons, nearly 1,100,000 tons, will be built in this country and 330,000 tons will be acquired abroad, so that this year the tonnage which we shall acquire will be 1,900,000. This is purely mercantile marine. Bear in mind the condition under which the tonnage is built. It is the fourth year of the war. There is a difficulty in labour, and most difficulty in material. You require steel for guns and shells for the Navy, because

the ship-building programme of the Navy has gone up considerably in the course of the present year. In spite of that fact the ship-building of the country in this year will not be very far from what it was in the days of peace. I think that is a very fine achievement. (Cheers.)

In addition to that there is a very considerable programme of additional naval construction, which has been laid down this year. The tonnage of the naval construction this year will go up by hundreds of thousands of tons. This shows what this country is capable of when it is put to the test. The House of Commons and the people of this country and the people of Allied countries—yea, and the people of Germany—will now know what value to attach to this figure of from 450,000 to 500,000 tons per month loss of British shipping.

Even now we have not got enough tonnage for all essential purposes. We have got to provide tonnage for France, Italy, and Russia, as well as for ourselves, and we need more ships instead of fewer ships. And I am not going to pretend that there will not be at best a rate of diminution of our shipping, which will embarrass us in the struggle, and therefore it is essential, not merely that this country should build, but that the only other countries which have a great ship-building capacity should also build. If the United States of America puts forth the whole of her capacity, and I have no doubt, from what I hear, that she is preparing to do it in her own thorough and enterprising way, I have no doubt at all that we shall have sufficient tonnage not merely for this year—but for the whole of 1918 and, if necessary, for 1919 as well, because America can expand very considerably her ship-building capacity if the real need ever arises for her to do so.

Looking ahead, our difficulties will diminish, our power will increase; our enemies' difficulties will increase, their power will diminish, and they know it. It is for that reason I say this is the supreme hour for patience, for courage, for endurance, for hope, and for unity. Let us go through this hour with the same temper and impetus that enabled us to destroy the great military despotism at the beginning of the nineteenth century, standing often alone but saving Europe. Let us go through this hour now with the old temper of our race, and next year we shall begin, and the world will begin, to reap the fruits of our valour. (Loud cheers.)

BRITAIN'S FINANCIAL EFFORT

HODDER & STOUGHTON

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THE MEANS OF VICTORY.

IF this war has brought no other compensations for the terrible losses it involves, there will at least be agreement that it has added materially to the average man's stock of information. The ordinary stay-at-home American or Briton has been turned by the war, for instance, into a geographical expert familiar with the lie of the land, the contours, the rivers, and the woods of areas the very existence of which was probably unknown to him three years ago. So it is also in the world of economics. We all of us know now that the wealth of a nation lies in the brain and muscle of its inhabitants, coupled with any natural advantages they may enjoy for controlling the material of industry and agriculture. Thus no one is likely to fall now into the old error of confounding that part of a nation's income which is annexed by its Government for public ends with the income itself. The present article, stimulated by the speech delivered on 2nd May, 1917, by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, is here concerned with some aspects of the financial effort made by Great Britain as expressed in the revenue from taxation and the expenditure on war of the British Government.

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But, owing to the growth of general information referred to above, the reader will not therefore conclude that this is an attempt to analyse the whole economic position of the Allies, or even of Great Britain. The present writer, being himself engaged in business, has simply thought that other business men may be interested in the course of British national finance from the outbreak of war to the time of the full entry into the struggle of the United States.

THE POLICY OF FRANKNESS.

The task of explanation is made easier by the fact that the British Government has maintained, despite the difficulties caused by the war, its old policy of frankness in regard to finance. Whereas the Germans can barely produce a caricature of a budget once a year, the British Government supplements frequent statements of financial policy by its public men with quarterly and even weekly returns of national revenue and expenditure. Private business in England has followed the same course. In Germany real foreign exchange rates, for example, may not be published, and only one shipping company continues to issue its balance-sheet. Germany, like every other country now at war, meets an important part of its war debt by issues of Treasury bills and other very short term notes; but it is impossible for the German public to know accurately the extent of their Government's liabilities under this head. The British, on the other hand, announce every week the full extent of their liabilities

on Treasury bills, temporary advances made by the Bank of England, and so forth.

THE FIGHTING SERVICES.

Thus in considering Britain's financial effort we have better and fuller information on which to work than is usually the case in Europe. One may then begin by giving a few simple figures in regard to the money which had been spent by the British Government on the prosecution of the war up to the time of America's entry. It may be best to take first the actual expenditure of the departments of Navy, Army, and Munitions, and give some examples thereof at different periods of the war. From 1st April to 17th July, 1915, the sum spent by these three departments was 1,208 million dollars. Between 20th February and 31st March, 1916, the expenditure under the same three heads had increased to a rate of just over 15 million dollars a day. Between 23rd July and 7th October, 1916, the amount spent was 1,420 million dollars, or nearly 20 million dollars a day. Between 1st April, 1915, and 7th October, 1916, the total expenditure on Navy, Army, and Munitions came to just under 7,500 million dollars. Here it may be pointed out that the direct expenses of the Northern States during the whole of the American Civil War have been estimated at about 3,330 million dollars; that is less than half the amount spent by Great Britain on Navy, Army, and Munitions in only eighteen months of the present campaign. This contrast is made, not with the view of comparing the

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value of one effort with another, but of putting the financial demands now made on Great Britain in some sort of historical proportion.

One may further trace the rising curve of the total expenditure of the British Government since the beginning of the war. For the first four months of the struggle the expenditure averaged 4.3 million dollars a day; during the first quarter of 1915 the daily rate passed above 7 million dollars. By the middle of July of that year the daily bill was 15 million dollars, and only three months later it was $17\frac{1}{2}$ million dollars. By February, 1916, the rate was 22 million dollars, by May 25 million dollars, and by 8th October, 1916, $28\frac{1}{2}$ million dollars a day. Since then the daily rate has passed the 30 million dollar line, and now the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the year 1917-18 is budgeting for a total daily expenditure of $31\frac{1}{3}$ million dollars, supposing the war to last so long.

THE BASIS OF SOLVENCY.

The extent of this financial effort made by Great Britain is of essential interest to all who wish to form a fair judgment of the nature of the war. Particularly is this the case when one bears in mind that the financial effort has gone side by side with a military effort for which no one in Great Britain was, before the war, prepared, and that in a country governed by representative democratic institutions want of national unanimity quickly shows itself in the failure of the Government to obtain the funds necessary for its plans. But of still greater

interest is the *method* by which a belligerent country raises the funds it has been necessary to spend. If we find a country following the advice of the last German Finance Minister, that, "As things are, the only method seems to be to leave the settlement of the war bill to the conclusion of peace and the time after peace has been concluded," we can usually assume that there is something wrong. For, unless invasion or some similar military cause has dislocated the economic life of a nation, failure to meet a good proportion of the war bill out of taxation has always indicated that the nation in question is either gambling wildly on quick victory or has not sufficient confidence in its Government to face the economic facts. President Wilson rightly laid stress on the necessity for meeting as much of the war costs as possible out of revenue, and this has been the policy of Great Britain for over two and a half years of hard fighting. As a former British Chancellor of the Exchequer said, "When on examination it appears that we never borrow a pound without making provision in advance by new taxation, sufficient to cover both interest and a liberal sinking fund, the foundations upon which alone national credit can be built up are exposed to view."

MEETING THE BILL.

To show that British practice has justified this boast one may take some of the figures of Britain's national accounts. The British financial year ends on 31st March, and below are given the figures of revenue actually realised for the last three financial

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years, which included four months of peace up to August, 1914 :—

*REALISED REVENUE.					MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.
1914-15	...	...	...	...	1,133
1915-16	...	...	...	...	1,685
1916-17	...	...	...	...	2,864
					<u>5,682</u>

Now, the estimated revenue for 1914-15 was nearly 1,036 million dollars, this estimate being based on the expectation of a normal year of peace. As will be seen from the figures above, the estimate was in practice exceeded, this surplus being the first fruit of the new war taxation. But taking the estimated peace revenue as a normal basis we may make the following sum :—

	MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.
Realised revenue, three years to 31st March, 1917	5,682
Less normal peace revenue on 1914-15 basis	<u>3,107</u>
Yield of war taxes to 31st March, 1917	<u>2,575</u>

Thus, in spite of the fact that many folk have lost heavily by the war, the British people have, through their Parliament, imposed on themselves in two years and eight months some 2,575 million dollars of extra taxation, and this while raising an army of five million men.

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WHAT TAXATION HAS CONTRIBUTED.

Take this question from another aspect, and consider a summary of the actual receipts and expenditure of the British Government from 1st August, 1914, to 31st March, 1917:—

1ST AUGUST, 1914— 31ST MARCH, 1917.	MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.
Actual expenditure	21,278
Increase in Government cash balances	107
	<u>21,385</u>
Less normal peace expenditure ...	2,760
Net war expenditure	<u>18,625</u>

Before considering these figures further it will be well to give one more table in which the expenditure is set out in greater detail:—

1ST AUGUST, 1914— 31ST MARCH, 1917.	MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.
<i>Spent.</i>	
Normal peace expenses	2,760
Advances to Allies, etc.	4,800
Other war expenses	13,825
	<u>21,385</u>
<i>Received.</i>	
Yield of all taxes	5,410
Net borrowings	15,975
	<u>21,385</u>

The figures being duly (and let us hope not too tediously) set out, one can quite easily measure the

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proportions in which the British people have met their war bill out of taxation as opposed to borrowing. * Leaving out of account altogether peace revenue and peace expenditure, we can see that against 18,625 million dollars of war expenditure there have been raised 2,575 million dollars of extra war taxes—a proportion of 1 dollar of purely war tax to 7 dollars 23 cents of purely war expenditure. Taking the total spent during the period of the war on all services, and comparing it with the total sum raised by war taxes (21,278 and 5,410 million dollars respectively), we get a proportion of 1 dollar raised by taxation to 3.93 dollars spent on all accounts. If we rule out of the expenditure the loans to Allies, etc. (money which should in due course be returned in one way or another), we get a proportion of 1 dollar raised by taxation to 2 dollars 56 cents spent on all accounts except that of loans. Both the economist of whatever nationality and the patriotic Britisher may safely contemplate these figures with satisfaction.

PROVISION FOR DEBT REDEMPTION.

The estimates for the year which will end on 31st March, 1918—estimates made on the hypothesis that the war will go on throughout that period—show that the same conservative financial policy as before is to be maintained. The levy on war profits is raised from 60 to 80 per cent., and with the help of an additional duty on tobacco the revenue of the United Kingdom for the year should amount to 3,190 million dollars. But part of this revenue, the excess profits duty, will not be available after the

war, and thus the framer of the first peace budget will lose 1,000 million dollars of annual revenue on the present scale. He may also expect to lose some 90 million dollars of special war revenue from other sources. This will leave a budget-maker a reasonable expectation of 2,100 million dollars of revenue. This will provide, with a small margin, for war pensions and other permanent additions to expenditure, for the maintenance of ordinary expenditure by the Government on the same level as before the war, and for putting the whole of the debt on a $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis. Now, the actual average rate at which money has been borrowed has been $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and on this basis of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. it would be possible to redeem the whole of the war loans issued for Great Britain's own account in under forty-three years. This is supposing the war to last till 31st March, 1918, and is making no allowance for the recovery of normal revenue from such services as the Post Office when peace conditions return.

A COMPARISON WITH GERMANY.

Compare the position in this regard in Germany with that of England. If peace comes a year hence (supposing no indemnities on either side) the English taxpayer will have no fresh burdens to face. The German taxpayer, on the other hand, will have to pay thrice as much as before the war, unless his Government is to meet its annual deficit by fresh borrowings to meet interest on old ones—this, too, when all Germany's economic strength will be required to restore the depreciated German Reichsmark as a necessary preliminary to the rebuilding

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of German foreign trade. Here business men who are normally unconcerned with politics can detect another of the many reasons which in Germany, and not in England, induce the Government to keep the people ignorant of the real financial situation until the gambler's last desperate throw has been made. The British Government's receipts for 1917-18 will show an increase of 2,150 million dollars compared with the last year of peaceful conditions; the receipts of the German Government an increase of 310 millions. Which of these nations is facing the facts?

THE PEOPLE'S SAVINGS.

It has been shown above to what extent the war costs have been met by taxation in Great Britain, and to what extent by loans. It may not be out of place to give some particulars of these same loans. Large amounts have necessarily been raised by short term Treasury bills and similar securities suited to the needs of bankers. There have also been from time to time issues of Exchequer bonds which were subsequently converted into longer-dated loans. But the ordinary man is more concerned to know about the real war loans—loans offered to the public and the investing classes generally, and subscribed out of savings or accumulated wealth of some sort. There have been three big British war loans of this sort, with the result set out below :—

	AMOUNT.	NUMBER OF SUBSCRIBERS.
1st War Loan ...	1,750 million dollars	Not stated
2nd „ „ ...	3,080 „ „	1,100,000
3rd „ „ ...	5,000 „ „	5,289,000

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It will be seen that each loan has been more successful than its predecessor in proportion as the "nation of shopkeepers" realised the seriousness of the issues involved. Further evidence of the extent to which the British people of all classes have confidence in their cause and in the soundness of their financial system is to be found in the successful issue of War Savings Certificates. These are certificates which are to be bought at any post-office for 15s. 6d. They carry no yearly or half-yearly interest payments, but are repayable after five years at the price of £1. Thus they are only bought by people who have money genuinely to save—the interest, equal to 5 per cent., is not exorbitant—and no one person may hold more than 500 certificates. At the end of April, 1917, no less than 100 millions of these certificates had been sold.

TWO TESTS OF SOUND POLICY.

Puddings' proofs lie, by tradition, in the eating thereof. The arguments above show, it is hoped, the great extent of Britain's financial effort. The proof that this effort has been cleverly as well as energetically made lies in the fact that despite everything British credit abroad is maintained. To over-emphasise a fact so patent to all concerned with international finance would be tedious. One may, however, take two of the many instances that go to prove this thesis. Before America came into the war the New York financial market was open to all European borrowers alike. All needed the help of

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American dollars. Up to the end of 1916 American bankers and investors had extended to Great Britain, on the merits of British credit, 1,125 million dollars of loans; to Germany they had loaned 20 million dollars. There was no need for Americans to lend this money to England if they doubted the security, for America was not yet pledged to the overthrow of Prussian militarism and autocracy. British finance got what help it needed on its merits, just as American finance got the help of London and Paris in 1907, because England and France believed in the ultimate solvency of the United States. The Germans could not borrow in New York, because their financial methods had put their solvency, even in the early days of the war, in question. The other instance that may be taken to show the soundness of British methods is the test of exchange. Foreign exchanges are in appearance complicated things, but in essence simple. The value of, say, pounds sterling in a neutral city, say Amsterdam, is the price which Dutchmen will give for money in London. The value of the German mark in Amsterdam is what Dutchmen will give for money in Berlin. Amsterdam is near enough both to England and Germany, and in close enough relations with both, to make the comparison a fair one. What does the comparison show?

The English pound has, since the war broke out, never shown a depreciation of as much as 11 per cent. in Amsterdam, and subsequently it has recovered to a depreciation of only 3 per cent. The German mark by the middle of April, 1917, showed a depreciation of $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the same city, and

this depreciation was also the greatest since the war began, there being apparent little or no power of recovery.

THE WILL TO WIN.

The English have been called a "nation of shopkeepers." Without admitting that there is anything wrong in being a shopkeeper, they have accepted this description of themselves. Despite the magnitude of the military effort put forth by Great Britain in this war, the influence of business, commerce, and industry remains great in the government of the country. That is the chief reason why the present writer has thought it worth while to describe at length one part, and one part only, of Britain's economic effort. Readiness has been shown by the "nation of shopkeepers" to face the financial facts, to tax itself heavily and quickly to meet the costs of war, and never to allow its national finance to rest on any but a secure basis. These are difficult things for a self-governing community to do. It is easy to say that we are giving our lives to ensure peace for our children, and that it is they who ought to bear all the financial burden. But the British democracy has not yet yielded to that subtle temptation. It has shown its determination that the foundations of future peace shall be well and truly laid, financially and otherwise. This is the fact which, to one business man at least, gives dramatic significance to the array of figures with which he has troubled the reader above. Figures can be dull, but not so dull as to obscure the fact that British financial policy in this war has been the embodiment of the

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will of the people about the war as a whole—that it should be fought hard, and fought honestly, and brought to an end on a basis that will ensure that no further attack be made by a pirate nation on the liberties of the world.

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THE OTTOMAN DOMINATION

(Reprinted from *The Round Table*)

T. FISHER UNWIN, Ltd.
1, ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON

1917

THE OTTOMAN DOMINATION.

(Reprinted from *The Round Table*.)

When President Wilson asked the belligerents for a statement of their aims, the Allies gave, among their conditions, the expulsion of the Ottoman Empire from Europe and the liberation of the peoples subject to its rule. They described the Ottoman State as "radically alien to Western Civilisation," and its methods of government as a "murderous tyranny." These charges will be found, on examination, to be entirely true, and the remedies to be the least that will cure the evil. But they also imply that the just and enduring settlement which the Allies desire is quite incompatible with the *status quo* in Turkey, and it is therefore important to realise what the Ottoman Empire was before the War, and what it has become since entering into it.

The political map is deceptive. On the map the area marked "Turkey" is rounded off and coloured in like the areas marked "Italy", or "France" or "Great Britain"; and as a proposal to partition these would be regarded on all hands as a political crime, so the like proposal in regard to Turkey might seem, to anyone judging merely by the map, to be at any rate an aggression. The difference between the two cases is not apparent on the face of them, and calls for explanation.

How did these different areas take their colour? In other words, what has been the history of the States that have made these territories their own?

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Their differences appear in their origin. Those States which on the map are indistinguishable from Turkey are national States. Their claim to integrity rests on the common desire of the inhabitants of their territory, and the inhabitants feel this desire either because they originally found the land empty and spread over it from a single stock, like the American nation; or because they lived in the land politically disunited, and then united the land and themselves by a common act of will, like the Italian nation in the *Risorgimento*; or because the territory grew gradually by conquest or inheritance, and democracy kept pace with expansion, so that old and new citizens combined into a single free community—the history of England and France. The Ottoman Empire, on the other hand, is not a national State. It has not grown by willing co-operation between neighbours, but by the domination of a military power over what might have been nations, or parts of nations, if Ottoman militarism had not cut them short. And this military domination has never improved its original character. Of the peoples conquered by it, some have shaken off its yoke again and some remain under it still. But none have been assimilated by it, none have become willing members of its body politic.

The breaking up of Turkey is not the destruction of a living commonwealth, but a liberation of enslaved peoples from prison, a clearing of the ground for the commonwealths which these peoples are at last to build. This is not a theoretical argument, but a fact of history, for the break-up of Turkey is not a new thing. It has been happening

for two centuries. The Balkan War of 1912-13 was its penultimate stage, and it has already added six nations to the independent States of Europe.

This Ottoman Power, which has overshadowed so many lands and peoples in Asia and Europe, sprang from small beginnings. Its founder was chief of a little troop of Turkish nomads, who in the 13th century wandered into Asia Minor from Central Asia. The Turkish Sultans already established in the country let the wanderer carve himself out a camping-place on their north-western marches—the hill country behind the Asiatic shores of the Sea of Marmora, looking down upon what was then a Greek coast belonging to the Byzantine Empire. The founder's son turned the camping-ground into a State, and, taking the name of Osman on his conversion from paganism to Islam, bequeathed it to his successors. The Osmanlis are those who have carried on what Osman began—and they have been faithful to his ideas. In less than three centuries they added to Osman's few square miles of hill country, till their territory stretched from Hungary and Algiers and the Crimea to the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, and they won the whole of it by military technique. The Osmanlis expanded because they had better drill, better artillery, better military roads than the peoples they overthrew; and they have staved off their extinction by becoming ready pupils of those who have surpassed them in the military art. They have borrowed from Prussia their ability to fight in the present War; the instinct for soldiering is the Osmanli's one and inalienable characteristic.

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No other military State has ever so remorselessly exploited its human material. Prussia grew by the conscription of the conquered. The Silesians conquered from Austria in 1740 were drilled to fight against her in 1866; the Hanoverians conquered in 1866 were sent as *canonnen-futter* against France in 1870; the Alsatians conquered in 1870 are manning the German trenches at Monastir and Pinsk. But the Osmanlis' system was Spartan. They did not take a mere toll of years from grown men's lives, but men's whole lives from infancy—a tribute of so many children from each subject Christian family, every so many years. These children were separated for ever from their families at the earliest possible age, educated in a military school as Moslems, and drafted into a standing army, fanatically devoted to their corps, the Osmanli Sultan and Islam, and with no other ties in the world. The Janissaries (or "New Model Army"—as, indeed, they were) made the Ottoman conquests, and each fresh people they brought under the Ottoman domination became a fresh recruiting-ground. The Ottoman Empire spread with a disastrous momentum, engulfing free peoples and destroying well-grown States—the Byzantine Empire, which had preserved at Constantinople the heritage of Ancient Greek Civilisation; the young, vigorous kingdoms of Bulgaria, Serbia, Bosnia, Hungary; the Roumanian principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia; the Albanian tribesmen; the Greek and French and Italian lordships in the Ægean Islands and Peloponnesus. All these were overthrown by the Osmanlis in Europe, and in

Asia their conquests were as thorough and as wide. They conquered impartially, not only Christians but Moslems, not only Moslems but Turks. Their bitterest enemies were the kindred Turkish States of Asia Minor, especially the Sultanate of Karaman, in the heart of the peninsula. When they had overthrown Karaman, they conquered southward and eastward—Armenia and Mesopotamia from the Shahs of Persia, Syria and Egypt and the Holy Cities from the Mamelukes, lesser Armenia and Trebizond from their national Christian princes. Their hand was against every man's, and none whom they conquered became reconciled to their rule.

Ottoman policy towards conquered peoples has passed through three phases—all bad, but each worse than the last. The first phase may be called the policy of neglect, and Sultan Mohammed II., who conquered Constantinople in 1453 and organised what he and his predecessors since Osman had acquired, may stand as its author. This policy regarded the subject peoples simply as raw material for the production of Ottoman requirements—tribute in children and tribute in kind for the Osmanli Sultan's army, and peasant labour for the estates of the "beys" or feudal retainers whom the Sultans planted on the richest part of the conquered soil. Beyond these servitudes—which were as barbarically simple as Ottoman militarism itself—the Ottoman Empire had no use for its subject peoples. They were beyond the Osmanli's social pale; or, rather, they were not, in his eyes, even human, but "Rayah"—cattle—who might fore-

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gather in any kind of herd they liked so long as they submitted to be milked and slaughtered. Provided they remained docile, it was to the Osmanlis' interest that they should shepherd themselves, and Mohammed II. encouraged the formation of "millets," or subject national communities, within the Ottoman State. The "millets" (the most important of which were the Armenian and the Greek) were ostensibly ecclesiastical corporations. At the head of each there was a Patriarch and Council resident in Constantinople, who exercised authority over their nationality through a hierarchy of metropolitans, bishops and village priests. But there was little trace of religion in the institution. The clergy were raised to power by the Osmanlis because they were the only corporate organisation in the subject peoples which Ottoman conquest had not destroyed. As the last national rallying point, they retained an influence over their countrymen which the Ottoman Government could not override, and, in return for the recognition of it, they undertook to wield it as Ottoman officials. The Patriarchs of the "millets" were more than religious primates. The administration of civil law among their nationals was largely left in their hands, and their jurisdiction was supported by the force of the Ottoman State. In addition to this licensed measure of self-government, there was much actual liberty among the Sultan's less accessible subjects— Islanders and bedouin and mountaineers. It has been said of this phase of Ottoman domination that countries and peoples prospered under it in proportion to their neglect by the Ottoman Government,

and it is certainly true that all the good that has come out of the territory painted Ottoman on the map, since and so long as this territory has been in Ottoman power, has come in spite of, and never through the agency of, the Ottoman Government, and would have been infinitely greater if that Government had never expanded from its original restricted seat.

The only merits, then, of Ottoman policy in this first phase were its indifference and neglect, which gave its subjects liberty to prosper if they could. But this phase only lasted while the Osmanlis were a conquering power, and their military machine, like every other that has ever been made, had a limited span of vitality. The invincible Janissaries sank first into a hereditary militia, then into a privileged shopkeeping class. Their privileges were for their sons, and new Christian recruits became unwelcome interlopers. In the 17th century the tribute of children was abandoned, through the jealousy of the Janissaries themselves, not through the humanitarianism of the Ottoman Government. The military basis of Ottoman domination was sapped, and during the next two centuries the Ottoman territory shrank almost as rapidly as it had expanded before. A good Government would have arrested dissolution by making life worth living for the subject peoples within the Ottoman frontiers, and so giving them a positive interest in the preservation of the Ottoman State. It would have granted fuller self-government to the "millets," more unrestricted freedom to the islanders and bedouin and mountaineers. It would have enlisted the warlike quali-

ties of the Albanians, the seamanship of the Greeks, the horsemanship of the Arabs, the business ability of the Syrians, Armenians and Jews, the industry of the Bulgarian and Anatolian peasantry, and would have drawn all these elements together into a national State. Such things were done by the Governments—military, too, in their origin—which created England and France. But between the Osmanlis and those they had conquered a great gulf remained, which the Osmanlis never attempted to bridge. As the Osmanlis were beaten in war, their subject peoples broke away—some to find a better life under other States, some to found new national States of their own, but all outside the Ottoman dominion and only at the expense of its territorial integrity.

Instead of conciliating their subjects, the Osmanlis began to feel that they could no longer afford to leave them the liberty they had allowed them in the past. The subject peoples must no longer be permitted to make the best of themselves; on the contrary, they must be made weaker and more wretched than they were. Towards the end of the 19th century, when the complete extinction of the Ottoman Empire was in sight, this feeling was framed into a new policy by Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid.

Hamidianism was the second phase of Ottoman domination. Starting with the absence of any impulse to build an Ottoman nationality, but facing the fact that, as Osmanli rule grew weaker, one subject people after another was awaking to a national life of its own, Abd-ul-Hamid decided to

exploit these national movements within his Empire by turning them against one another. Instead of developing what was good in themselves, they should be egged on to maim and warp the development of their neighbours. All would thus be weakened more rapidly even than the Sultan's own Government, and he would be making the integrity of his territory secure as he made the inhabitants of it disillusioned and miserable.

Abd-ul-Hamid reigned from 1876 to 1908, and carried his policy out. He ruined the "millets"—not by erecting a Bulgarian Exarchate, which was a just and beneficial act in itself, but by granting this Exarchate jurisdiction over populations which the Greek Patriarchate had a right to consider its own. Bulgarian ambition was stimulated, Greek jealousy was aroused, and the two chief national bodies in the Osmanlis' remaining Balkan territory were drawn into a fratricidal conflict, which absorbed their energies for evil instead of good. By about 1890 Greek and Bulgarian "bands" had been formed in Macedonia, which "converted" the Macedonian villagers from the Patriarchate to the Exarchate, or *vice versa*, and back again, by descending upon them alternately and terrorising or massacring all villagers who held to the opposite allegiance. The Osmanli gendarmerie did not suppress these bands. They contented themselves with burning a village now and then—"for harbouring them," though the bandsmen were the least welcome guests the villagers had ever received. As the anarchy and bloodshed in Macedonia grew worse, the free Balkan States were brought to the

verge of war on behalf of their suffering fellow-countrymen, and the relations of the Great Powers were strained by the fear that a Balkan outbreak might upset the balance between them. And both these catastrophes occurred within a few years of Abd-ul-Hamid's deposition. The Balkan Wars of 1912-13—first of the Balkan League against the Ottoman Empire, and then of the confederates against each other,—were the direct fruit of Abd-ul-Hamid's policy; and the European War, so far as it was produced by Balkan causes, lies also at his door. This was the Macedonian policy of Abd-ul-Hamid, and it was perpetrated simply in order that certain territories in Europe, which the Osmanlis had no more right to govern than those from which they had been ejected already, should remain Ottoman on the political map.

The same bloodshed and anarchy, with the same purpose, were fomented by Abd-ul-Hamid wherever he ruled. Having set the Bulgars against the Greeks, he encouraged the Albanians to harry the Serbs. The Albanian tribesmen came down from their mountains and evicted the Serbian peasantry from their ancestral villages in the plains of Kosovo, while the Ottoman Government looked on and the free Serbs beyond the frontier were unable to interfere. But the Sultan's chosen instruments were the Kurds—a race of mountain shepherds in the eastern Asiatic provinces, whom previous Sultans had tried to reduce to order, but whom Abd-ul-Hamid armed with modern rifles and organised into "Hamidian Gendarmerie" for use against the Armenians.

To rob and murder the Armenians was the service asked of the Kurds and the reward given them for it; and here, as in Macedonia, the policy produced bloodshed and anarchy after Abd-ul-Hamid's heart. The Armenians formed counter-organisations; some mountain communities broke into revolt. The Kurds were at once reinforced by Osmanli regulars, the fanaticism of the Turkish Mohammedans in Asia Minor was stirred up, and during the years 1896-7 there were massacres of Armenians from one end of the Empire to the other, culminating in a butchery in the streets of Constantinople. Before the Sultan had to yield to foreign indignation, he had killed enough Armenian men, women and children to weaken the Armenian nation for a generation ahead.

Abd-ul-Hamid was overthrown by a coalition of revolutionaries from two of the nations he misgoverned, the Anatolian Turks and the Salonica Jews, who controlled, between them, the army and finance. Under the name of the "Young Turkish Party," this cabal has ruled the Ottoman Empire since then. It is a secret committee, with branch committees affiliated to it in the chief towns of the Empire, and the Sultan, Ministry, Parliament and Bureaucracy which it has set up are all puppets in its hands. This secret committee—of "Union and Progress," as it styles itself—brought the Ottoman Empire into the European War, in order to obtain a free hand for a new policy of domination, which is the worst of all.

The first phase of Ottoman policy towards subject peoples was neglect, the Hamidian was attri-

tion; but the Young Turkish phase is extermination, and the Young Turks are carrying it out at this moment by every means in their power.

They are "Nationalists," but they do not aim at turning the territory still marked Ottoman on the map into a national State, like Italy or France or Great Britain or the American Union—States in which all the inhabitants of the country are willing citizens with equal rights. That may figure in the Young Turkish programme, but it is too alien to the Osmanli tradition for any Ottoman Government to undertake it, even if the Hamidian phase had not gone before to make it impossible. The Young Turks know that no subject people will now remain under Ottoman dominion by choice; the problem is to fetter them under it by force. The Young Turkish motto is "Ottomanisation," which means that Turkish habits, education, religion, but above all language, are to be imposed upon every people within the Ottoman frontiers, and that those who cannot be coerced are to be eliminated.

This policy is borrowed from Central Europe, where for the last fifty years 60,000,000 Germans have been engaged in "Prussianising" about 6,000,000 Alsatians, Danes and Poles, and 10,000,000 Magyars more than their own number of Slovaks, Ruthenes, Roumanians and Southern Slavs. The Young Turks have set themselves to impose the nationality of 8,000,000 Turkish-speaking peasants in Anatolia upon almost twice as many people of other races, the majority of whom are their superiors in civilisation. In the "Report of Progress" submitted to the Young Turkish party

congress in October, 1911, it was laid down that "sooner or later the complete Ottomanisation of all Turkish subjects must be carried out. It is clear, however," the report continued, "that this result can never be reached by persuasion, but that armed force will have to be resorted to. . . . The other nationalities must be denied the right of organisation, for decentralisation and autonomy are treason to the Turkish Empire. The nationalities are a *quantité négligeable*. They may keep their religion but not their language."

The Ottoman Government emerged from the Balkan War of 1912-13 with a territory reduced to Thrace, Constantinople, the Straits and the Provinces in Asia, and a population of between 20 and 25 millions (statistics are inexact). In this population there were about 8,000,000 Turks, nearly all living north of a line drawn from Alexandria to Van; 7,000,000 Arabs (Moslem or Christian) to the south of that line; 2,000,000 Armenians and 2,000,000 Greeks, scattered over the northern half of the Empire, the Greeks mostly to the west and the Armenians to the east; and from two to three million semi-independent hillmen—Kurds, Kizil-Bashis, Yezidis, Maronites, Druses, Nestorians and others. Many of these races of the Empire were represented among the million or so inhabitants of Constantinople. About half of these inhabitants were Turks; there were 150,000 Armenians and 150,000 Greeks; a handful of Kurds and Arabs; a strong colony of Jews, and an important foreign commercial population. Constantinople was, and remains, a cosmopolitan city.

This was the Young Turks' field for Ottomanisation. They have been dealing with it piece by piece. Between the end of the Balkan War and their intervention in the European War they dealt with Thrace, the only province left to them in Europe. In 1913 the population of Thrace was predominantly Greek, with a Turkish element round Adrianople and some Bulgarians in the mountains towards the north-east. A year later only Turks were left; Greeks and Bulgarians had been driven out across the frontier, stripped of their property and their lands. If the Young Turks now claim Thrace as a purely Turkish country, it is well to know how and when it became so. The "Ottomanisation" of Thrace is the most conclusive argument for expelling the Ottoman Empire from Europe as "radically alien to Western Civilisation."

At the same time the Young Turks began driving out the Greeks from the western coastlands of Asia Minor. They meant to "solve" their Greek problem altogether, and the kingdom of Greece was on the verge of a second war with the Ottoman Empire on this account, when the European War supervened. As Allies of Germany, the Young Turks, for reasons of common policy, had to give their Greek subjects a respite; but, in compensation, they had a freer hand to settle with the other races than they had ever had before. They need no longer stop at eviction and attrition; they could massacre on an infinitely greater scale than Abd-ul-Hamid ever dared to do, and no foreign power could restrain them so long as they had Germany's countenance and military support.

The Young Turks are using their opportunity. The extermination of the 2,000,000 Armenians is already an accomplished fact. About two-thirds of them were "deported"—men, women and children—hundreds of miles, for weeks on end, over roadless mountains, to the semi-tropical swamps and deserts on the Empire's southern fringes. About half the exiles reached their destinations, and have been dying there since of starvation, exposure and disease. The other half died of exhaustion on the way, or were murdered by the gendarmes who escorted them and by organised bands of brigands and Kurds. A third of the nation may still be alive—the Armenians in Constantinople and Smyrna were mostly spared; a certain number escaped by conversion to Islam (though this, for women and girls, involved entrance into a Moslem's harem); about 200,000 escaped to Russia and Egypt. These 200,000 refugees—10 per cent. of the Armenians living under Ottoman domination in 1914—are the only Ottoman Armenians whose preservation is assured.

After eliminating the Armenians, the Young Turks prepared the same fate for the Arabs, and they have been engaged on this since 1916. The Arabs in the southern provinces have been able to defend themselves. The province of Yemen, in the hinterland of Aden, has been in chronic revolt for years, and the Young Turks have abandoned the attempt to subdue its national rulers. The province of Hedjaz, which contains the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, reasserted its independence a few months ago under the leadership of the Sherif

of Mecca, who is the hereditary custodian of the holy cities. But Syria, still held down by Ottoman armies, is being Ottomanised with might and main. The Syrian leaders (Moslem or Christian without distinction, for their common crime is that they are Arabs and not Turks) are either dead or in prison; the next blow will fall on the helpless masses. It is the same method as with the Armenians—the same organised direction from the “Union and Progress” Committee at Constantinople—and it will have the same end unless changes in the military situation intervene.

The whole Young Turkish policy was summed up in a sentence by an Osmanli gendarme to a Danish Red Cross Sister: “First we kill the Armenians, then the Greeks, then the Kurds.” The issue resolves itself into a question of time. Which will be destroyed first? The subject peoples or the Ottoman domination?

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SIX OF ONE AND HALF - A - DOZEN OF THE OTHER

A LETTER TO MR. L. SIMONS
OF THE HAGUE

BY WILLIAM ARCHER

T. FISHER UNWIN, LTD.
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1917.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

SIX OF ONE & HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

A Letter to Mr. L. Simons.

DEAR Sir,

The open letter which you have addressed to me in answer to my paper entitled "To Neutral Peace Lovers—a Plea for Patience," begins with the expression of a doubt "whether this letter . . . will ever have a chance of entering your censor-ridden England." My present reply is sufficient proof that in one respect, at any rate, your vision of England is mistaken. It would be a dull censorship indeed that would dream of excluding a document which, to the vast majority of Englishmen, carries its refutation on its face. There is, of course, a small minority who may rejoice to find in you a spiritual ally, but I assure you no one grudges them so mild a satisfaction. Their motto is "My country, always in the wrong," and no censorship debars them from revelling in that amiable opinion. This you must surely know, for do you not refer me in a foot-note to Mr. E. D. Morel's "Truth and the War"?

While on the subject of censorship, I should like to call your attention to this passage from a pamphlet on *Great Britain's Sea Policy*, by Professor Gilbert Murray :

Everybody knows that in war censorship is necessary ; every nation employs it, Great Britain rather more leniently than the rest. It is a pure myth to suppose that in England we are kept in the dark about important sides of the war which are well known to

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neutrals. I have been in four different neutral countries since the war began, and have read their newspapers; so I speak with confidence.

Of course you will not dismiss the myth from your mind merely on the evidence of an Englishman, however high his character. But some of your countrymen may perhaps be more willing to listen to reason.

Your letter to me forms a brief preface to a reprint of an article which you contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* of November, 1916. My friend Mr. J. M. Robertson, has dealt with that article according to its deserts, in a pamphlet entitled *Neutrals and the War*. I shall not go over the same ground, but shall confine myself to the arguments, or rather assertions, which you address to me personally.

Your whole contention may be summed up in the phrase "Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other." You reject my "naive" metaphor of the maniac and his keeper, the burglar and the policeman, saying, "What if the keepers themselves should be tainted with the same mania . . . What if the policeman were only a dressed-up burglar himself, just trying to get hold of the prey of the man whom he wants to take into custody?" It is true, of course, that the policeman is trying to get hold of the "prey"—namely Belgium, Serbia, etc., etc.—which has been seized by the burglar. I presume that in this passage you have not quite succeeded in saying what you mean; your otherwise admirable command of English has not been equal to the occasion. In using the word "prey" you have stumbled into unintentional accuracy. For "prey" we should probably read "property"; but if you meant that the Allies were "trying to get hold" of anything that is the legitimate

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property of Germany or Austria, you meant what is not true.

In the next paragraph you give a little more precision to your indictment of the Allies; and it is here that I definitely join issue with you. You say—

Has the world ever heard anything more ridiculous than the cant with which each party (whose Chauvinists, Extensionists, Protectionists, Jingoists, Imperialists have together brought upon us this terrible ordeal of war) poses as the innocent victim of the other parties' wiles. Poses as the sole defender of international law through which each of them, whenever they saw their chance, has been driving a coach and four or, to be more modern, "a tank." Poses as the champion of "nationalities," and of old national Rights, for which neither nation has ever cared a straw, whenever its drift of expansion found a smaller nation or tribe in its way. Robbers, and burglars, and murderers all. England as well as Germany; Russia as well as Turkey; France and Italy as well as Bulgaria and Austria. Before either group bases a claim on us, neutrals, let it have the moral courage to see itself in the mirror, held up by its enemy. Until this is done, *risum teneatis amici*.

To the phrase "England as well as Germany" you append a footnote—"Think of *Transvaal*, the *Orange Free State*, *Egypt*, *Cyprus*. Read again the article re *British Empire* in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*." Well, I have read this article, and it has proved to me—what, indeed, was too patent to need proof—that you have given no thought to the many different meanings of the word "expansion," as we read it in history. You ignore the most obvious diversities of circumstance and method, and apply the same moral condemnation to actions

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so far apart in moral quality as (say) the colonization of Australia and the treacherous bludgeoning of Belgium. It is because this obtuseness is characteristic of a good deal of so-called "neutral" comment on the war that I have thought it worth while to reply to your letter.

You will scarcely deny that civilization was by the very nature of things predestined to spread over the planet. The relation of the savage and the barbarian to the civilized man raises many and painful problems, and the solution they have found in history has often been a brutal, and, if you like, a criminal, one. There are many grim and blood-stained pages in the annals of Spanish, British, and (as you frankly admit) of Dutch colonization. I join with you in deploring them, just as I deplore all the cruelties of "Nature red in tooth and claw"; and I grant that it is much to the discredit of Christianity that the European peoples did not carry out more humanely the inevitable process of taming the wild places and wild races of the world. But that this process *was* inevitable you will surely not dispute. You will not tell me, I presume, that Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Cabot, Magellan and Cook ought to have stayed at home; that the red man ought still to be roaming the primeval forests of America, and that the cannibal blackfellow ought to have been left in undisturbed possession of Australia. We may regret the necessity for the expropriation and practical extinction of these and many other savage races; but, will you or any one go the length of wishing it undone? I think not; and unless you are prepared to go that length, it is meaningless, and even hypocritical, to raise a moral outcry and denounce as "robbers, burglars and murderers" the great colonizing nations. Many individual incidents of the

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process were, as we all admit, deplorable; but remember that the races which have died out were not "exterminated" in any active sense of the word, but dwindled away owing to their congenital incapacity for civilisation, and inability to resist the poisons which it unhappily brings in its train.

Well now, if you will turn to that article in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to which you yourself refer me, you will see that (putting India aside) by far the greater part of the British Empire was acquired by means of "settlement," which signifies I take it, the occupation of tracts of country very thinly peopled by aboriginal savage tribes. If you hold "settlement" immoral, you must, of course, extend your condemnation to the United States, which owe their existence to that process and no other. But I do not believe that you really regard either the Anglo-Saxon race or your own countrymen as "robbers, burglars and murderers" because of the regions which they now possess in virtue of "settlement." If you seem—as you do—to imply this accusation, I believe it is because you have not clearly thought out your own meaning. It is so much easier to cry "Rogues all" than to reflect, to discriminate, to see things in perspective and proportion.*

*You say in a foot-note: "Mind, I don't pretend that we, Dutch, are any better as a colonizing nation. But then we don't pose as defenders of the smaller nationalities but [? than] our own." This remark shows clearly the confusion of thought above alluded to. "Colonizing" means occupying country hitherto in the possession of savage or barbarous tribes, unorganized, generally nomadic, sparsely inhabiting regions whose natural resources they are entirely unable to develop. It is the height of absurdity to call these tribes "small nations," or to compare them in any way with the highly-organized historic communities which the Allies are striving to protect: such, for instance, as Belgium.

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Referring again to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, we note that almost all the portions of the British Empire not acquired by "settlement" are said to have accrued in one or other of three ways—by "conquest," by "capitulation," or by "cession." It is a pity that these terms are left undefined. I fancy the distinction between them is not very important, or very consistently maintained. The word "conquest" indicates, I presume, that there was more or less fighting actually on the spot; while "capitulation" and "cession" probably imply that the territory or island in question was handed over to Britain in the general re-arrangement effected at the end of a European war. The question where the fighting took place does not affect the principle of the thing. I am willing, if you like, to ignore all nice distinctions, and agree, for the argument's sake, that those parts of the British Empire which are not attributable to "settlement" were acquired by "conquest," direct or indirect.

Very well—but if we look a little into the word "conquest" we find that it covers many varieties of military and political action. It may mean the forcible subversion of a long-established, efficient and humane system of rule, the enslavement of a people, the confiscation of its property, the overthrow of institutions to which it was attached, and the suppression of its national self-consciousness, its patriotism, its very existence as a political entity. Or, again, it may mean the expulsion of a corrupt tyranny and introduction of a just and humane rule, welcomed by the people of the country, and involving a great increase in their well-being, with no detriment to their self-respect. Or, yet again, it may mean only the transference from one flag to another of some newly-

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formed and thinly settled dependency, the inhabitants of which either rejoice in the change or accept it without a murmur. In other words, conquest may be either good, bad or indifferent. It is good if it improves the condition of a people without humiliating them or outraging their legitimate preferences and sentiments. It is bad if it involves massacre, spoliation and enslavement. It is indifferent if it leaves the political status of a people practically unchanged, or changed in a way which causes no serious resentment. The test lies in the manner in which the change of government affects, not only the material interests, but the moral susceptibilities of the people concerned.

Now, sir, if you will look into the history of those British possessions which have been acquired by what we have agreed to call "conquest," I think you will find that in an overwhelming majority of cases the change has been either welcome or indifferent to the populations affected by it. It has never involved anything that could be called enslavement, it has scarcely ever run counter to strong national feeling. I know of only two outstanding exceptions to the latter rule; the case of the French colonies in Canada, and that of the Boer Republics. Is it not a significant comment on the nature of British "conquest" that, a few years after Canada came under British rule, she alone remained loyal, while the rest of the American colonies rebelled, and that, a few years after the annexation of the Transvaal, when Britain was plunged into the greatest war in history, the Boer soldiers who had so recently been in arms against her, not only suppressed an attempted insurrection in their own midst, but carried the imperial flag into the enemy's country and rendered the most faithful and effi-

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cient service to the cause of the Allies?

The case of South Africa, however, demands a little closer consideration. If Britain can anywhere be accused of undertaking a war of conquest in the bad sense, it was undoubtedly here. A very large section of the British nation was, as you know, bitterly opposed to the war, and I am far from maintaining that impartial history, on analysing the motives that led us into it, will not find some admixture of base alloy. But if you will put racial prejudice aside, and study the course of events in South Africa, I think you will admit that all the responsibility for an unhappy conjunction of affairs did not rest on Britain's shoulders. Our earlier policy, and our conduct after Majuba, was weak and vacillating rather than overbearing. We made many mistakes, but they were not of the aggressive order. Our Government, or rather our Governments, had for years tried patiently to arrive at a good understanding with the Boer Republics, and the temper on their side which made such an understanding impossible was certainly short-sighted and impracticable. There was an irreconcilable conflict of ideals, and what was at stake was not, as is superficially represented, the possession of certain goldfields, but the whole future of South Africa. We made no sudden and treacherous rush at a small nation. We negotiated and negotiated while the Transvaal was arming to the teeth; and, at the last, it was not we who declared war, but the Boers who invaded and overran Natal. I do not lay much stress on this technical point; but however clear it may be that war is imminent, he who actually draws the sword takes upon himself a grave responsibility.

And what made Mr. Kruger's Government so obstinate and intransigent? What bred in it the vision-

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any hope of "driving the rooineks into the sea"? What but the no less illusory expectation of support from Germany, begotten of the Kaiser's irresponsible meddling in matters in which he had no legitimate interest? I say advisedly "no *legitimate* interest." There is no desirable plot of ground in the world in which German cupidity does not conceive itself to have an interest; and if you will read Count Reventlow, an acknowledged authority on German foreign politics, you will find that in her private mind Germany had marked down South Africa for her own. Reventlow emphasizes the fact that if the Boer Republics had gained their point in the diplomatic struggle which preceded the war, they would have come into close relations with Germany, and so furthered her colonial ambitions. And on a later page he speaks still more frankly. Mr. Chamberlain in October, 1901, made a speech in which he was thought to have insulted the German army; and, this speech, says Reventlow, aroused all the more furious resentment because Chamberlain "was regarded as the oppressor of the Boers, and was felt—not openly but with all the greater intensity—to be the representative of a policy *which had put an end to the hopes and dreams of a great part of the German people.*" If this does not mean that a great part of the German people had fixed its eyes upon South Africa as a region from which the British were to be ousted in order that the Germans might take their place, I should be glad to know how it is to be interpreted.*

And what, now, of India? There, at any rate, you may perhaps say, British rule rests on conquest in the evil sense of the word. Again I must ask you to read history with a little discrimination. The British

*Reventlow: *Deutschlands auswärtige Politik*, pp. 139 and 171.

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went to India with no thought of conquest, but only of trading; and, had they found there a stable and ordered polity, a nation or a group of nations in the European sense of the word, they would have been traders to this day, as they are in China and Japan. But in the chaotic dissolution of the Mogul Empire, it was inevitable that some civilized power should step in and save the country from internecine war and the tyranny of hordes of freebooters. If it had not been Britain, it would have been France. It was Britain, and not France, because she held the command of the sea. I do not say that there are not black pages in the history of British India. I do not deny that some of the founders of the Empire were moved by ambition and cupidity, as well as by nobler motives. But I assert without fear of reasonable contradiction that the story of our rule in India is one which we can regard, on the whole, with an emotion the very reverse of shame. We did not wantonly attack and trample down "small nations." We found a mass of heterogeneous tribes and peoples, ruled, for the most part, by the semi-independent deputies of a dynasty of foreign conquerors. When the misrule of these petty tyrants became intolerable, we stepped in and substituted order and justice for despotic caprice. We put down marauding bands which sometimes attained the dimensions of organised armies. Again and again we tried, quite sincerely, to set a limit to territorial expansion; but circumstances were always too strong for us. Civilised rule and barbaric misrule cannot permanently endure side by side. Our "conquests" did not outrage national sentiment, because none existed. For the enormous mass of the people, caste and religion supplied the place of patriotism. Now that a certain amount of national feeling

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has been begotten by our rule, a word for "patriotism" has had to be invented. Where any region, large or small, gave willing allegiance to an established and moderately enlightened dynasty, we have made it our policy to respect and preserve that "nationality," if so it can be called. The result is the splendid loyalty of the Indian Princes, which all the world has witnessed. If we are, as you politely assure us, "robbers, burglars and murderers," does it not strike you, Sir, as a little strange that the victims of our crimes, in three continents, should all stand by us to the death, at a time when it would be very easy to vent their rankling exasperation, if not in open rebellion, at any rate in sullen indifference to our struggle and to our fate?

You mention Cyprus and Egypt. You have surely overlooked the fact that Cyprus was voluntarily placed under our administration by Turkey, in order to enable us to carry out an undertaking to guarantee her Asiatic possessions against Russia. The policy we were then pursuing seems ridiculous enough in the light of present events; but there was certainly neither robbery, burglary nor murder in the convention which transferred Cyprus to our rule. In the case of Egypt, it was again the break-up of an effete oriental tyranny which forced us to undertake the administration of a country which we did not dream of coveting for its own sake. As it lay directly on our route to India, we could not let it lapse into mere anarchy, nor could we willingly see it pass under the rule of another European Power. We invited France to share with us the responsibility of restoring and maintaining order. France declined, and we assumed

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the burden alone. Where in all this was the "robbery, burglary and murder"? Was it murder to save Upper Egypt from invasion by a horde of fanatical savages, under the Mahdi? Is it the part of the robber or the burglar to stand sentinel at the outposts of civilisation?

You do not, oddly enough, mention Ireland; but, as it is a favourite topic with adherents of your "six of one and half-a-dozen of the other" theory, I should like to say a word or two about it. The history of the relations between England and Ireland is undoubtedly one long record of tragic error, misunderstanding, stupidity, blindness, and, in ancient days, of barbarism. I think no reasonable Irishman would assert that the faults have all been on one side; but certainly no reasonable Englishman would seek to extenuate the guilt that lies at the doors of his country. I, for my part, if it were of any avail, would willingly do penance in sackcloth and ashes for many an "old, unhappy, far-off thing" that stains the record of the English in Ireland. But it is mere nonsense to talk as though the England of to-day were the enemy and oppressor of the sister kingdom. For fifty years past, England has been striving hard to do justice in Ireland, and has succeeded in remedying many wrongs, and creating a large measure of material prosperity. It is not England, but Ireland herself, that stands in the way of the political emancipation which the majority of her people demand. If Ireland spoke with one voice, or could control her irreconcilable minority, she would have had Home Rule years ago. She is not one, and she will not consent to be two—in the face of that insoluble conflict of obstinacies, what is poor England to do? "Government with the consent of the

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governed" is an excellent principle to which we all yield willing allegiance. But there are two conditions which must be fulfilled before it begins to be possible. In the first place a people must have a sufficiently developed political self-consciousness to be capable of giving rational consent; in the second place, its will must be a unit, or so nearly a unit that it can be expressed without leading to civil war. The second of these conditions appears, at present writing, to be unattainable in Ireland.

We have now briefly reviewed the genesis of the British Empire, and have found that the greater part of it was the result of "settlement"—that is to say of the inevitable and world-wide substitution of civilisation for savagery. In some cases, however, we found that the original "settlement" had been followed by redistribution, mainly as the result of European wars; and territories acquired in such redistributions, I agreed to classify as "conquests." But I pointed out—and trust I carried you with me—that conquest is not always an evil. The sort of conquest which is abhorred by all good men we saw to be that which involves "*the forcible subversion of a long-established, efficient and humane system of rule, the enslavement of a people, the confiscation of its property, the overthrow of institutions to which it was attached, and the suppression of its national self-consciousness, its patriotism, its very existence as a political entity.*" Such conquest as this we found to be practically unrepresented in the history of the British Empire. In the one or two cases where we discovered some approach to it, the evil was so promptly and completely remedied that the Empire had secured the unswerving loyalty of the very people who might seem to

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have suffered by it.

But now let us turn to Germany. What is the form of conquest understood, defended and exemplified by Germany—especially by Prussia? If you will be good enough to re-read the last paragraph, you will find in the definition there italicised—the definition of conquest as practised by “robbers, burglars, and murderers”—an exact description of the conquests which Prussia has achieved since the reign of Frederick II, and which Germany has planned to continue on an immeasurably larger scale. We all know the history of Prussian Poland, North Slesvig, Alsace and Lorraine—annexations carried out against the will of the people, and maintained by such measures of tyranny as to keep popular resentment alive and undiminished. But these are mere trifles compared with the career of robbery and extermination which Germany has been openly planning for more than a generation past, and towards which this war was only to be the first step. Let us take a very brief glance at some of the evidence in the case.

If you want to find the ingrained and instinctive spirit of Germany clearly expressed in concentrated form, let me refer you to a bright little lyric by the famous historian, poet and romance-writer, Felix Dahn. It is called;—

THORS HAMMERWURF.*

Thor stand am Mitternacht-Ende der Welt,
Die Streitaxt warf er, die schwere;
“So weit der sausende Hammer fällt,
Sind mein das Land und die Meere.”

*Felix Dahns Gedichte : Auswahl des Verfassers, 1900, p. 156.

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Und es flog der Hammer aus seiner Hand,
Flog über die ganze Erde,
Fiel nieder an fernsten Südens Rand,
Dass alles sein eigen werde.
Seitdem ist's freudig Germanen-Recht
Mit dem Hammer Land zu erwerben;
Wir sind von des Hammer-Gottes Geschlecht
Und wollen sein Weltreich erben.

This poem is very well known in Germany. It is reprinted in a volume of historical lyrics for educational use, and it supplies the motto for O. Tannenberg's *Gross-Deutschland*. I find the last quatrain quoted in a pamphlet published shortly before the war by an ex-diplomatist, Baron Kurt von Strantz—quoted not only with warm approval, but as though the sentiment expressed were a mere matter of course, and could not possibly be open to the slightest moral objection. You may have heard the familiar English saying, "Let me make the songs of a people, and who will may make the laws." At all events, you will scarcely deny that, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, the verses of a popular poet may be taken as representing pretty faithfully the ideas current among the mass of his countrymen. In this case there is abundance of incontrovertible evidence to show that Felix Dahn rightly interpreted the spirit—or at any rate *a* spirit—

*THOR'S HAMMERCAST.

Thor stood at the midnight end of the world and threw his heavy battle-axe. "So far as my hammer goes whizzing through the air shall the land and the sea be mine." And the hammer flew from his hand, flew over the whole earth; it fell at the furthest edge of the South, so that all should become his own. Since then 'tis the joyous German right with the hammer to win land. We are of the race of the Hammer-God and mean to inherit his world-empire.

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widely prevalent in Germany, ever since the war of 1870.

While German soldiers have been rattling the sabre, German writers have been busily brandishing the hammer of Thor over the devoted heads of all surrounding peoples. The right of the strong people to conquer, exploit and enslave its weaker neighbours is a commonplace of German political philosophy. Here are a few apposite quotations ;

Before seeking to found a Greater Germany in other continents, we must create a Greater Germany in Central Europe . . . In seeking to colonize the countries immediately contiguous to our present patrimony, we are continuing the millenary work of our ancestors. There is nothing in this contrary to nature. (Prof. E. Hasse, *Deutsche Grenzpolitik*, p. 168).

When one wishes a thing, one must effectually will it. Our sense of justice may in future lead us not to desire what does not belong to us, but *when* we take we must also *hold fast*. In other words, hitherto foreign territory is not incorporated into Germany until German proprietorship is rooted in the soil.* (F. Lange, *Reines Deutschtum*, p. 206).

For this evil [the emigration of the surplus population] we see only one remedy ; *the extension of our frontiers in Europe* . . . We must make room for an Empire of Germanic race which will number 100,000,000 inhabitants, in order that we may hold our own against masses such as those of Russia and the United States. (*Deutschland bei Beginn des 20sten Jahrhunderts, von einem Deutschen*, p. 115).

[In the Great-German Confederation which will comprise most of Europe] the Germans, being alone

*That is, until the original landowners are forcibly expropriated.

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entitled to exercise political rights, to serve in the Army and Navy, and to acquire landed property, will recover the feeling they had in the Middle Ages of being a people of masters. They will gladly tolerate the foreigners living among them, to whom inferior manual services will be entrusted. (*Grossdeutschland und Mitteleuropa um das Jahr 1950*, von einem Alldeutschen, p. 47).

Every great people needs new territory; it must expand over foreign soil; it must expel the foreigners by the power of the sword. (Klaus Wagner, *Krieg*, p. 80).

One thing alone can really profit the German people; the acquisition of new territory. That is the only solid and durable gain . . . that alone can really promote the diffusion, the growth and the deepening of Germanism. (A. Wirth, *Orient und Weltpolitik*, p. 56).

Let us bravely organize great forced migrations of the inferior peoples. Posterity will be grateful to us. We must coerce them. This is one of the tasks of war; the means must be superiority of armed force. Superficially such forced migrations, and the penning up of inconvenient peoples in narrow "reserves," may appear hard; but it is the only solution of the race-question that is worthy of humanity . . . Thus alone can the over-population of the earth be controlled; the efficient peoples must secure themselves elbow-room by means of war, and the inefficient must be hemmed in, and at last driven into "reserves" where they have no room to grow . . . and where, discouraged and rendered indifferent to the future by the spectacle of the superior energy of their conquerors, they may crawl slowly towards the peaceful death of weary and hopeless senility. (Klaus Wagner, *Krieg*, p. 170).

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The idea of the enslavement and eventual annihilation of conquered peoples runs through all this literature. One writer (I have unfortunately lost the reference, but I vouch for the fact) expresses frank regret that violent extermination of a whole people is no longer possible,* but adds that measures can be taken which amount practically to the same thing. Klaus Wagner puts the same idea a little less bluntly;—

It is no longer our purpose to hew down with the murderer's sword (*Mordschwert*) the people whom we overcome in the selective struggle (*Auslesekampf*) in those regions which the Kultur-loving victors require for their activities. Such inhuman methods are now rightly condemned, *because they are no longer necessary.* (*Krieg*, p. 167).

He then goes on to expound the plan of gradual extinction in "reserves" alluded to in a former extract. Some of the subject races, indeed, are to be permitted to live, in order to serve as hewers of wood and drawers of water (*Handlanger zweiter Ordnung*) to the master-folk, "very much as the animals now do."

You, however, my dear Sir, may be of good cheer, even in face of this program of cold-blooded spoliation and slow murder. If, as I assume, you are of the great Teutonic stock, you are not to become a *Handlanger zweiter Ordnung*. You are, of course, to lose your nationality and your language—for that you are doubtless prepared. But, unless you very grossly misbehave yourself by offering opposition to the absorption of your

*He wrote before Germany's esteemed allies the Turks had proved that there was nothing impossible about it, *Wilhelmo duce et auspice Wilhelmo.*

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country (in which case you know what to expect), there is every chance that you may find yourself a "free" German burgher, possibly even with a vote for the Reichstag—whatever that may be worth. But your country's independent existence is past praying for. That you may be under no illusion on this point, let me call your attention to the following candid utterances;—

The Rhine . . . is a priceless natural possession, although by our own fault we have allowed its most material value to fall into alien hands; and, it must be the unceasing endeavour of German policy to win back the mouths of the river. (Heinrich von Treitschke, *Politics*, Vol. i. p. 125, English edition).

The territory open to future German expansion . . . must extend from the North Sea and the Baltic to the Persian Gulf, absorbing *the Netherlands* and Luxembourg, Switzerland, the whole basin of the Danube, the Balkan Peninsula and Asia Minor. (Prof. E. Hasse, *Weltpolitik, Imperialismus und Kolonialpolitik*, p. 65).

We desire, and must desire . . . a world-empire of Teutonic (*germanisch*) stock, under the hegemony of the German people. In order to secure this we must:—

- (a) Gradually Germanize the Scandinavian *and Dutch* Teutonic States, denationalising them in the weaker significance of the term;
- (b) Break up the predominantly un-Teutonic peoples into their component parts, in order to take to ourselves the Teutonic element and Germanize it, while we reject the un-Teutonic element.

(J. L. Reimer, *Ein Pangermanisches Deutschland*, p. 137).

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The author has previously defined the two grades of "denationalization" to which he proposes to subject surrounding peoples. The second or lesser grade, which is reserved for you, Sir, includes the substitution of German for the national language. I don't know whether you care about your language, or, like Treitschke, consider it an essentially ridiculous sailor-dialect. But there are certainly a good many people, even of Teutonic stock, who would not enjoy the suppression of their own "dialect" in favour of German.

The selections I have ventured to present to you are taken from a vast mass of similar matter. If you wish to pursue the enquiry further, let me recommend to you one specially significant book: Nippold's *Der deutsche Chauvinismus*. It throws a flood of light on German mentality and morality.

Perhaps you will say that the writers I have quoted are manifestly insane—that misinterpreted Darwinism, and too literally interpreted Nietzscheism, have transformed them into criminal lunatics, who cannot be fairly representative of the German nation. I myself should have held that view very strongly—any time before August, 1914. But how is one to maintain it when every action of Germany and her Allies proves that the statecraft of her rulers and the temper of her people are alike bent towards the very worst forms of conquest known to history?

Austria has a small neighbour inconveniently placed, and doubly annoying since Austria has, by a flagrant breach of faith, subjected to her yoke large numbers of people of that neighbour's speech and race. What does she do? She first proposes to her Allies an entirely unprovoked onslaught upon the little country; but one

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of her Allies declines complicity, and the plot falls through. Then she seizes upon a flimsy pretext and, repudiating all investigation, negotiation, or mediation, hurls herself, at 48 hours' notice, upon her gallant little foe. Compare this with Britain's action towards the Boer Republics, which I think you will admit to be the most questionable case in all the British record. The relations of the respective Powers were not entirely dissimilar; but how utterly unlike were the methods of procedure! Instead of launching an ultimatum with a 48 hours' time-limit at the head of the Boers, the British Government, as we saw, went on negotiating month after month, while the Boers were openly arming; and even then it was not the British Government which actually broke the peace. Can you pretend that in this case—the case most unfavourable to Britain—the verdict of “six of one and half-a-dozen of the other” applies? Austria's designs upon Serbia were, and are, designs of ruthless, ravenous conquest. The Serbs are a nation, not highly civilized, indeed, but organized, progressive, intensely patriotic, and basing their patriotism on the traditions of centuries. Had they yielded to Austria from the outset, she would have reduced them to absolute vassalage. As they did not yield, but ventured to resist—aye, and to send their mighty assailant to the right-about—they are, if the Central Empires have their way, to find their country wiped off the map of Europe. Yet you say that the countries who are striving to prevent this crime, are not protectors of small nations; and you justify this contradiction of the plainest facts by a reference to the Transvaal, which has not been wiped off the map, but is the leading State in a united South Africa.

And if the treatment of Serbia is an outrage upon

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justice and humanity, what are we to say of the case of Belgium? Where in British history can you find any parallel to this gigantic crime? Let me recapitulate in a few words the only too well-known and too incontrovertible facts. Germany pledged her honour never to attack Belgium, and to protect her from attack by others. She secretly made up her mind to break that pledge, but in public she continued officially to asseverate her intention of keeping it. In other words, her statesmen and the mouthpieces of her Emperor shamelessly lied, with the knowledge and connivance of their master. When the moment came, she broke her pledge at twelve hours' notice, hurled her giant strength upon a country less than one-tenth of her size, trampled down its resistance, burned, pillaged and massacred with a ferocity unparalleled in modern history, and finally sent off the civilian population by tens of thousands into slavery. That is, in brief, the history of Germany's treatment of Belgium—I challenge you to point to anything in British history that resembles it in the remotest degree. The Germans and their henchmen eagerly assert that Greece affords a parallel case. What matchless effrontery! Belgium suffers for having heroically kept her word; Greece suffers (in so far as she suffers at all) for having basely broken her word. The Allies were under no pledge to respect the neutrality of Greece; had they declared war upon her, in view of her breach of faith to Serbia and of her many hostile acts, they would have been absolutely within their rights; and note that she lay at their mercy no less than Belgium lay at the mercy of Germany. But what did they do? They treated her with the most long-suffering, and possibly unwise, forbearance. Acting on the invitation of her

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leading statesman, they claimed passage for their troops through a narrow strip of her territory; but, otherwise they did no more than take the absolutely necessary steps to ensure that the Greek army should not attack them in the rear. Where are the Greek cities ruined, ravaged, and subjected to crushing "war contributions"? Where are the Greek "hostages" massacred in cold blood? Where are the Greek civilians "deported" to do slave-labour for their country's enemies? I am not aware that you, Sir, have cited the case of Greece as a parallel to that of Belgium. I cannot find that you have mentioned it at all. But had you been really fair-minded you would have seen in it a shining contrast to German methods, which would have put your six-of-one-and-half-a-dozen-of-the-other theory conclusively out of court.

What remains, now, of that theory? The appeal to history is not at best a very sound one; for if Britain and her Allies are, here and now, fighting the fight of justice, democracy, the small nations and world peace, it would not greatly matter though their past record had been inconsistent with their present ideals. But since you have appealed to history and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, I have taken up your challenge, and have shown that the "settlement" and conquest by which the British Empire was built up is far as the poles apart from that process of conquest by which Germany proposes, and is now endeavouring, to make herself mistress of Europe and eventually of the world. By far the greater part of the British Empire consists of regions entirely undeveloped and sparsely populated by savages at the time when European settlers took possession of them; and those portions to which this description does not apply

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consist of territories which have fallen under British guardianship through the disruption from within of oriental empires, and in which Britain, sedulously respecting the creeds and traditions of the inhabitants, has substituted stable, just and humane government for the capricious tyrannies of bygone ages. German conquest, on the other hand, finds, and proposes to find, its victims in states as highly organized and civilized as Germany itself, and deliberately designs, by methods of brutal violence and oppression, to effect the gradual extinction of unas-similable races, and to root out the nationality and language of those which it may graciously suffer to survive. Where in this can you find any justification for your unthinking cry of "Six of one and half a dozen of the other"? Perhaps you will tell me that that phrase is mine, not yours. True; you prefer to put it a little more forcibly; "Robbers, and burglars, and murderers all."

And this is how Holland—or at any rate one of her sons—rewards us for pouring forth our blood and treasure in order to keep the hungry jaws and dripping fangs of Germany from closing round her! I do not say that we either deserve or expect any particular gratitude; for we are in the first instance fighting our own battle, and the preservation of Holland is only one among many incidental consequences. But it gives us pleasure to think that one consequence of our struggle will be (as we trust) the preservation of the independence and integrity of a little country with a great and heroic past—of the land of the two Williams of Orange, of Rembrandt and Franz Hals, of Erasmus and Spinoza, of Grotius and Boerhaave. And that being so, we cannot but feel some mild surprise on finding ourselves treated with blank incomprehension and gross incivility by a Dutch publicist who

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takes upon himself to speak in the name of his countrymen and of neutrals in general.

You go on to say that "your eyes are open to a change for the worst [? worse] produced by the war in the mentality of England and France," and to cite as a proof of this change the reply of the Allies to President Wilson's Note, in which you perceive "a claim for paramountcy" and "utterance of the same lust of power which we pretend to keep at bay in the other group." I do not propose to examine at length this strange indictment. Let me only say that beyond restitution of actually stolen territory, and the reunion of certain subject populations to the nationalities to which, by race, language, tradition and sentiment, they rightly belong, the peace terms stated by the Allies contain only one item which implies any sort of expropriation—the expulsion of Turkish rule from Europe. Is that a proposal which seems to you iniquitous? Has not civilization been sighing for it any time the last century? If you want to find a real reproach to level against Britain, I commend to your attention the policy which led us, for many years, to bolster up the corrupt Asiatic despotism on the Bosphorus. As for the "claim to paramountcy," it is true, of course, that the Allies desire that the treaty of peace should leave them stronger than their enemies—for what other end can you conceive them to be fighting? If they do not attain this end, then militarism is triumphant, European democracy is doomed, and (among other things) the days of Dutch independence are numbered. But "paramountcy," in the German sense of the term, they neither do nor can aim at. The reason is obvious—they are four widely separated and self-sufficient Great Powers, none of which dreams of setting up a claim to "para-

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mountcy." which the others would certainly reject and resent. Their watchword is "equal rights for all"—for the small nations, and *a fortiori* for the great. Germany, on the other hand, not only claims but exercises "paramountcy" over her Allies, and has announced with a hundred voices that it is her right and her duty to assume the hegemony of Europe and of the world. Unless you agree with her, and look forward with complacency to living for the future under the intellectual, spiritual, and in due time the political domination of Prussia, I cannot understand the motive for your endeavours to alienate the sympathy of your fellow neutrals from the nations who are fighting for your freedom no less than for their own.

I cordially agree with you that some of the changes which take place during the conversion of a nation organized for peace into a nation of soldiers are changes for the worse. Militarism is in many ways an evil thing, even when it is forced upon a people by outside violence, and reluctantly undergone as a means to an indispensable end. But on whom does the ultimate responsibility for these undesirable changes rest? Clearly upon the nation, or rather the Government, which made the war; and that was neither the British nation nor the British Government. If you doubt this—as I daresay you do, for it seems hard to set a limit to your power of ignoring the plainest facts—I can only recommend you to examine, as regards the immediate origin of the war, the diplomatic documents published in full by all the belligerent nations except Germany, and, as regards its remoter causes, to study the history of Europe since the accession of William II, with special attention to such German writers

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as Paul de Lagarde, Reventlow, Bernhardi, Haase, Sombart, and Harden.

Finally, may I call your attention to a passage from another neutral writer, who, besides being a literary critic of the first order, is deeply read in science and history? Professor Christian Collin, of Christiania, writes as follows;—

Four times in the course of a little more than 300 years has a single European state become so powerful and so ambitious that it has attempted to win supremacy over Europe and thus to attain to world-dominion; Spain under Philip II, France under Louis XIV, France under the first Napoleon, and finally, present-day Germany. Four times have states of inferior military power joined together in a great alliance to protect the world from a new Roman Empire, founded on conquest . . . The vision of Universal Monarchy, inherited from Roman times, has on three separate occasions met with shipwreck, and is now probably being shattered for the fourth time.

Each of these mighty wars . . . is divided by about a century from its predecessor. When the war that now devastates the continent broke out in the beginning of August, 1914, it was a little over a hundred years since Napoleon was sent to Elba, and a little short of a hundred years since the Peace of Paris in 1815. A little more than a century before that, the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, had erected a barrier against the ambitions of Louis XIV. Rather more than a hundred years before that again, Spain had been compelled to concede an honourable peace to England, in 1604, and later, in 1609, to Holland.

In these wars, which have marked eras in the history of Europe once in each century, most of the belligerents have played varying parts; England alone

Six of One and Half-a-Dozen of the Other.

has been a constant factor, always on the side of the defensive alliance . . . At this moment the English, for the fourth time, are putting forth all their strength to help in preventing a single state from becoming all-powerful.

England has, on each occasion, acted in accordance with her own clearly-understood interests. But at the same time, whether intentionally or not, she has acted in the interests of the whole European family of nations. The British have, to their own advantage and to that of all, kept the way open to a far higher form of world state than any universal monarchy.

So far Professor Collin. He might have added, had it occurred to him, that in each of these great wars—in this war no less than in its predecessors—the fate of Holland was one of the issues. In the earlier struggles the Dutch took an active part—in the earliest of all, a heroic part. But no one blames them for their present neutrality—so long as it does not lead them to forget what is at stake and vilify their defenders.

Just as surely as England saved Holland by routing the Armada, so have France and England fought the battle of Holland on the Marne, at Ypres and Loos, at Verdun, on the Somme, aye, and on the banks of Jutland. We claim no gratitude, because we are primarily fighting for our own existence; but, we think it a little hard that a Dutchman should denounce us as robbers, burglars and murderers.

You appealed, Sir, to history—by history I think you have been answered.

Yours, etc.,

WILLIAM ARCHER.

London, 20th March, 1917.

Six of One and Half-a-Dozen of the Other.

P.S.—I learn that some of your countrymen who have seen this letter in proof protest against the assertion that England saved Holland when she defeated the Spanish Armada. Though I see nothing derogatory to Holland in a plain statement of fact, I am quite willing to put it in another way, and say that in that momentous crisis England and Holland saved each other. The share which Holland took in the matter was a passive one; she was not called upon for any positive action beyond that of seizing two disabled Spanish ships; but it was the fear of her fleet which upset the whole scheme of invasion by preventing Parma from even attempting to effect a junction with Medina Sidonia.

Must I yet again insist that, in reciting these plain matters of history, I am neither claiming any merit for England nor casting any slur upon Holland? Both countries were faced with a great danger at the hands of a huge, ambitious and fanatical Power. If Spain had conquered England, where would the United Provinces have been? If Spain had subdued the United Provinces, England's position would have been, if not hopeless, at any rate very critical. In these circumstances, they naturally gave each other what help they could. There was no chivalry, no self-sacrifice about it. Down to 1588, what England had done for Holland was little enough, and even of questionable value; but in defeating the Armada she struck a blow at Spain which unquestionably paved the way for the final triumph of Dutch liberty.

On the 6th of August, 1588, the Armada lay in Calais Roads. "It was a pompous spectacle" says Motley, "that midsummer night upon the narrow seas. The moon, which was at the full, was rising calmly upon

Six of One and Half-a-Dozen of the Other.

a scene of anxious expectation. Would she not be looking, by the morrow's night, upon a subjugated England and a re-enslaved Holland—upon the downfall of civil and religious liberty?" That was the issue, as the American historian saw it. What happened we know: "The safety of the two free commonwealths," says Motley again, "was achieved by the people and the mariners of the two states combined." That is a quite fair way to put it; but in the particular incident in question—the defeat of the Armada—the actual fighting was done by the English.

Once more the actual fighting is being done by the English and their Allies. There are entirely valid reasons why the Dutch should in this case leave the fighting to others; but their vital interests are just as clearly at stake to-day as they were in August, 1588.

W.A.

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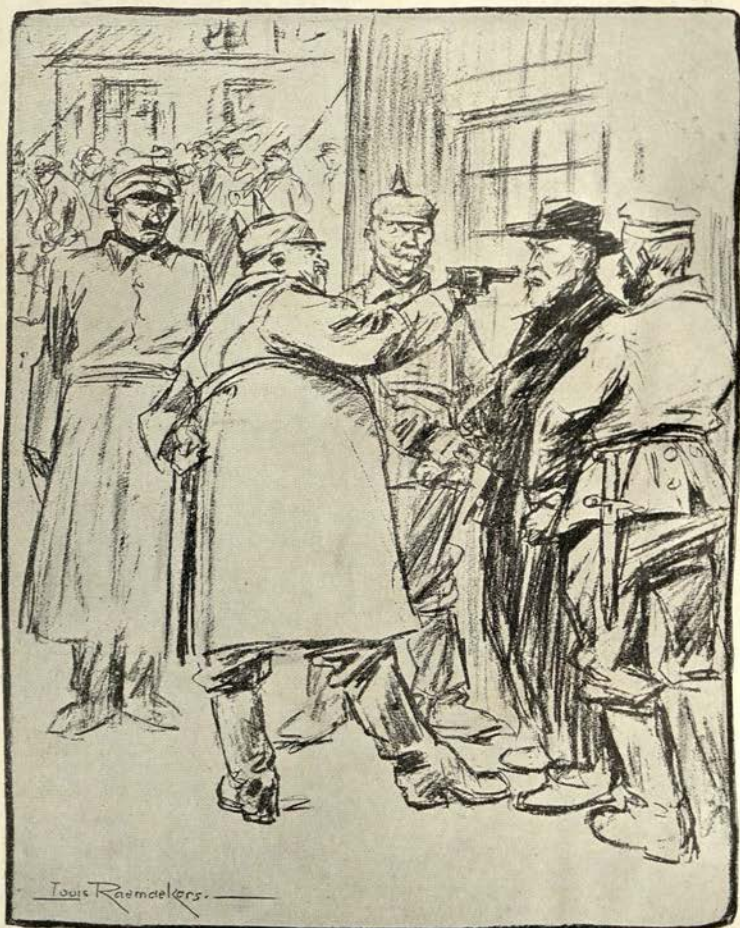
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Louis Riemacker 21.10.15

Through the Iron Bars.

Through the Iron Bars

I.

THE PRISON GATES.

The English-speaking public is generally well informed concerning the part played in the war by the Belgian troops. The resistance of our small field army at Liège, before Antwerp, and on the Yser has been praised and is still being praised wherever the tale runs. This is easy enough to understand. The fact that those 100,000 men should have been able to hold so long in check the forces of the first military Empire in Europe, and that a great number of them, helped by new contingents of recruits and led by their young King, should still be fighting on their native soil, must appeal strongly to the imagination.

If it be told how the new Belgian army, reorganised and re-equipped after the terrible ordeal on the Yser, is at the present moment much stronger than at the beginning of the war, how it has been able lately to extend its front in Flanders, and how some of its units have rendered valuable help to the cause of the Allies in East Africa and even in Galicia, the story sounds like a fairy tale. There is, in the history of this unequal struggle, the true ring of legendary heroism; it seems an echo of the tale of David and Goliath, or of Jack the Giant Killer; it is full of the triumph of the spirit over the flesh, of independence and free will over fatalism and brute force, of Right over Might.

I feel confident that some day a poet will be able to sing this great epic in verses which shall answer to the swinging rhythm of battle and roll with the booming of a thousand guns. But, in the meantime, I should like to say a few words about a much humbler, a much simpler, a much more familiar subject. It awakes no classical remembrances of Leonidas or Marathon. My heroes risk their lives, but they are not soldiers, merely prosaic "bourgeois" and workmen. They have no weapon, they cannot fight. They have only to remain cheery in adversity and patient in the face of taunts. They cannot render blow for blow, they have no sword to flourish against an insolent conqueror. They can only oppose a stout heart, a loyal spirit, and an ironic smile to the persecutions to which they are subjected. They can do nothing—they must do nothing—only hope and wait. But there are as much heroism and beauty in their black frock-coats and their soiled workmen's smocks as in the gayest and most glittering uniforms.

It is the plain matter-of-fact story of Belgian life under German rule. Many more people will be tempted to praise the glory of our soldiers. But, if the incidents of conquered Belgium's life are not recorded in good time, they might escape notice. People might forget that, besides the 150,000 to 200,000 heroes who are now waging war for Belgium on the Western front, there are 7,500,000 heroes who are suffering for Belgium behind the German lines, in the close prison of guarded frontiers, cut off from the whole world, separated alike from those who are fighting for their deliverance and from those who have sought refuge abroad.

These are the people whom America, England, Spain, and many generous people in other allied and neutral countries have tried to save from material starvation. If I could only show to my readers

how they are saving themselves from despair, from spiritual starvation, I should be well repaid for my trouble, for, among all the wonders of this war, which has displayed mankind as at once so much worse and so much better than we thought, there is perhaps nothing more surprising than the way in which the Belgian people have kept their spirits up.

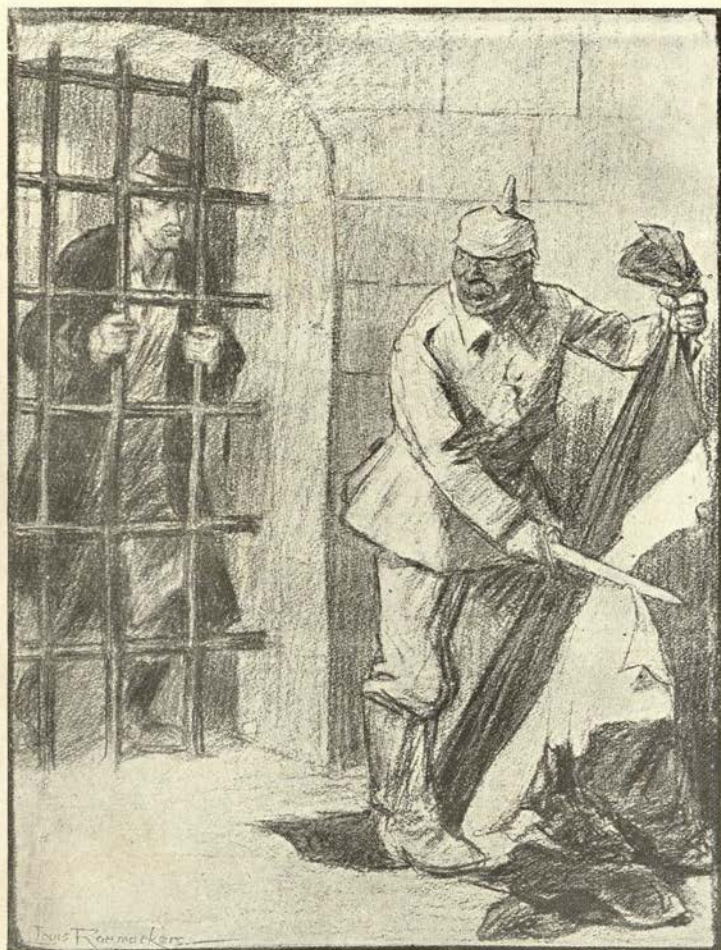
One can, to a certain extent, understand the bright courage and the grim humour of the fighting soldier; he has the excitement of battle to sustain him through danger and suffering. But that an unarmed population, which, having witnessed the martyrdom of many peaceful towns, is threatened with utter destruction, which, ruined by war contributions and requisitions, is on the brink of starvation, which, persecuted by spies and subjected constantly to the most severe individual and collective punishments on the slightest pretext, is obliged to refrain from any manifestation of patriotic sentiments—that such a population, completely cut off from its Government and from most of its political leaders, and, moreover, poisoned every day by news concocted by the enemy, should remain unshakable in its courage and loyalty and should still be able to laugh at the efforts made by its masters to bring it into submission, is truly one of the most amazing spectacles which we have witnessed since the war broke out. General von Bissing has declared that the Belgians are an enigma to him. No wonder. They are an enigma to themselves. I am not going to explain the miracle. I will only attempt to show how inexplicable, how miraculous, it is.

• • •

The German occupation of Belgium may be roughly divided into two periods: Before the fall of Antwerp when the hope of prompt deliverance was still vivid in every heart, and when the German policy, in spite

of its frightfulness, had not yet assumed its most ruthless and systematic character; and, after the fall of the great fortress, when the yoke of the conqueror weighed more heavily on the vanquished shoulders, and when the Belgian population, grim and resolute, began to struggle to preserve its honour and loyalty and to resist the ever increasing pressure of the enemy to bring it into complete submission and to use it as a tool against its own army and its own King.

I am only concerned here with the second period. The story of the German atrocities committed in some parts of the country at the beginning of the occupation is too well known to require any further comment. Every honest man, in Allied and neutral countries, has made up his mind on the subject. No unprejudiced person can hesitate between the evidence brought forward by the Belgian Commission of Enquiry and the vague denials, paltry excuses and insolent calumnies opposed to it by the German Government and the Pro-German Press. Besides, in a way, the atrocities committed during the last days of August, 1914, ought not to be considered as the culminating point of Belgium's martyrdom. They have, of course, appealed to the imagination of the masses, they have filled the world with horror and indignation, but they did not extend all over the country, as the present oppression does; they only affected a few thousand men and women, instead of involving hundreds of thousands. They were clean wounds wrought by iron and fire, sudden, brutal blows struck at the heart of the country, wounds and blows from which it is possible to recover quickly, from which reaction is possible, which do not affect the soul and honour of a people. The military executioners of 1914 were compassionate when compared to the civilian administrators who succeeded them. The pen may be more



German respect for the Flag.

cruel than the sword. Considered in the light of the recent deportations, the first days of frightfulness seem almost merciful.

Observers have found no words strong enough to praise the attitude of the Belgian people when victory seemed close at hand, when news was still allowed to reach them. What should be said now after the twenty-seven months for which they have been completely isolated from the rest of the world? The ruthless methods of the German army of invasion which deliberately massacred 5,000 unarmed civilians and sacked six or seven towns and many more villages has been vehemently condemned. What is to be the verdict now that they have succeeded, after two years of efforts, in sacking the whole country, ruining her industry and commerce, throwing out of employment her best workmen and leading into slavery tens of thousands of her staunchest patriots? The horrors of Louvain and Dinant were compared, with some reason, to the excesses of the Thirty Years War, but modern history offers no other instance of forced labour and wholesale deportations. If, fifty years ago, the conscience of the world revolted against black slavery, what should its feelings be to-day when it is confronted with this new and most appalling form of white slavery? We should in vain ransack the chronicles of history to find, even in ancient times, crimes similar to this one. For the Jews were at war with Babylon, the Gauls were at war with Rome. Belgium did not wage war against Germany. She merely refused to betray her honour.

• • •

Let us watch, then, the closing of the prison gates. Up to the beginning of October, the Belgians, and specially the people of Brussels, had been kept in a state of suspense by the three sorties of the Belgian army, which left the shelter of the Antwerp forts to advance

towards Vilvorde and Louvain, a few miles from the capital. At the beginning of September, the sound of guns came so close that the people rejoiced openly, thinking that deliverance was at their gates. To sober their spirit—or to exasperate their patience?—the Governor General ordered that a few Belgian prisoners, some of them wounded, with their quickfiring gun drawn by a dog, should be marched through the crowded streets. The men were covered with dust, their heads wrapped in blood-stained bandages, and they kept their eyes on the ground as if ashamed. Some women sobbed on seeing them, others cursed their guards, others plundered a flower shop and showered flowers upon them. At last two stalwart workmen shouldered away the escort, and, helped by the crowd, which paralysed the movements of the Germans, succeeded in kidnapping the prisoners, and getting them away to the neighbouring streets. They could never be discovered, and it was the last display of the kind which the Governor gave to Brussels.

During the siege, people had learnt to recognize the voice of every fort of Antwerp. They said to each other: "That is Lizele, Wavre Ste. Catherine, Waelhem." One after the other the Belgian guns were silenced, first Wavre, then Waelhem . . . and the vibrating boom of the German heavies was heard louder than ever. The listening Bruxellois grew paler, straining every nerve to catch the voice of Antwerp. It was as if their own life as a nation was slowly dying away, as if they were mourning their own agony. But still the valiant spirit of the first days prevailed. "They will be beaten for all that. What was Antwerp compared with the Marne? All forts must fall under 'their' artillery. After all, the nest is empty; the King and the army are safe."

Since those days a kind of reckless indifference has seized the Belgians. If we must lose everything to

gain everything, let us lose it. The sooner the better. It is the spirit of a poor man burning his furniture in order to shelter his children from cold, or of a Saint suffering every physical privation in order to gain the Kingdom of Heaven. It is an uncanny spirit composed of wild energy and bitter-sweet irony. "First Liège, then Brussels, then Namur, now Antwerp. The King has gone, the Government has gone. If all Belgium has to go, let it go. It is the price we have to pay. The victory of our soul shall be all the greater if our body is shattered and tortured."

Henceforth, the voice of Belgium reaches us only from time to time. Its sound is muffled by the enemy's strangle-hold, which grows tighter and tighter. Before the fall of Antwerp, the German administration of General von der Goltz had merely a temporary character. We know that most of the high officials were stopping in Brussels on their way to Paris. On the other hand, any skilful move of the Allies, any successful sortie from Antwerp, might have jeopardized all the conqueror's plans and necessitated an immediate retreat. The Yser-Ypres struggle barred the way to Brussels as well as to Calais. The Germans knew now that they were safe, at least for a good many months, and began systematically to "organize the country." All communications with the uninterrupted part of Belgium were interrupted. It became more and more difficult and dangerous to cross the Dutch frontier without a special permit. The economic and moral pressure increased steadily, and the conflict between conquerors and patriots began, a conflict unrelieved by dramatic interest or excitement from outside, which carried the country back to the worst days of Austrian and Spanish domination.

II.

THE LOWERED FLAG.

The contrast which I have endeavoured to indicate, in the first chapter, between the attitude of the German administration before the fall of Antwerp and its behaviour afterwards is nowhere so well marked as in the measures taken for the purpose of repressing all Belgian manifestations of patriotism.

During the two first months of occupation, the Germans made at least a show of respecting the loyal feelings of the population. In his first proclamation, dated September 2nd, in which he announced his appointment as General Governor of Belgium, Baron von der Goltz declared that "he asked no one to renounce his patriotic feelings." And when, a few days later, the Governor of Brussels, Baron von Luttwitz, issued a poster "advising" the citizens to take their flags from their windows, he did this in conciliatory words, giving the pretext that these manifestations might provoke reprisals from the German troops passing through the town: "The Military Governor does not intend in the least to hurt, by such a measure, the feelings and self-respect of the inhabitants. His only aim is to protect them against all harm." (September 16th.) Every Belgian was still wearing the national colours, pictures of the King and Queen were sold in the streets, and the Brabançonne was hummed, whistled, and sung all over the country. The people had lost every right but one: they could still show the enemy, in spite of the declarations of the German Press, that they were not yet ready to accept his rule.

This apparent tolerance is easy to explain. After the massacres of August, the German authorities were anxious not to exasperate public opinion, and not to spoil by uselessly vexatious measures the effect which

had been produced. During the Marne and the three sorties of the Belgian army, they had only a very small number of men at their disposal to garrison the largest towns. The slightest progress of the Belgian army might have endangered their line of communications. We know now that the withdrawal of the seat of the government from Brussels to Liège was at one moment seriously contemplated, and that the same troops were made to pass again and again through the streets of the capital in order to give the illusion that the garrison was stronger than it really was (*Frankfurter Zeitung*, August 22nd, 1916). Besides, Germany had not yet given up all hopes of coming to terms with King Albert, since a third attempt was to be made at Antwerp to separate the Belgian Government from the Allies. In these circumstances it seemed wiser to let the Belgian folk indulge in their harmless manifestations of loyalty, so long as they did not cause any disturbance and did not complicate the task of the military.

Let us look now at the next phase. As soon as the Belgian army has achieved its junction with the Allies on the Yser and all communications are cut between the Government and the people, the Germans cease to consider Belgium as an occupied territory, and seize upon every pretext to treat her as a conquered country, which will, sooner or later, become part of the Empire. They no longer take the trouble to explain or justify their oppressive measures, or to reconcile them with their former promises. They simply ignore them. First in Namur (November the 15th, 1914), then in Brussels (June the 30th, 1915), it becomes a crime to wear the tricolour cockade. The *Te Deum*, which is celebrated every year, on November 15th, in honour of King Albert's Saint's day, is forbidden. From the month of March, 1915, it is practically a forbidden thing to sing the *Brabançonne*, even in the schools. All patriotic manifesta-

tions, on the occasion of the King's Birthday (April 8th) and of the anniversary of Belgian Independence day (July 21st) are severely prosecuted.

In some of the orders issued there is still a weak attempt at "respecting," in a German way, "the people's patriotic feelings." The Governor of Namur, for instance, discriminates with the acutest subtlety between wearing the national colours in private and in public, and the Brabançonne can for a time be sung, so long as it is not rendered "in a provoking manner." In fact, the Belgians are free to manifest their patriotism so long as they are neither seen nor heard. They are generously allowed to line their cupboards with tricolour paper and to hum their national tunes in the depth of their cellars. But, in most of the orders made under Governor von Bissing's rule (his reign began on December 3rd, 1914), this last pretence of consideration and respect disappears entirely. "I warn the public," declares the Governor of Brussels on July the 18th, 1914, "that any demonstration whatsoever is forbidden on July 21st next."

More than that, the German Administration frequently goes out of its way to hurt the people's feelings. The fact of helping a patriot to join the Army is not merely punished as a crime against the Germans, it is delicately called "a crime of treason," and when people are condemned because they are suspected of belonging to the Belgian intelligence service, the public posters announcing their condemnation speak of them as supplying information "to the enemy."

The sham tolerance of the first days has given way to a restless repression, and even, during the last year, to deliberate persecution. Schools may be inspected at any time by the authorities and every "anti-German manifestation" (that is to say, any

pro-Belgian teaching) is severely punished. Shops are raided so that every patriotic picture post-card (especially the portraits of the Royal Family) may be seized, and even the intimacy of the private home is not respected. To begin with, the Belgians have been allowed to show their loyalty—with discretion; next, every patriotic manifestation is excluded from public life; and last, the Germans, through their spies, penetrate the homes of every citizen, and endeavour to extirpate by a reign of terror these same feelings which they so emphatically promised to respect.

People who are leading a quiet life and who enjoy the blessings of an autonomous Government will perhaps not appreciate the importance which the Belgians attach, at the present moment, to these patriotic manifestations. They may imagine that, so long as national life is assured and citizens are otherwise left alone by their conquerors, public affirmation of loyalty to King and country is of secondary importance.

God knows that the economic situation of occupied Belgium is bad enough, and the endless and tragic lists of condemnations and deportations are there to prove that her people are living under the most barbarous regime of modern times. But, even if this was not the case, anybody with the slightest knowledge of their national character would understand the extraordinary value which the Belgians attached to their last privilege and the deep indignation roused by this German betrayal.

Von Bissing shrugs his shoulders and calls them "big children." So they are. And his son, with a scornful smile, declares in the *Suddeutsche Monatschrift* (April 15th, 1915) that it is in "the people's blood to demonstrate and to wear cockades." So it is. The love of processions and public pageants of

all kinds is deeply rooted in Belgian traditions. But what does it prove? Simply that the people have preserved enough freshness and joy of life to care for these things, enough courage and independence to feel most need of them when they are most afflicted. This is how they think of it: "Our bands used to pass through the streets, shaking our window-panes with the crashing of their trombones, our flags used to wave in the breeze—in the happy days of peace. Should we now remain, silent and withdrawn, in the selfish privacy of our houses, now that the country needs us most, now that we want, more than ever, to feel that we are one people and that we will remain independent and united whatever happens in the future?" Baron Friedrich Wilhelm von Bissing sneers at the Belgians because on any and every pretext they display the American colours. If they do, it is because they are not allowed to display their own, and because they feel somehow that the best way to show that they have still a flag is to adopt the colours of the great country which has so generously come to their help. It may well be, as the Baron informs us, that most of the "small and big children" who wear the Stars and Stripes do not know a word of English. What does it mean again? Simply that heart may call to heart and that it is not necessary to talk in his own language to understand a brother's mind. It is true that only children—children small and big—know how to do it.

If the Germans had had the least touch of generous feeling for the unfortunate country upon which they thrust war in spite of the most solemn treaties, they would not have obliged the Belgian citizens to lower the flags which they had put up during the defence of Liège, they would not have torn their tricolour cockades from their buttonholes, they would not have silenced their national songs, they would not have added these deep humiliations to the bitter cup of

defeat. One wonders even why they did it if it was not for the mere pleasure which the bully is supposed to feel when he makes his strength felt by his victim. They might have gone on gaily plundering the country, shooting patriots, deporting young men, doing whatever seemed useful in their eyes. But the petty tyranny of these measures passes understanding. Governor von Bissing is certainly too clever to believe that the satisfaction of making a few cowards uneasy by such regulations can at all outweigh the danger inherent in the resentment and the deep hatred which the bullying has aroused against Germany. You may take the children's bread, you may take their freedom, but you might at least leave them a few toys to play with, and you would be wise to do so.

* * *

Such narrow-minded tyranny always defeats its own objects. Burgomaster Max's proud answer to General von Luttwitz's "advice" to remove the flags became the password of the patriots. Every Brussels henceforth "waited for the hour of reparation." A great number of women went to prison rather than remove the emblems of Belgium which they wore. Stories passed from lip to lip. Their accuracy I would not guarantee, but they belong to the epic of the war and are true to the spirit of the people. A young lady, who was jeered at by a German officer because she was wearing King Albert's portrait, is said to have answered his "Lackland" with, "I would rather have a King who has lost his country than an Emperor who has lost his honour." Another lady, sitting in a tram-car opposite a German officer, was ordered by him to remove her tricolour rosette. She refused to do so, and, as he threatened her, defied him to do it himself. The Boche seized the rosette and pulled . . . and pulled . . . and pulled. The lady had concealed twenty yards of ribbon in her corsage.

When the tricolour was forbidden altogether, it was replaced by the ivyleaf, ivy being the emblem of faithfulness; later, the ivyleaf was followed by a green ribbon, green being the colour of hope. The Brabançonne being excluded from the street and from the school took refuge in the Churches, where it is played and often sung by the congregation at the end of the service. There are many ways of getting round the law. The Belgians were forbidden to celebrate in any ordinary way the anniversary of their independence. Thanks to a sort of tacit arrangement they succeeded in marking the occasion in spite of all regulations. On July 21st, 1915, the Bruxellois kept the shutters of their houses and shops closed and went out in the streets dressed in their best clothes, most of them in mourning. The next year, as the closing of shops was this time foreseen by the administration, they remained open. But a great number of tradespeople managed ingeniously to display the national colours in their windows—by the juxtaposition, for instance, of yellow lemons, red tomatoes and black grapes. Others emptied their windows altogether.

These jokes may seem childish, at first sight, but when we think that those who dared perform them paid for it with several months' imprisonment or several thousand marks, and paid cheerily, we understand that there is more in them than a schoolboy's pranks. It seems as if the Belgian spirit would break if it ceased to be able to react. One of the shop-managers who was most heavily fined on the occasion of our last "Independence Day" declared that he had not lost his money: "It is rather expensive, but it is worth it."

* * *

If patriotism has become a religion in Belgium, this religion has found a priest whose authority is recognised by the last unbeliever. If every church

has become the "*Temple de la Patrie*," if the Brabançonne resounds under the Gothic arches of every nave, Cardinal Mercier has become the good shepherd who has taken charge of the flock during the King's absence. The great Brotherhood, for which so many Christian souls are yearning, in which there are no more classes, parties, and sects, seems well nigh achieved beyond the electrified barbed wire of the Belgian frontier. Are not all Belgians threatened with the same danger, are they not close-knit by the same hope, the same love, the same hatred?

When the bells rang from the towers of Brussels Cathedral on July 21st last, when, in his red robes, Cardinal Mercier blessed the people assembled to celebrate the day of Belgium's Independence, it seemed that the soul of the martyred nation hovered in the Church. After the national anthem, people lifted their eyes towards the great crucifix in the choir, and could no longer distinguish, through their tears, the image of the Crucified from that of their bleeding country.

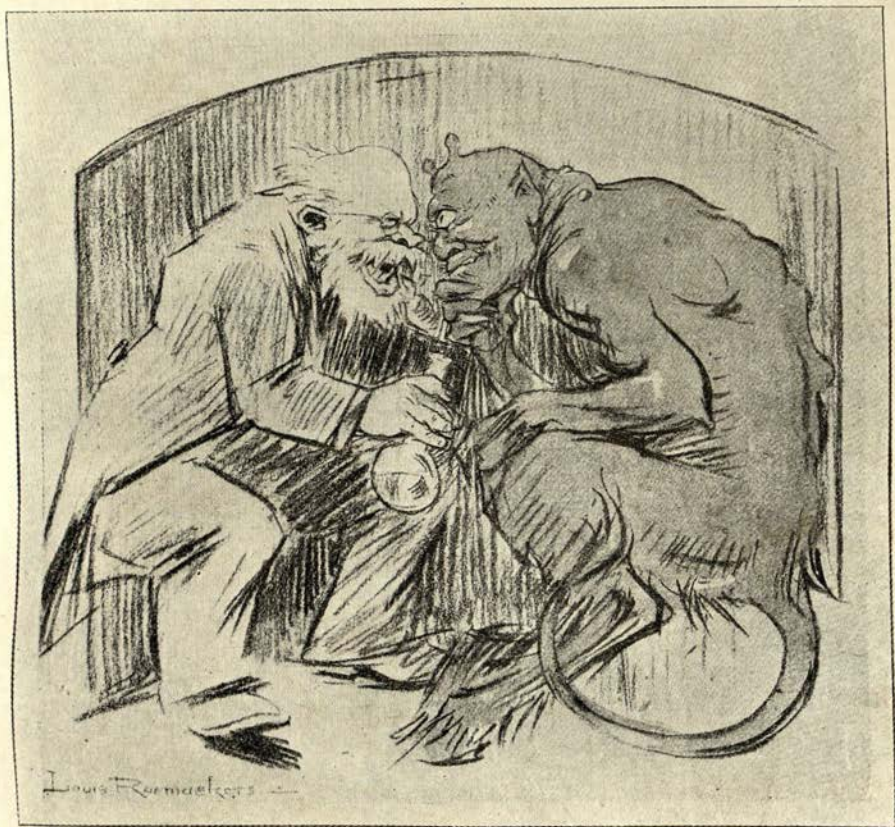
III.

THE POISONED WELLS.

We must never forget, when we speak of the moral resistance of the Belgian people, that they have been completely isolated from their friends abroad for more than two years and that meanwhile they have been exposed to all the systematic and skilful manœuvres of German propaganda. Not only are they without news from abroad, but all the news they receive is calculated to spread discouragement and distrust.

How true lovers could resist a long separation and the most wicked calumnies without losing faith in one another has been the theme of many a story. From the story-writer's point of view, the true narrative of the German occupation of Belgium is much more romantic than any romance, much more wonderful than any poem. The mass is not supposed to show the same constancy as the individual, and one does not expect from a whole people the ideal loyalty of Desdemona and Imogen. Besides, we do not want the reader to imagine that, before the war, the Belgians were ideally in love with one another. Like the English, the Americans and the French, we had our differences. It is one of the unavoidable drawbacks of Democracy that politics should exaggerate the importance of dissensions. Therefore it is all the more remarkable that the sudden friendship which sprang up between classes, parties and races in Belgium, on the eve of August 4th, should so long have defied the untiring efforts of the enemy and should remain as unshakeable to-day as it was at the beginning.

We do not wonder that the German intellectuals who have undertaken to break down Belgian unity are at a loss to explain their failure. Scientifically



Arcades Ambo.

it defies every explanation. Here was a people apparently deeply divided against itself, Socialists opposed Liberals, Liberals opposed Catholics, Flemings opposed Walloons; theoretical differences degenerated frequently into personal quarrels; political antagonism was embittered by questions of religion and language. Surely this was ideal ground in which to sow the seed of discord, when the Government had been obliged to seek refuge in a foreign country and a great number of prominent citizens had emigrated abroad. The German propagandist, who had been able to work wonders in some neutral countries, must have thought the task almost unworthy of his efforts. Every one of his theoretical calculations was correct. He only forgot one small detail which a closer study of history might have taught him. He forgot that, in face of the common danger, all these differences would lose their hold on the people's soul, that the former bitterness of their quarrels was nothing compared with the sacred love of their country which they shared.

* * *

The first action of the German administration after the triumphal entry into Brussels was to try to isolate the occupied part of the country, in order to monopolize the news. Rather than submit to a German censor, all the Belgian papers—with the exception of two small provincial journals—had ceased to appear. During a fortnight, Brussels remained without authorized news. From that time, the authorities allowed the sale of some German and Dutch dailies and of a few newspapers published in Belgium under German control. The Government itself issued the *Deutsche Soldatenpost* and *Le Réveil* (in French) and a great number of posters, "*Communications officielles du Commandant de l'Armée allemande*," which were supposed to contain the latest war-news. To this imposing array, the patriots could only

oppose a few pamphlets issued by the editor Bryan Hill, soon prohibited, and copies of Belgian, French and English papers, which were smuggled at great risk, and consequently were very expensive. Still, before the fall of Antwerp, it was practically impossible for the Germans to stop private letters and newspapers passing from the unoccupied to the occupied part of the country. Besides, they had more important business on hand. Here again, it was only after the second month of occupation that the pressure increased. During October and November, several people were condemned to heavy fines and to periods of imprisonment for circulating written and even verbal news. The Dutch frontier was closed, wherever no natural obstacle intervened, by a continuous line of barbed wire and electrified wire. Passports were only granted to the few people engaged in the work of relief and to those who could prove that it was essential to the interests of their business that they should leave the country for a time. The postal service being reorganized under German control, any other method of communication was severely prosecuted. At the end of 1914, several messengers lost their lives in attempting to cross the Dutch frontier. Under such conditions it is easy to understand that, in spite of the efforts made by the anonymous editors of two or three prohibited papers, such as *La Libre Belgique*, the bulk of the population was practically cut off from the rest of the world and was compelled to read, if they read at all, the pro-German papers and the German posters. The only wells left from which the people could drink were poisoned.

* * *

The German Press Bureau in Brussels, openly recognised by the administration and formerly the headquarters of Baron von Bissing's son, set to work in three principal directions. It aimed at separating the Belgians from the Allies, then at separating the

people from King Albert and his Government, and finally at reviving the old language quarrel between Walloons and Flemings.

The campaign against the Allies, though still carried on whenever the opportunity arises, was specially violent at the beginning, when the Germans had not yet given up all hope of detaching King Albert from the Alliance (August-September, 1914). It was perhaps the most dangerous line of attack because it did not imply any breach of patriotism. On the contrary it suggested that Belgium had been duped by the Allies, and especially by England, who had never meant to come to her help and who had used her as a catspaw, leaving her to bear all the brunt of the German assault in an unequal and heroic struggle. It was accompanied by a constant flow of war news exaggerating the German successes and suggesting that, even if they ever had the intention of delivering Belgium, the Allies would no longer be in a position to do so.

According to the first war-news poster issued in Brussels, a few days after the enemy had entered the town, the French official papers had declared that "The French armies, being thrown on the defensive, would not be able to help Belgium in an offensive movement." I need not recall how, his name having been used at Liège to bolster up this false report, M. Max, the burgomaster of Brussels, found an opportunity of contradicting it publicly and, at the same time, of discrediting all censored news.

The effect was amazing. Henceforth the official posters were not only regularly regarded as a tissue of lies, but definitely ridiculed. The people either ignored them or paid them an exaggerated attention. In some popular quarters, urchins climbed on ladders to read them aloud to a jeering crowd. The influence of M. Max's attitude was such that, eighteen months later, several people coming from the capital declared

that, as far as war news was concerned, Brussels was far more optimistic than London or Paris, every check received by the Allied armies being systematically ignored and every success exaggerated.

When one reads through the series of German "*Communications*" pasted on the walls of the capital during the first year of the occupation, one wonders how they did not succeed in discouraging the population. For, in spite of some extraordinary blunders—such as the announcement that a German squadron had captured fifteen English fishing boats (September 8th, 1914), that the Serbs had taken Semlin because they had nothing more to eat in Serbia (September 13th, 1914), or that the British army was so badly equipped that the soldiers lacked boot-laces and writing paper (October 6th, 1914)—the author of these proclamations succeeded so skillfully in mixing truth and untruth and in drawing the attention of the public away from any reverse suffered by the Central Empires, that the effect of the campaign might have been most demoralizing.

After this first reverse, the Germans only attacked the Allies in order to throw on their shoulders the responsibility for the woes which they themselves were inflicting on their victims. When some English aeroplanes visited Brussels, on September 26th, 1915, a few people were killed and many more wounded. The German press declared immediately that this was due to the want of skill of the airmen, who dropped the bombs indiscriminately over the town. We possess now material proof that the people were killed, not by bombs dropped from the air, but by fragments of shells fired from guns. This can only be explained in one way. The German gunners must have timed their shells so that they should not burst in the air, but only when falling on the ground. This method of propaganda may cost a few lives, but it is certainly clever. It might well be calculated to

stir indignation in the hearts of the people against the Allies and at the same time to serve as a warning to enemy headquarters to the effect: "Whenever you send your aeroplanes over Belgian towns, we are going to make the population pay for it."

The same kind of argument is used at the present moment with regard to the wholesale deportations which are going on in Belgium. To justify his slave-raids, Governor von Bissing denounces England's blockade. It is the economic policy of England—not German requisitions—which has ruined Belgium and caused unemployment: "If there are any objections to be made about this state of affairs you must address them to England, who, through her policy of isolation, has rendered the coercive measures necessary." (1) But the argument is used more for the sake of discussion than in the real hope of convincing the public. General von Bissing can have very few illusions left as to the state of mind of the Belgian population. He knows that every Belgian worker would answer, with the members of the Commission Syndicale: "All the Allies have agreed to let some raw material necessary to our industry enter Belgium, under the condition, naturally, that no requisitions should be made by the occupying power, and that a neutral commission should control the destination of the manufactured articles." (2) Or, more emphatically still, with Cardinal Mercier: "England generously allows some foodstuffs to enter Belgium under the control of neutral countries. . . . She would certainly allow raw materials to enter the country under the same control, if Germany would only pledge herself to leave them to us and not to seize the manufactured products of our industry."

(1) Answer of Governor von Bissing to Cardinal Mercier's letter, Oct. 26th, 1916.

(2) Letter of the "*Commission Syndicale*" to Baron von Bissing, Nov. 14th, 1916.

Such arguments are extraordinarily characteristic of the German mind, as it has been developed by the war: "Let Belgium know that she is suffering for England's sake. Let England know that, as long as she enforces her blockade, her friends in Belgium will have to pay for it." It is the same kind of double-edged declaration as that used on the occasion of the Allied air-raid on Brussels. Literally speaking, it cuts both ways. The excuse becomes a threat and the untruth savours of blackmail. Healthy minds work by single or treble propositions. If we did not remember that our aim is to analyse the beautiful and heroic side of the occupation of Belgium, rather than to dwell on its most sinister aspects, we should recognize, in this last manœuvre, the lowest example of human brutality and hypocrisy, the double mark of the German hoof.

* * *

In spite of the most authentic documents, of the most glaring material proofs, it might be difficult to realise that the human spirit may fall so low. It seems as if we were diminishing ourselves when we accuse our enemies. We have lived so long in the faith that "such things are impossible" that, now that they happen almost at our door, we should be inclined to doubt our eyes rather than to doubt the innate goodness of man. Never did I feel this more strongly than when I saw, for the first time, a caricature of King Albert reproduced from a German newspaper.

Surely if one man, one leader, has come out of this severe trial unstained, with his virtue untarnished, it is indeed Albert the First, King of the Belgians. His simple and loyal attitude in face of the German ultimatum, the indomitable courage which he showed during the Belgian campaign, his dignity, his reserve, his almost exaggerated modesty, ought to have won for him, besides the deep ad-

miration of the Allies and of the neutral world, the respect and esteem even of his worst enemy. There is a man of few words and noble actions, fulfilling his pledges to the last article, faithful to his word even in the presence of death, a leader sharing the work of his soldiers, a King living the life of a poor man. When in Paris, in London, triumphal receptions were awaiting them, he and his noble and devoted Queen remained at their post, on the last stretch of Belgian territory, in the rough surroundings of army quarters.

The whole world has noted this. People who have no sympathy to spare for the Allies' cause have been obliged to bow before this young hero, more noble in his defeat than all the conquerors of Europe in their victory. But the Germans have not felt it. Not only did they try to ridicule King Albert in their comic papers. Even the son of Governor von Bissing did not hesitate to fling in his face the generous epithet, "Lackland." (1) As soon as the last attempt to conciliate the King had failed the German press in Belgium began a most violent and abusive campaign against him. The *Düsseldorfer General-Anzeiger* published a venomous article, in which he was represented as personally responsible for "the plot of the Allies against Germany and for the crimes of the franc-tireurs." He was stigmatised as "the slave of England," and it was asserted that "If he did not grasp the hand stretched out to him by the Kaiser on August 2nd and the 9th it is only because he did not dare to do so" (October 10th, 1914). He was said to have "betrayed his army at Antwerp. Had he not sworn not to leave the town alive?" And *Le Réveil*, another paper circulated in Belgium by German propagandists, announced solemnly that, once on the Yser, the King wanted to sign a sepa-

(1) *Sddeutsche Monatshefte*, April 1915.

rate peace with Germany, but England had forbidden him to do so. The *Hamburger Nachrichten*, the *Vossische Zeitung* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung* repeated without scruple this tissue of gross calumnies. The *Deutsche Soldatenpost*, edited specially for the German soldiers in Belgium, went even a step further and violently reproached the Queen of the Belgians for not having protested against the cruelties inflicted on German civilians in Brussels and Antwerp, at the outbreak of the hostilities!

* * *

Not being able to stir the people against the Allies or against their own Government, the German Press Bureau attempted to revive the language quarrel and to provoke internal dissensions. It is interesting to notice that the new campaign, whose crowning episode was the opening of the German University at Ghent, in October last, began two months after the surrender of Brussels and did not develop until the spring of 1915, when an important minority of Germans began to realise that it would be impossible to retain Belgium, and when a greater number still only hoped to keep Antwerp and Flanders, thanks to the "social and linguistic affinities of Flemings and Germans."

That is how Germany, who had never troubled much before about the Flemish movement and Flemish literature, suddenly discovered a great affection for her Flemish brothers who had so long been exposed to "the insults of the Walloons"; how she suddenly espoused their grievances and put into effect, in spite of their strong protests, some reforms inscribed on the programme; how she tried by every means at her disposal to conciliate Flemish sympathies and to stir up antagonism and jealousies by treating Flemings and Walloons

differently, whether prisoners in Germany or in occupied Belgium.

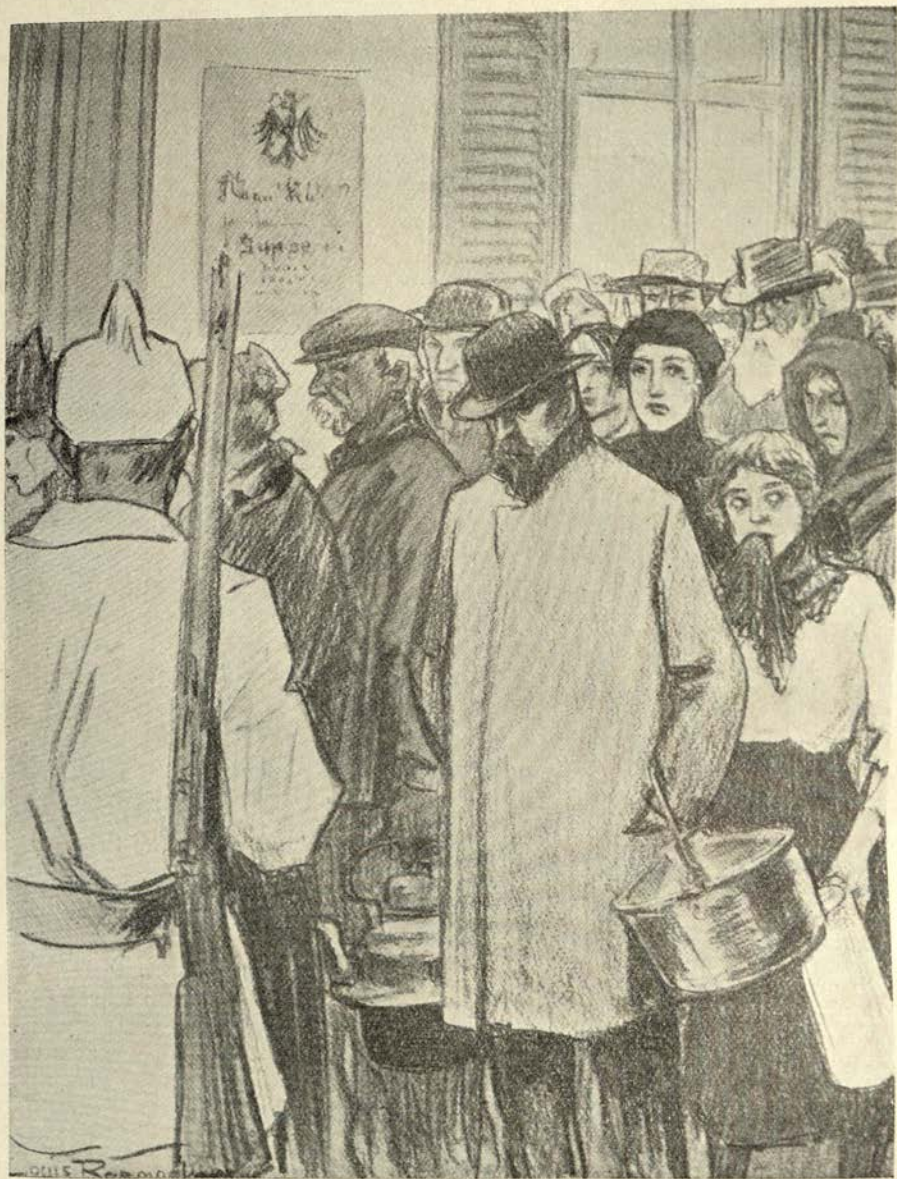
The German train of thought is clear enough: "If we are unable to hold Belgium, any pro-German demonstrations in the Northern provinces may suggest the idea that it is the wish of the Flemings to be bound to the Empire and give a pretext for the annexation of Antwerp and Flanders. If even that is impossible and if we are obliged to give back his Kingdom to King Albert, we shall have sown so many germs of discontent in the country that it will be impossible for the Government to restore Belgium in her full unity and power. She will never become against us the strong bulwark of the Allies."

All this Walloon-Flemish agitation started by Germany belongs to a vast plan of mismanagement. The day Germany knew that she would not be able to keep her conquest she deliberately set herself to ruin Belgium economically and morally. She succeeded economically, for nobody could prevent her from requisitioning whatever she wanted. She failed morally because the people understood her purpose and because the Flemish leaders proudly refused the German gifts. The reform of Ghent University was made in spite of them. It was made with the help of a few Germans, German-Dutch and Belgians without any reputation or following. The professors have been bought and the students (they only number eighty) have been mostly recruited among the Flemish prisoners in Germany and among a few young men threatened with deportation. They are obliged to wear a special cap and are under the ban of the whole population. No true "Gantois" passes them in the street without whispering, "*Vive l'Armée.*" This is the pitiful medley of cranks, traitors and unwilling students which General von Bissing is pleased to call a "University."

In his inaugural speech, the Governor exclaimed,

"The God of War, with his drawn sword, has held the new institution at the font. May the God of Peace be gracious to her for long years to come." The Germans' lack of humour surpasses even their ruthlessness. With one hand General von Bissing was baptizing the baby—rather a difficult operation—with the other he brandished his fiery sword over the heads of all the true Flemings who refused to adopt it. Many of them paid for this patriotic attitude by losing their liberty. With one hand Germany inflicted this unwelcome gift on the Flemings, with the other she banished M.M. Pirenne, Frédéricq and Verhaegen from the sacred precincts of Flemish culture!

Most solemnly, on different occasions, all the prominent Flemish leaders have protested against the German Administration's action. They have declared that it was illegal and unjust. Governor von Bissing reminds them that, according to De Raet's words, "Two heroic spirits dominate the world: The Mind and the Sword." They may possess the first but he holds the second.



"Prosperity reigns in Flanders."

IV.

THE SACKING OF BELGIUM.

There is one idea which dominates the Belgian tragedy: "The body may be conquered, the soul remains free." These words were uttered for the first time, I believe, by the Belgian Premier, Baron de Broqueville, in the solemn sitting of the House, when the German violation of Belgian neutrality was announced to the representatives of the people. The idea is supposed to have been expressed by King Albert, in another form, before the evacuation of Antwerp. It was used to great effect in one of the most popular cartoons published by *Punch*, in which the Kaiser says to the King, with a sneer, "You have lost everything," and the King replies, "Not my soul." It is so intimately associated with the Belgian cause that the image of the stricken country is scarcely ever evoked without an allusion being made to it.

We have seen, in the course of the earlier chapters, how Belgium succeeded in preserving her loyalty and patriotism in spite of the most ruthless oppression and the most cunning calumnies. We must now look at the darker side of the picture and see how she has not succeeded in preserving either her prosperity, or even her supply of daily bread.

We shall soon be confronted with the most tragic aspect of her Calvary. So long as her armies were fighting the invader, so long as her towns and countryside were ruined by German frightfulness, so long as her martyrs, men, women and children, were falling side by side in the market-place before the firing party, so long as every symbol, every word of patriotism was forbidden her, Belgium could remain vanquished but unconquered, bleeding but unshakeable. She enjoyed, in the face of her oppressors, all the

privileges of the Christian martyrs of the first centuries; she could smile on the rack, laugh under the whip and sing in the flames. She remained free in her prison, free to respect Justice, in the midst of injustice, to treasure Righteousness, in spite of falsehood, to worship her Saints, in the face of calumny. She was still able to resist, to oppose, every day and at every turn, her patience to the enemy's threats and her cheerfulness to his ominous scowl. She had a clear conscience and her hands were clean.

There is one thing that can be said for the Roman emperors, they seldom starved their victims to death. Popular imagination revels in their cruelty, and the *Golden Legend* displays to us all the grim splendours of a chamber of horrors. But the worst of all tortures—starvation—is not often inflicted. The idea is, I suppose, that the conversion must be sudden and striking. But Belgium's oppressors do not any longer want to convert her. They have tried and they have failed. They merely want to take all the food, all the raw materials, all the machines and—last but not least—all the labour they can out of her. Their fight is not the fight of one religion against another. It is the fight of material power against any philosophy, any religion which stands between it and the things which it covets. The Germans do not sacrifice Belgium to their gods. Such an ideal course is far from their thoughts. They sacrifice Belgium to Germany—that is, to themselves. It matters very little whether a slave is able to speak or to think, as long as he is able to work.

Here again, in spite of the wholesale plundering of the first days of occupation, and of the enormous fines imposed on towns and provinces, I do not suppose that the German plan was deliberately to ruin the country. It might even have been to develop its resources, as long as there was some hope of annexing it, though this benevolent spirit had scarcely

any time to manifest itself. After the Marne and the Yser, however, when it became evident that anyhow the whole of Belgium could never be retained, and when the attitude of the people showed clearly that they would always remain hostile to their new masters, the systematic sacking of the country began without any thought for the consequences.

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The best way of coming to some appreciation of the work accomplished during these two years is to remember that, before the war, Belgium was the richest country in Europe in proportion to her size. Relatively she had the greatest commercial activity, the richest agricultural production, and she was more thickly populated than any other State, with the exception of Saxony. Nowhere were the imports and exports so important, in proportion to the number of the population, nowhere did the average square mile yield such rich crops, nowhere was the railway system so developed. Pauperism was practically unknown, and, even in the large towns, the number of people dependent on public charity was comparatively very small. To this picture of unequalled prosperity oppose the present situation: Part of the countryside left without culture for want of manure and horses; scarcely any cattle left in the fields; commerce paralysed by the stoppage of railway and other communications; industry at a complete standstill, with 500,000 men thrown out of work and nearly half of the population which remained in Belgium (3,500,000) on the verge of starvation and entirely dependent for their subsistence on the work of the Commission for Relief.

It is said that the tree must be judged by its fruit. Such then is the fruit of the German administration of Belgium. When he arrived in Brussels, Governor von Bissing declared that he had come to dress Bel-

gium's wounds. What would he have done if he had meant to aggravate them?

There is an insidious argument which must be met once and for ever. We have seen how Germany is trying to throw the responsibility for the misery prevailing in Belgium and for the present deportations on the English blockade, which paralyzes the industry and prevents the introduction of raw materials. But, if this were the case, the situation ought not to be worse in Belgium than in Germany. On the contrary, thanks to the splendid work of the Commission for Relief, she ought to be far better off. How is it then that—according to General von Bissing's own declaration made to Mr. Julius Wertheimer, correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* (September the 1st, 1916)—how is it that “the average cost of life is much higher in Belgium than in Germany,” and that “a great number of inhabitants (tens of thousands of them) have not eaten a piece of meat for many weeks?”

This inequality between the social conditions in Germany and in Belgium, in spite of the advantages given to the latter by the introduction of food through the blockade with England's consent, can easily be explained: On the one hand, German industry has transformed itself, many factories which could not continue their ordinary work owing to the shortage of rawstuffs having been turned into war-factories in which there is still a great demand for labour. On the other hand, Germany has not been submitted to the same levies in money, and requisitions in foodstuffs and material; Germany has not been deprived, from the beginning, of all her reserve, she has not been depleted of all her stock.

We shall have to deal, in the next chapter, with the first question. Let us only consider the second here.

It is impossible to give more than a superficial glance at the matter. The particulars at hand are not complete and a full list of German exactions has not yet been drawn up. Let us, however, try to give an idea of the disproportion existing between the country's resources and the demands which were made on her.

On December 12th, 1914, a poster announced to the citizens of Brussels that the nine Belgian provinces would be obliged to pay, every month during the coming year, a sum of forty million francs, making a total of about 480 millions (over 19 million pounds). In order to understand the indignation caused by this announcement it is necessary to remember:

1st. That the Belgians were at the time already paying all the ordinary taxes, to the commune, to the province and to the State, so that this new contribution constituted a super-tax.

2nd. That all the direct taxes paid to the State, in ordinary times, amount scarcely to 75 millions, that is to say, to a sixth of this contribution.

3rd. And that the new economic conditions imposed by the war had considerably reduced the income of the most wealthy citizens.

As the Germans persist in invoking the text of the Hague Convention of which they have again and again violated every clause, it may be useful to point out that, according to the 49th article, the occupying power is only allowed to raise war contributions "for the need of the army," that is to say, in order to pay in money the requisitions which he is obliged to make in order to supply the army of occupation with food, fodder, and so on. As, most of the time, the Germans only pay for what they requisition in "*bons de guerre*" payable after the war, and as, in spite of their sound appetite, we can scarcely believe that the few thousand "landsturmiers" who are garrisoning

Belgium are eating two million pounds worth a month, the illegal character of the German measure seems evident. Besides, if any doubt were still possible, we should find it laid down in the 52nd article that any service required from the occupying power must be "in proportion to the country's resources."

As the announcement had provoked strong protests, Governor von Bissing announced a few days later that, if this contribution was paid, no further extraordinary taxes would be required and the requisitions would henceforth be paid for in money. Needless to say, none of these promises have been fulfilled, and the contribution of 480 millions was renewed at the beginning of 1915, and even increased to 600 millions lately, so that, from that source only, the Germans have raised in Belgium, after two years of occupation, a sum equal to one-fourth of the total State debt of the country on the eve of the war.

This is only one example among many. The communes did not enjoy better treatment. The reader will remember that during the period of invasion the enemy exacted various war-taxes from every town he entered: 20 millions from Liège, 50 millions from Brussels, 32 millions from Namur, 40 millions from Antwerp, and so on. Since then, he has never lost an opportunity of inflicting heavy fines even on the smallest villages. If one inhabitant succeeds in joining the army, if an allied aeroplane appears on the horizon, if, for some reason or other, the telegraph or the telephone wires are out of order, a shower of fines falls on the neighbouring towns and villages. In June last the total amount of these exactions was estimated, for 1916, at ten millions (£400,000). If we add to this the fines inflicted constantly, on the slightest pretext, on private individuals, we shall certainly remain below the mark in stating that Germany succeeds in getting out of Belgium over twenty million pounds a year. Twenty million

pounds, when the ordinary income of the State amounts scarcely to seven millions! And I am not taking into account the money seized in the banks and the recent enforced transfer to Germany of the 600 millions (£24,000,000) of the National Bank.

If we remember that the total value of commercial transactions in Belgium, before the war, did not exceed ten million francs (400,000 pounds) per year, we shall realise the absurdity of the German argument which shifts on to the English blockade the responsibility for Belgium's ruin. Even a complete stoppage of trade could not have done the country as much harm as the German exactions in money only. But the conquerors were not satisfied with fleecing the flock, they succeeded in robbing it of its food, in taking away its very means of life.

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Quite apart from any sentimental or moral reason, the last step was a grave mistake, even from the German point of view. It would certainly have paid the Germans better in the end if they had allowed the Allies to send raw material to feed the Belgian factories, under the control of neutral powers, and if they had not requisitioned the machines and paralysed industry by the most absurd restrictions. It would have been a most useful move from the point of view of propaganda, and, while posing as Belgium's kind protectors, they might always have reaped the benefit through fresh taxes and new contributions. If they have killed the goose rather than gather its golden eggs it is because they could not afford to wait. It was one of these desperate measures, like the violation of Belgian neutrality, the ruthless use of Zeppelins and the sinking of the *Lusitania*, which did them more harm than good. From the beginning Germany has fought with a bad conscience, prompted in all her actions more by the dread of being defeated than by the clear inten-

tion of winning the game. The manifestation of such a spirit ought only to encourage her enemies; they are the sure signs of a future breakdown. In the meantime, they must cause infinite torture to the unfortunate populations which are not yet delivered from her yoke.

During the first months of occupation the requisitions extended only to foodstuffs, cattle, horses, fodder, in short, to objects which could be used by the army. They were out of all proportion to the resources of the country (Article 52 of the Hague Convention) and therefore absolutely illegal, but they could still be considered as military requisitions. In a most interesting article published in Smoller's *Jahrbuch für Gesetzgebung Verwaltung und Volkswirtschaft*, Professor Karl Ballod admits that the requisitions made in Belgium and Northern France have more than compensated for the harm caused by the Russian invasion of East Prussia. Not only the army of occupation, but all the troops concentrated on the northern sectors of the Western front, "three million men," have been fed by the conquered provinces. Besides this, Germany took from Belgium, at the beginning of the war, "more than 400,000 tons of meal and at least one million tons of other foodstuffs."

With Governor von Bissing's arrival the requisitions extended to whatever raw material was needed in the Fatherland, and all pretence of respecting the Hague Convention (Article 49) ceased forthwith: One after another the stocks of raw cotton, of wool, of nickel, of jute, of copper, were seized and conveyed to Germany. The administration seized, in the same way, all the machines which could be employed, beyond the Rhine, for the manufacture of shells and munitions. I am afraid of tiring the reader with the long enumeration of these arbitrary decrees, but in order to give him an idea of what is still going on,

at the present moment, I have gathered here all the measures of the kind taken by the paternal administration of Baron von Bissing which came to our knowledge during one month only (October last). I have chosen the period at random, and it must not be forgotten that, owing to the difficulties of communication, these particulars are far from complete. They will, however, give a fair idea of the economic situation of the country after the second year of occupation :

October 5th : The requisitions in cattle have been so frequent in Flanders *that many farmers have not a milch cow left.*

October 6th : Owing to the lack of motors, bicycles and horses, some tradespeople in Brussels are using oxen to draw their carts.

October 10th : All the chestnut trees around Antwerp have been requisitioned. Potatoes cannot be conveyed from one place to another even in small quantities.

October 17th : According to a decree dated September 27th, any person possessing more *than 50 kilos of straps or cables* must report it under a penalty of one year's imprisonment or a fine up to 20,000 marks.

October 19th : The scarcity of potatoes is increasing, in spite of a good crop. The peasants were forbidden to pull out their plants before July the 21st, *when the greater part of the crop was commandeered.*

October 22nd : The boot factories in Brussels are forbidden to work more than 24 hours per week.

October 24th : A decree dated October the 7th adds borax to the list of sulphurous products which must be declared according to the decree of September 16th.

October 29th : The Germans continue to take away the rails of the light railways ("vicinaux"). The line from St. Trond to Hanut has been demolished. A great deal of rolling stock has been commandeered. Owing to the shortage of lubricating oil *it is to be*

feared that this last mode of conveyance left to the Belgians will have to be stopped shortly.

October 30th: A decree dated September 30th makes the measures for the requisition of metals still more severe. All the steel material—*in whatever shape it may be (including tools)*—must be declared to the *Abteilung für Handel und Gewerbe* in Brussels, under a penalty of five years of imprisonment (25,000 marks).

October 31st: The commune of Anderlecht has voted a credit of 40,000 francs for the purchase of *wooden shoes as the shortage of leather prevents most of the people from buying boots.*

November 1st: A decree dated October 14th prepares for the seizure of all textile materials, ribbons, hosiery, etc. No more than one-tenth of the stocks can be manufactured, under a penalty of 10,000 marks. A decree dated October 17th makes the declaration of poplars all over Belgium compulsory.

It was scarcely necessary to underline some passages of this report. However bad may be the impression it causes, it would be twenty-six times worse if we had the leisure to follow step by step the progress of German economic policy in Belgium. It is evident that the German administration, in spite of its former declarations, is resolved to ruin Belgian industry and to throw out of work the greatest number of men possible. All raw material must go to Germany in order to be worked there. As it has become evident that the Belgian workers will not submit to war work so long as they remain in their surroundings, they must be torn away from their country and compelled to follow the materials and machines over the frontier. Labour has become an inanimated object necessary to the prosecution of the German war. It is as indispensable to Germany as cotton, nickel and copper. It will be treated as such. If the men resist, they will be crushed. If the soul

of Belgium will not yield to persuasion, it will be taken away from her, like her cattle, her corn, her iron and her steel. And so Belgium will become a weapon in Germany's hands, a weapon which will strike at Belgium. And the only thought of the deported worker turning a shell in a German factory will be, as is suggested by Louis Raemaekers' cartoon, "Perhaps this one will kill my own son?"

V.

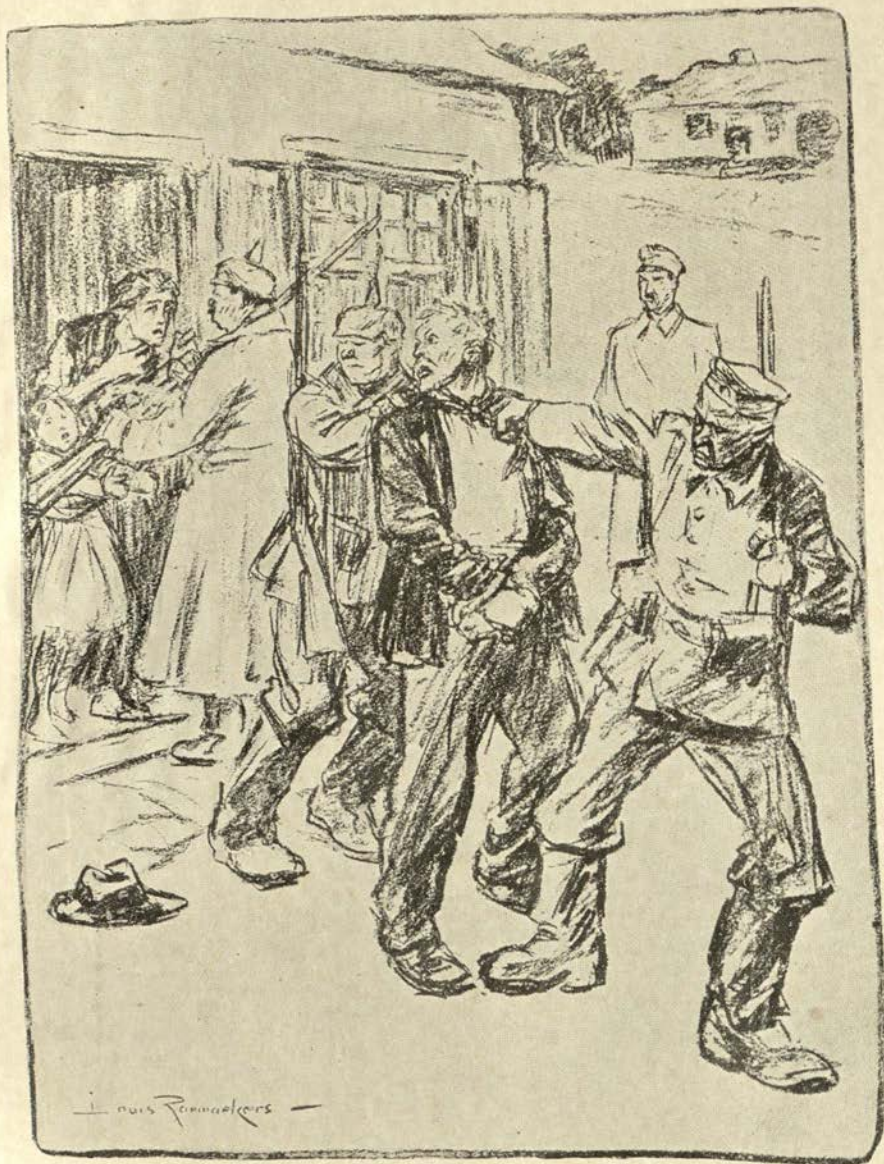
THE MODERN SLAVE.

I. THE CREEPING TIDE.

We must now deal with the second factor which makes the conditions worse in Belgium than in Germany. While German peace-factories, ruined by the blockade, have been turned into war-factories, the majority of Belgian industries have remained idle. In spite of the high wages offered by the Germans—some skilled workmen were offered as much as £2 and £2 10s. per day—the workers resisted the constant pressure exerted upon them and preferred to live miserably on half-wages or with the help given them by the “Comité National” rather than accept any work which might directly or indirectly help the occupying power. If a few thousands, compelled by hunger or unable to resist their conquerors’ threats, passed the frontier, all the rest of the working population kept up, under the most depressing conditions, a great patriotic strike, the “strike of folded arms.” If they could not, as the 20,000 young heroes who crossed the Dutch frontier, join the Belgian army on the Yser; they could at least wage war at home and oppose to the enemy the impenetrable rampart of their naked breasts. It should not be said, when King Albert should return to Brussels at the head of his troops, that his subjects had not shared the sufferings of his soldiers. They should also have their wounds to show, they should also have their dead to honour.

* * *

When, at the beginning of November last, the protests of the Belgian Government and the “Signal of Distress” of the Belgian bishops made known the slave raids which had taken place, most of



"All for their good."

the outside world was shocked and surprised. It had lived, for months, under the impression that "things were not so bad" in the conquered provinces. After the outcry caused by the atrocities of August, 1914, there came a natural reaction, a sort of anti-climax. Fines, requisitions, petty persecutions do not strike the imagination in the same way as the burning of towns and the wholesale massacre of peaceful citizens. It had become necessary to follow things closely in order to understand that, instead of suffering less, the Belgian population was suffering more and more every day. Besides, news was scarce and difficult to check. When alarming reports came from the Dutch frontier, it was usual to think that the newspaper correspondents spread them without much discrimination.

But to those who were familiar with the policy pursued by the German administration since the spring of 1915, the bad news which they received lately only confirmed the fears which they had entertained for a long time. As the war went on, it became more and more evident that Germany, whose man-power was steadily decreasing, would no longer tolerate the resistance of the Belgian workers, and would even attempt to enrol in her army of labour all the able-bodied men of the conquered provinces. The slave-raids coincide with the "levée en masse" in the Empire and with the organisation of the new "Polish Army": "If every German is made to fight or to work, ought not every Belgian, every Pole, to be compelled to do the same? The fact that they should turn their arms or their tools against their own country is not worthy of consideration, as it is supposed already to enjoy the blessings of German rule and has become an integral part of the Fatherland."

There is a great deal to be said for the slavery of ancient times. It was at least free from cunning and hypocrisy. The conqueror ill-treated the vanquished,

but he spared him his calumnies. The only law was the law of the stronger, but the stronger did not pretend to be also the better. The tyrant was always right, of course, but he did not pretend to show that the victim was always wrong.

Now the worst aspect of the German policy is that it associates the subtlest dialectics with the most insane brutality. When the time comes, they act with the blind fury of the bull, but they have already thought it all over with the wisdom of the serpent. That is why the popular appellation of "Huns" is so misleading. It suggests merely the brutality of primitive men, which is not always so dangerous and so depraved as the brutality of civilised men. Brutality does not exclude honesty and pity. Attila listened to the prayers of the Pope and spared Rome. The Kaiser's lieutenant does not listen to Cardinal Mercier's protests. The Huns, as most strong men, made a point of keeping their word. The Germans seem to make a point of breaking theirs. When I compared the fight of Belgium and Germany to the unequal fight of Jack and the Giant, of David and Goliath, I was forgetting that David and Jack were cleverer than their antagonists. Folklore and fairy-tales always equalize the chances by granting more wit to the small people than to the big ones. It is a healthy inspiration. But we are confronted to-day with a new monster, a wise giant, a cunning dragon, a subtle beast.

* * *

We must therefore not imagine that Governor von Bissing got up one fine morning, called for pen and ink, like King Cole for his bowl, and wrote a proclamation to the effect that all Belgians of military age would be reduced to slavery and obliged, under the penalty of physical torture and under the whip of German sentries, to dig trenches behind the Wes-

tern front or to turn shells in a German factory. Any fool—any Goliath—might have done that.

Every German crime is preceded by a series of false promises and followed by a series of calumnies. Between such a prelude and such a finale, you may perform a symphony of frightfulness with Dr. Strauss' orchestration—it will sound as innocent and artless as the three notes of a shepherd's pipe. The violation of Belgian neutrality is bad enough, but if you begin to lull Belgium to slumber by repeating, on every occasion, that she has nothing to fear, and if you end by declaring to the civilised world that Belgium was plotting with England and France a traitorous attack against Germany, then it becomes quite plausible. To massacre 5,000 civilians and burn 20,000 houses in cold blood looks rather harsh, but if you begin by giving "a solemn guarantee to the people that they will not have to suffer from the war" (General von Emmich's first proclamation) and end by saying that women have emptied buckets of boiling water on the heads of your soldiers and that children have put out the eyes of your wounded, it becomes almost a kind proceeding. In the same way, to seize and deport hundreds of thousands of men and compel them to work in exile against their country seems the act of Barbarians, but if you accumulate assurances that "normal conditions will be maintained" and that nobody need fear deportation, and if you end by declaring that the Belgian working classes are exclusively composed of loafers and drunkards, it becomes a measure of providence and wisdom for which your victims in particular, and the whole civilised world in general, ought to be deeply grateful.

The promise testifies to your good intentions and the calumny explains how you were regretfully obliged not to fulfill them. The promise keeps your victims within reach, the calumnies shift to them

the responsibility for your crime. Who doubts that every town visited by a Zeppelin is fortified, that every ship sunk by a U boat carries troops or guns? The old Hun killed everything which stood in his way; the modern Hun does the same and then declares that *he* is the victim. The old Hun left the dead bodies of his enemies to the crows; the modern Hun throws mud at them. The old Hun tried to kill the body; the modern Hun tries to ruin the soul.

* * *

For this last and most monstrous of all Germany's crimes we have to register not one promise only, but a series of promises, an accumulation of solemn pledges. It seemed worth while apparently to keep the Belgian workmen at home. Let us record them here, in chronological order:

1st. September 2nd, 1914. Proclamation of Governor von der Goltz posted in Brussels: "*I ask no one to renounce his patriotic sentiments . . .*"

2nd. October 18th, 1914. Letter of Baron von Huene, Military Governor of Antwerp, to Cardinal Mercier, read in every church of the province in order to reassure the people after the fall of Antwerp and to stop the emigration: "*Young men need have no fear of being deported to Germany, either to be enrolled in the army or to be subjected to forced labour.*"

3rd. On the same day, a written declaration of the military authorities of Antwerp to General von Terwisga, commanding the Dutch army in the field, declaring without foundation "the rumour that the young men will be sent to Germany."

4th. A few weeks later, this promise was confirmed verbally to Cardinal Mercier and extended to the other provinces under German rule by Governor von der Goltz, two aide-de-camps and the Cardinal's private secretary being present. (See letter from Cardinal Mercier to Baron von Bissing, October 19th, 1916).

6th. November, 1914. Assurances given by the German authorities to the Dutch Legation in Brussels in order to persuade the refugees to come back: "*Normal conditions will be restored and the refugees will be allowed to go back to Holland to look after their families.*" (See also the letter of the Dutch Consul in Antwerp urging the refugees to come back to their homes.)

6th. July 25th, 1915. Placard of Governor von Bissing posted in Brussels: "*The people shall never be compelled to do anything against their country.*"

7th. April, 1916: Assurances given to the neutral powers after the Lille raids that *such deportations would not be renewed.*

* * *

Now, let us confront these texts, not even with the facts which come to us from the most trustworthy sources, but with the German decrees and proclamations preparing and ordering the recent deportations. We are not opposing a Belgian testimony to a German one, neither are we, for the present, propounding even our own interpretation of what occurred. We will merely oppose a German document to another German document and let them settle their differences as best they can.

The first trouble began in April and May, 1915, in Luttre, at the Malines arsenal, and in several other Flemish towns, when the German authorities exerted every possible pressure to compel the Belgian workmen to resume work. They were brought, under military escort, to their workshops, imprisoned, starved, and about two hundred of them were deported to Germany, where they were submitted to the most cruel tortures. (See the *Nineteenth Report of the Belgian Commission of Enquiry*.) The threats and persecutions are sufficiently established by three placards issued by the German authorities.

The first one, posted on the walls of Pont-à-Celles, near Luttre, says, among other things: "If the workmen accept the above conditions (that is to say, resume work with handsome wages) *the prisoners will be released . . .*" The "prisoners" being several hundred workers who had been imprisoned in their shops and deprived of food. (April, 1915.)

The second, signed *von Bissing* (so that nobody could imagine that these measures were taken by some too zealous subaltern) and posted in Malines, on the 30th of May, tells us that "*the town of Malines must be punished as long as the required number of workmen have not resumed work.*" These workmen were employed by the Belgian State—which owns the country's railway—for the repair of the rolling stock. When they had refused to resume work, at the beginning of the occupation, a few hundred German workmen had filled their posts. These had been sent back to their military depots. The patriotic duty of these Belgians was evident enough: by resuming their work, they released German soldiers for the front and increased the number of coaches and engines, of which the enemy was in great need for the transport of troops. If you will compare this poster with the one printed above and dated July 25th, you will be confronted with one of the neatest examples of German duplicity. Other people have broken their promises after making them. It was left to Governor von Bissing to make them after breaking them.

The third document is still more conclusive. On June the 16th the citizens of Ghent could read on their walls that: "The attitude of certain factories which *refuse to work for the German Army* under the pretext of patriotism proves that a movement is afoot to create difficulties for the *German Army*. If such an attitude is maintained I will hold the communal authorities responsible and the population will have only itself to blame if the great liberties granted to

it until now are suspended." This clumsy declaration is signed by Lieutenant-General Graf von Westcarp. And to think that, even now, Governor von Bissing perseveres in maintaining that no military work has ever been asked or will ever be asked from the Belgian workers! As the French proverb says: "On n'est jamais trahi que par les siens." (1)

But, like the man who marries his mistress after the birth of the first child, the Governor General was thinking of "regularising the situation." He knew that his attitude was illegal. He decided, therefore, to concoct a few decrees in order to legalize it in the eyes of the world. He had, you see, to save appearances. You cannot get on with no law at all. It might shock neutrals. So, if you break all the articles of the Hague Convention one by one, like so many sticks, the only thing to do is to manufacture some fresh regulations to replace them. And everything will again be for the best in the best of worlds.

That is where German subtlety comes in. You must not do things rashly, at once. Like a skilful dramatist, you must prepare the public to take in a situation. There is a true artistic touch in the way this General of Cavalry succeeds in gradually legalizing illegality.

In a first decree, dated August 10th, 1915, a fortnight after his last pledge, Governor von Bissing promises from fourteen days' to six months' imprisonment to anyone dependent on public charity who refuses to undertake work "without a sufficient reason" and a fine of £500 or a year's imprisonment to anyone who encourages refusal to work by the granting of relief." Notice that the accomplice

(1) Another poster dated from Menin (August, 1915) reads as follows: "From to-day the town is forbidden to give any support whatever even to the families, wives, or children of workmen who are not employed *regularly on military work* . ."

is punished more heavily than the principal culprit. The idea is clearly to deprive every striker of the help of his commune and of the "Comité National." However, as it is still left to Belgian tribunals to decide which reasons are "sufficient" and which are not, this decree is not very harmful.

On May 2nd, 1916, the rising tide creeps nearer to us. The power of deciding on the matter passes from the Belgian tribunals to the military authority, and thereupon every striker becomes a culprit.

On May 13th, there is a new decree by which "the governors, military commanders, and chiefs of districts are allowed to order the unemployed *to be conducted by force* to the spots where they have to work." This, no doubt, in order to avoid the crowding of prisons, which would have necessarily followed the last decree. It only remains to declare that the workers can be deported to complete the process and to legalise slavery.

This step was taken on October 3rd last, when an order, signed by Quartier-Meister Sauberzweig and issued by the General Headquarters of the German Army, was posted in all the communes of Flanders. This order warned all persons "*who are fit to work* that they may be compelled to do so *even outside their places of residence*," when "they should be compelled to have recourse to public help for their own subsistence or for the subsistence of the persons dependent on them."

* * *

But there is more to come in the story. Three guarantees were left, which have been quoted again and again by the German Press and by Baron von Bissing in his various answers to Cardinal Mercier. It was first stated that the men seized would not be sent to Germany, then that only the unemployed were taken, and finally that these would not be used on

military work. These last guarantees have been repeatedly broken. Again, I will leave the Germans to condemn themselves.

In his decree published at Antwerp, on November the 2nd, General von Huene (the same man who had given Cardinal Mercier his formal written promise that no deportations should take place) declares that the men are to be concentrated at the Southern Station, "whence . . . they will be conveyed in groups to *workshops in Germany.*"

In a letter sent by General Hurt, Military Governor of Brussels and of the province of Brabant, to all burgomasters, it is said that "where the Communes will not furnish the lists (of unemployed) the German administration will itself designate the men to be deported to Germany. If then . . . errors are committed, the burgomasters will only have themselves to blame, for *the German administration has no time and no means for making an inquiry concerning the personal status of each person.*"

Finally, an extraordinary proclamation of the "Major-Commandant d'Etapes" of Antoin, dated October 20th, announces that "*the population will never be compelled to work under continuous fire,*" this population being composed, according to the same document, of *men and women* between 17 and 46 years of age. If they refuse "*they will be placed in a battalion of civil workers, on reduced rations.*" Here is the address of one of these militarised civilians dropped from a train leaving for the Western front and picked up by a friend: X., 3 Comp. Ziv. Arb. Bat. 27.—Et. Indp.—Armee No.

This did not prevent Governor von Bissing from declaring, a week later (letter to Cardinal Mercier, October 26th), that: "No workman can be obliged

to participate in work connected with the war (*entreprises de guerre*) "1 (1)

The last fatal step has been taken. From decree to decree, from proclamation to proclamation, the last threads of the curtain of legality which remained between the victim and the tyrant have been cut one by one. Between the acts of the German administration in Belgium and those of the African slave drivers, we are now unable to discover any difference whatever. The old plague which had been the shame of Europe for more than two centuries has risen again from its ashes. It appears before us with all its hideous characteristics. People are torn from their homes and sent away to foreign lands without any hope of returning. Any protest is crushed by the application of torture in the form of starvation, exposure, and their kindred ills. . . There is, however, one new point about the modern slave: his face is as white as that of his master.

The nineteenth century stamped out black slavery. It was left to the twentieth century to reinstate white slavery. It is the purest glory of the English-speaking

(1) I should ask the reader to confront this declaration with the statement made by the Belgian workmen in their appeal to the working classes of the world. "On the Western Front they force them, by the most brutal means, to dig trenches, construct aviation grounds . . ."

In his letter sent to the Belgian Ministers to the Vatican and to Spain, Baron Beyens, the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs, says: "The men are sent to occupied France to construct sets of trenches and a strategic railway, Lille-Aulnaye-Givet."

Among many trustworthy reports, we hear that the 5th Zivilisten-Bataillon, including some men of Ghent and Alost, has been forced to work, under threat of death, on the construction of a strategic railway between Laon and Soissons. Some of the men, exhausted by the bad treatment inflicted upon them, have been sent back to Belgium in a critical condition, and have written a full statement relating their experiences, signed by twenty of them. On the other hand, the Belgian General Headquarters report that Belgian civilians, obliged to dig trenches and dug-outs near Becelaere (West Flanders), were exposed to the fire of the English guns.

people to have succeeded in eradicating the old evil. It will be the eternal shame of the German-speaking people to have replaced it by something worse. Civilisation forbade any man, sixty years ago, to force another man to work for him. Civilisation to-day does not forbid a man—a conqueror—to force another man to work against himself. The old slave only lost his liberty. The new slave must lose his honour, his dignity, his self-respect. He has only one other alternative: death. And this, not the glorious death of a martyr which makes thousands of converts and shines all over the world, not the death of Nurse Cavell, but the anonymous death of X. Y. Z., the death of hundreds and hundreds of unknown heroes who will die under the whip or in the darkness of their cells in the German prison camps,

I had almost forgotten a last distinction between the old and the new forms of slavery: The average slave driver of past days was only a trader who sold human beings instead of selling oxen or sheep. When his trade was prohibited, he took heavy risks and ran great danger of losing his fortune and his life. But the German rulers of Belgium, whether they be in Brussels or in Berlin, whether we call them von Bissing or Helfferich, live in the comfort of their homes, surrounded by their families, and when assailed by protests, can still play hide and seek around the broken pillars of the Temple of Peace and wave arrogantly, like so many flags, the torn articles of international law: "I assert," said Dr. Helfferich in the Reichstag (December 2nd)—"I assert that setting the Belgian unemployed to work is thoroughly consonant with international law. We therefore *take our stand, formally and in practice, on international law, making use of our undoubted rights.*"

Let Dr. Helfferich beware. He is not the only

judge on international law. His stand may come crashing down.

II. BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

"By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion."

What prophetic spirit inspired Cardinal Mercier when he chose this psalm for the text of his sermon, on the occasion of the second anniversary of their Independence (July 21st, 1916), which the Belgians celebrated in exile and captivity? It was in the great Gothic church, in Brussels, under the arches of Ste. Gudule, at the close of a service for the soldiers fallen during the war, the very last patriotic ceremony tolerated by the Germans. Socialists, Liberals, Catholics crowded the nave, forgetting their old quarrels, united in a common worship, the worship of their threatened country, of their oppressed liberties.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" His audience imagined that the preacher alluded only to a spiritual captivity, that he meant: "How shall we celebrate our freedom in this German prison?" And they listened, like the first Christians in the catacombs, dreading to hear the tramp of the soldiers before the door. The Cardinal pursued his fearless address: "The psalm ends with curses and maledictions. We will not utter them against our enemies. We are not of the Old but of the New Testament. We do not follow the old law: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, but the new law of Love and Christian brotherhood. But we do not forget that even above Love stands Justice. If our brother sins, how can we pretend to love him if we do not wish that his sins should be punished. . . ."

Such was the tenor of the Cardinal's address, the

greatest Christian address inspired by the war, uttered under the most tragic and moving circumstances. For the people knew by then the danger of speaking out their minds in conquered Belgium; they knew that some German spies were in the church taking note of every word, of every gesture. Still, they could not restrain their feelings, and, at the close of the sermon, when the organ struck up the *Brabançonne*, they cheered and cheered again, thankful to feel, for an instant, the dull weight of oppression lifted from their shoulders by the indomitable spirit of their old leader.

What strikes us now, when recalling this memorable ceremony, is not so much the address itself as the choice of its text: "For they that carried us away captive required of us a song."

Many of those who listened to Cardinal Mercier on July 21st, 1916, have no doubt been "carried away" by now, and they have sung. They have sung the *Brabançonne* and the "*Lion de Flandres*" as a last defiance to their oppressors whilst those long cattle trains, packed with human cattle, rolled in wind and rain towards the German frontier. And the echo of their song still haunts the sleep of every honest man.

* * *

For whatever Germany may do or say, the time is no longer when such crimes can be left unpunished. Notwithstanding the war and the triumphant power of the mailed fist, there still exists such a thing as public conscience and public opinion. Nothing can happen, in any part of the world, without awakening an echo in the hearts of men who apparently are not at all concerned in the matter. The Germans are too clever not to understand this, and the endless trouble which they take in order to monopolise the news in neutral countries and to encounter every accusation with some more or less insidious excuse is the

best proof of this. When one of them declared that Raemaekers' cartoons had done more harm to Germany than an army corps, he knew perfectly well what he was talking about. Only they rely so blindly on their own intellectual power and they have such a poor opinion of the brains of other people that they believe in first doing whatever suits their plans and then justify their action afterwards. They divide the work between themselves: The soldier acts, the lawyer and the professor undertakes to explain what he has done. However black the first may become, there is plenty of whitewash ready to restore his innocence.

If the unexpected resistance of Belgium has infuriated the Germans to such an extent, it is not only because it wrecked their surprise attack on France, it is also because, even after the retreat of the army, they have been confronted by a series of men courageous enough and clever enough to stand their ground and to come between them and the uneducated mass of the population.

Since, for the sake of propaganda, they wanted to make a show of respecting international law, they were taken at their word; so that they were obliged either to give way or to put themselves openly in the wrong. When they tried to break their promise to the municipality of Brussels and to annihilate the liberties of the old Belgian communes, Mr. Max stood in their way, calm and smiling, with no other weapon than the law which they pretended to respect. Mr. Max was sent to a German fortress, but Germany had torn up another scrap of paper—and the civilised world knew it. When they wanted to establish extraordinary tribunals for matters which belonged only to local tribunals, Mr. Théodor and all the barristers of the country lodged protest after protest and fought their case step by step. Mr. Théodor was deported, but the German administration had blundered again—and the world

knew it. When Baron von Bissing tried to infringe the privileges of the Church and to cow the Belgian priests into submission by forbidding them to read to their flock the patriotic letter of Cardinal Mercier, published on Christmas Day, 1914, he found himself opposed not only by a far cleverer man than himself, but by all the spiritual influence of one of the greatest priests in Europe. The letter was read, the Cardinal did not leave for Germany but for Rome, whence he came back to Malines, and, if anything, adopted a still firmer tone in his subsequent letters and speeches. Von Bissing was beaten—and the world knew it.

These are only a few striking examples among many. Since August, 1914, hundreds and hundreds of civilians have been imprisoned or deported; workmen, because they refused to work for the enemy; lawyers, because they refused to accept his law; bankers, because they would not let their money cross the frontier; professors, because they did not consent to propagate Kultur; journalists, because they objected to print Wolff's news; tradespeople, because they put their patriotism above their private interests; priests, because they did not worship the German god; women, because they did not admire German officers; children, because they did not play the German games. Meanwhile the firing parties did not remain idle. The world has heard with horror of the death of Miss Cavell; it has been shocked by the disproportion between her "crime" and her punishment, and by the hypocrisy displayed by the German administration during her trial. But, if England has lost one great martyr, Belgium has lost hundreds, who perished in the same way, sometimes for smaller offences, often for no offence at all. For the German judges are in a hurry, and they have no time to enquire too closely in such matters. The vengeance of a spy, the slightest suspicion of a policeman,

sometimes even an anonymous letter, are enough to convince them of the guilt of the accused person. The healthy effect produced on the population by Dinant and Louvain must not be allowed to spend itself. Frightfulness must be kept up at any price. The reign of terror is the condition of the German regime.

* * *

To-day, in this most tragic hour of Belgian history, when so many leaders, so many patriots, have been imprisoned, deported or shot, after twenty-nine months of constant threats and persecutions, we might ask ourselves: Is Belgium at last cowed into submission?

Listen, then, to Belgium's voice, not to the voice of the refugees, not even to the voice of the King and his Government, but to the voice of these miserable "slaves" whom Germany is trying to starve into submission. Letters have been dropped from these cattle trucks rolling towards Germany or towards the French front. They all tell us of the unshakeable resolution of the men never to sign an agreement to go to Germany, and never to work for the enemy: "We will never work for the Germans and never put our name on paper" (*onze naam on papier zetten*)—"We will not work for them. Do the same when you are taken." (*Faites de même quand tu dois aller.*) Two young men imprisoned in Ghent write to their father: "They will have to make us fast a long time before we consent to work for the King of Prussia." Another man who was stopped when attempting to escape writes: "They tell us here that the Germans will make us work even if we do not sign an engagement. It would be abominable. *Take heart, the hour of deliverance will strike one day, after all.*" Another workman sends the following message to his employer: "We are here two thousand and three hundred men. They

cannot annihilate us. *It is not right that our fate should be better than that of our brothers who suffer and fight at the front.* We cannot make a step without being threatened by the gun or the bayonet of our jailors. *I am hungry . . . but I will not work for them."*

And as the slave raids reach one province after another from Flanders to Antwerp, from Hainant to Brabant, as the fatal list of deportees increases from 20,000 to 50,000, from 50,000 to 100,000, from 100,000 to 200,000, whilst the cries of women and children are heard in the streets, whilst the modern slaves tramp along the roads carrying a light bundle of clothes on their shoulders, from everywhere in Belgium the strongest protests are sent to the Governor General, by the communes which will not consent to give the names of the unemployed, by the magistrates who will not see the last guarantees of individual right trampled upon, by the Socialist syndicates which are defending the right of the workmen not to work against their own country, by the chiefs of industry who show clearly that the whole responsibility of the labour crisis rests on Germany alone, by the bishops of the Church, who refuse to admit that, after two thousand years of Christian teaching, a so-called Christian nation should fall so low as to revive, for her own benefit, the worst custom of Paganism.

The energy of these protests is wonderful if one considers the conditions in which they have been made. The town councillors of Tournai were asked to draw up a list of unemployed. They refused; as the Germans insisted, they passed the following resolution: "The municipal council decide to persevere in their negative attitude. . . The city of Tournai is prepared to submit without resistance to all the exigencies authorized by the laws and customs of the war. Its sincerity cannot be doubted, as it has shown

perfect composure and has avoided any act of hostility during a period of over two years. . . . But, at the same time, the municipal council could not furnish weapons against their own children, fully conscious that natural law and international law, which is derived from it, forbids them to do so." (October 20th, 1916). We possess also the German answer, signed by Major-General Hopfer. It is a necessary supplement to von Bissing's unctuous literature. Major-General Hopfer calls the resolution "an act of arrogance without precedent." According to him, "the state of affairs, clearly and simply, is this: the military authority commands, the municipality has to obey. If it fails to do so it will have to support the heavy consequences." A fine of 200,000 marks is exacted from the town for its refusal, besides 20,000 marks for every day of delay until the lists are completed.

The case of Tournai, like that of Antoin and a good many small towns, is typical. The officers commanding in these districts either disregard the "mot d'ordre" given in Brussels or do not think it worth their while to keep up the sinister comedy played in the large towns. Here "Kultur" throws off her mask and the brute appears. We know at least where we stand. The conflict is cleared of all false pretence and paltry excuses. The councillors of Tournai appeal to some law, divine or human, which forbids a brother to betray his brother. It is not without relief that we hear the genuine voice of Major Hopfer declaring that there is no other law than his good pleasure. That settles everything and puts the case of Belgium in a nut-shell. Men like him and the commander of the Antoin district—another Major, by the way—are invaluable. But they will never become Generals unless they mend their manners.

* * *

From the perusal of the Belgian protests and of all particulars received, two things appear clearly: First, in spite of all the official declarations, whether the raiders are able or not to get hold of the lists, there is no real discrimination between employed or unemployed. And, secondly, in many districts, unemployment has been deliberately created by the authorities in order to justify the deportations.

We cannot discover any method in the raids. In some places, all the able-bodied men from 17 to 50 are taken away; in others the priests, the town-clerks, the members of the "Comité de Secours," and the teachers are left at home; in others still a certain selection is made. *But everywhere some men who were actually working at the time or even men who had never been out of work since the beginning of the German occupation have been obliged to go with the others.* The proportions vary. In the small town of Gembloux, of a total of 750 inhabitants, deported, *there were only two unemployed.* At Kersbeek-Miscom out of 94 deportees only two had been thrown out of work. At Rillaer, the Germans have taken 25 boys under 18 years of age. (1) In the district of Mons, from the numbers taken down in fourteen communes, we gather that the proportion of the unemployed varies between 10 and 15 per cent. of the total number of deportees. (2) Among the 400 men taken from Arlon (Luxembourg) were 43 members of the "Comité de Secours" who were working in connection with the Commission for Relief, so that not only the people supporting their families are being deported, but even those who employed themselves in alleviating the sufferings of the whole population.

(1) Letter of Cardinal Mercier to Governor von Bissing, Nov. 29th, 1916.

(2) Reply of the Deputies of Mons to Governor von Bissing, Nov. 27th, 1916.

This practice has been repeated in several other towns, for instance, in Gembloux and Libramont.

Whether the people are ordered to present themselves at the town-hall or seized in their own homes, whether they are taken forthwith or allowed a few hours to prepare themselves, whether they are forced to sign an agreement or not, the same fact is evident: the criterion of employment is never considered as a sufficient cause for exemption.

In certain districts where, in spite of the requisitions, no unemployment existed, the authorities have manufactured it. Some of the new coal mines of the Limbourg province have been closed on the eve of the raids. The case of the Luxembourg province is still more typical. "We have not to enquire here," declare the senators and deputies of this province, "if unemployment has been caused in other regions by the disorganisation of transports, the seizure of raw stuffs and machines, the constant requisitions, and other measures which were bound to penalize the national industry. One fact remains incontestable; it is that, so far as the Luxembourg province is concerned, unemployment has been non-existent. During the worst periods, we have only had a small number of unemployed, and thanks to the initiative taken by the 'Comité de Secours' all, without any exception, have been at work without interruption." After enumerating a great number of works of public utility which had been approved by the German authorities, construction of light railways, drainage of extensive moors, creation of new plantations, water supplies, etc., . . . the report goes on: "And to-day most of these works, which had been approved and subsidized by the province and by the State, have been suddenly condemned and interrupted. . . Such official obstacles to the legitimate and useful activity of our workmen renders still more painful for them, if possible, the measures

taken against them by those who reproach them for their idleness and who prosecute them to-day under the pretext of an inaction which they have deliberately created."

In the face of such testimony all the German argument crumbles to pieces. As Monseigneur Mercier puts it decisively: "It is not true that our workmen have caused any disturbance or even threatened anywhere to do so. Five million Belgians, hundreds of Americans, never cease to admire the perfect dignity and patience of our working classes. It is not true that the workmen, deprived of their work, become a charge on the occupying power or on public charity under its control. The 'Comité National,' in whose activity the Germans take no part, is the only organisation concerned in the matter." But even supposing, for the sake of argument, that the 43rd article of the Hague Convention should justify some form of coercion in the matter, the new measures should only be applied to some works of *public utility in Belgium*. Far from encouraging such works, the Germans have stopped them, seized *employed and unemployed*, and sent them either to *Germany* or to some *war-work* on the Western front. To put it simply, they wish to avoid public disturbance where there is no disturbance, to save money which is not their money, to deport unemployed who are not unemployed, to oblige them to work against their country instead of for their country, and in Germany instead of in Belgium. They are doing everything but what they want to do, they go anywhere but where they are going, and they say anything but what they are thinking.

• • •

The other day I heard two people—two wizened city clerks—discussing the war in the train. "When and how will the Germans be beaten?" asked the

first. The other shrugged his shoulders and declared solemnly, while pulling at his pipe: "The Germans? They have been beaten a long time ago! They were beaten when they set foot for the first time in Belgium."

The remark is not new, and I daresay it was a reminiscence of some sentence picked up in a newspaper or at a popular meeting. But whoever uttered it for the first time was right. The case of Belgium has uplifted the whole moral atmosphere of the struggle. Since the first guns boomed around Liège and the first civilians were shot at Visé, a war which might have been represented, to a certain extent, as a conflict of interests, has become a conflict of principles. In a way, the Germans were beaten because, from that moment, they had to struggle against unseen and inflexible forces. Whatever you choose to call them—democratic instinct, Christian aspiration, or the conscience of the civilised world—they will do their work relentlessly, every day of the year, every hour of the day. It is their doing that, in spite of the immense financial influence and the most active propaganda, Germany has become unpopular all over the world. Other facts, like the *Lusitania*, the trial of Miss Cavell, the work accomplished by Zeppelins, have contributed to provoke this feeling. But whether we consider the origin or the last exploits of German policy, whether we think of two years ago or of to-day, the image of Belgium, of her invasion, of her martyrdom, of her oppression, of her deportations, dominates the spiritual aspect of the whole war.

When they crossed the Belgian frontier, the Germans walked straight into a bog, and since then they have been sucked deeper and deeper into the mud of their own misdeeds and calumnies. They were ankle-deep at Liège, waist-deep at Louvain, the bog rises even to their lips to-day. In the desperate efforts which they make to free themselves they inflict fresh

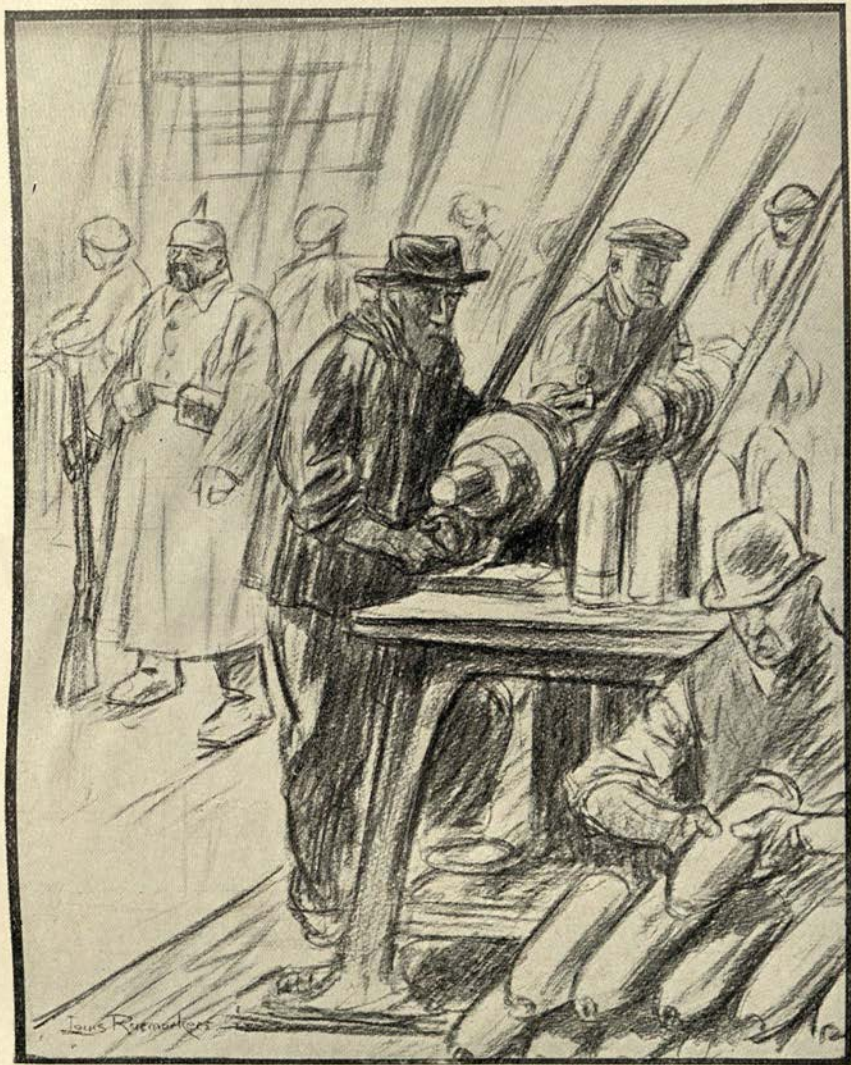
and worse tortures on their victims. It is as if victory could only be reached through the country's willing sacrifice. But every cry which the Germans provoke in the Belgian prison is heard throughout the world, every tear shed there fills their bitter cup, every drop of blood they shed falls back on their own heads. The world looks on, and its burning pity, its ardent sympathy, brings warmth and comfort to the Belgian slave. There is still some light shining through the narrow window of the cell. And there is not a man worthy of the name who does not feel more resolute and more confident in final victory when he meets the haggard look of the martyred country and watches her pale, patient, and still smiling face pressed against the iron bars.

VI.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.

We may ask ourselves if it was by chance only or through some subtle calculation that the first slave-raids in Belgium were timed to take place on the eve of the Christmas season, when the angels proclaimed "good-will towards men," and when the German diplomats offered us the olive branch and the dove—peace at their own price. We may perhaps admit, now that the crisis is over, that for us Belgians at least the temptation was great, and if our repeated experience of the enemy had not shown us that he is the most dangerous when he dons the humanitarian garb, we might have been duped by this remarkable piece of stage-management. There is every reason to believe that the deportations were part and parcel of the German peace manœuvre. By increasing a hundredfold the "horrors of war" Germany provided a powerful argument to the pacifists all the world over: "Look at these miserable Belgians. Have they not suffered enough? Is it not time that an end should be put to their misery? Germany has declared that she is ready to evacuate the country. She might even give an indemnity. What other satisfaction can the Allies ask, considering the present situation on both the Eastern and Western fronts? If England really went to war to deliver Belgium, let her prove it now by stopping the struggle to spare her innocent citizens. It is all very well for those who are living comfortably at home to urge the continuance of the struggle. But can they take the responsibility of speaking on behalf of the population which has to submit to the enemy's rule and whose sufferings increase every day? . . ."

We have all listened to that voice. The Belgians in exile more intensely perhaps than the other Allies.



"Perhaps this one will kill my Boy
on the Yser."

Belgium had nothing whatever to do with the origin of the quarrel. She had nothing to gain from its conclusion. She had been drawn unwillingly into the conflict. She has taken arms merely to defend her rights and territory. What should her answer be if Germany offered to restore them?

* * *

At the beginning of August last, a certain number of Socialist leaders, in occupied Belgium, succeeded in arranging a meeting, in spite of German regulations, and passed the following resolution, which they sent to the Minister Vandervelde, in London: "The Belgian working classes are decided to endure all sufferings rather than to accept a German peace, which could neither be lasting nor final. The Allies must not think that they must hasten the conclusion of the struggle for us. We are not asking for peace, and we take no responsibility for the Socialist manifestations made in neutral countries on our behalf. *We ask those who want to help us not to let the idea that we long for peace influence their decisions.* We pass this resolution in order to prevent the disastrous effect which such an argument might produce."

The Belgium people has never departed from this attitude, and it is the plain duty of all those who are defending them, to conform, in the spirit and in the letter, to their heroic message. In the "Appeal" of the Belgian workers to the civilised world, sent during the worst period of the slave-raids, the idea of a truce is not even entertained. On the contrary, the workers declare that, "whatever their tortures may be, they will not have peace without the independence of their country and the triumph of justice." An eye-witness of the raids was telling me, a few days ago, that, on some occasions, the men in the slave trains are able to communicate with the people outside: "They shout, of course, 'Long live Belgium' and 'Long live King Albert,' but the most frequent

cry, in which they seem to put their last ounce of strength, is: 'Do not sign,' which means: 'Do not sign an engagement to work in Germany, do not sign a compromise.' " And I have not the slightest doubt that, if they had heard of the German peace offers, they would still shout, "Do not sign, do not sign a German peace!"

We know what this attitude costs them. We know, from the report of those few men who have been sent back to Belgium from the Western front and from the German camps, the tortures to which the modern slaves are being subjected. These men were so ill, so worn out, that their family scarcely recognised them, and greeted them with tears, not with laughter. It was like a procession of ghosts coming back from hell. At Soltau, the prisoners are given only two pints of acorn soup and a mouldy piece of bread, every day. They are so famished that they creep at night to steal the potato parings which their German guards throw on to—the rubbish heap. They divide them amongst themselves and eat them raw to appease their hunger. After the first week of this régime, several men went mad. Others were isolated for a few days and given excellent food. "Will you sign now? If you do, you shall be kept on the same diet; if not . . . you go back to camp?" The great majority refused . . . and were sent back. This is not an isolated report. All the accounts agree, even on the smallest details, and the deportees who have been able to write to their families tell the same story as those who, being henceforth useless, have been sent home to die.

• • •

It has always been the German policy to bully and to cajole almost at the same time. But the image of Germania offering, with her sweetest humanitarian smile, an olive-branch to the Allies whilst her executioners are starving thousands of Belgian slaves and

clubbing them with their rifles, will stand in the memory of mankind as the climax of combined brutality and hypocrisy.

Should we wonder if the present has been refused? There is only one peace which matters, it is the peace of man with his own conscience, the peace of the soul with its God. We have it already, and even the roar of the German guns will not disturb it. It hovers over our trenches, over the sea, even over those terrible German camps where the best blood of a great people is being sucked by the vampires of War. And those who have fallen stricken on the battlefields, those who have succumbed to the slow tortures to which they were subjected, are resting now under its great wings. Should we dare to disturb their sleep? Should we dare to stain their glory?

It is not for Germany to offer peace. She has lost it with her honour. It lies in some pool, at the corner of a wood, where the hooligan waits in ambush, or on the rubbish heap of the Soltau camp in which men—noble men—are made to seek their food like pigs. Germany cannot offer what is not hers to offer. The Allies cannot take what they have already. For there is only one peace, "the peace that passeth all understanding."

As for the German olive branch, how could we accept it? It is no longer green. There is a drop of blood on every leaf.

* * *

It is perfectly useless to try, as has been done in certain quarters, to distinguish between Belgium's attitude in the conflict and that of the Powers who are fighting for the restoration of her integrity. From the day when England, France and Russia answered King Albert's appeal, the unflinching policy of Belgium has been to act in perfect harmony with the Allies. How could it be otherwise? Their cause is

her cause. Their victory will be her victory, and—if we should ever consider the possibility of defeat—their defeat would be her defeat. The Belgians who, like myself, were in England during these fateful days of August, 1914, when the destiny of Europe hung in the balance, know perfectly well the decisive influence which the invasion of Belgium had on English public opinion at that time. Nothing can ever blur the clear outlines of the events as they passed before us under the implacable rays of that glorious summer sun.

The whole policy of Germany is determined by her first stroke in the war. That stroke was delivered against a small nation. The whole policy of England and of the Allies is determined by their first efforts in the struggle, and these efforts were made to protect a small nation against Germany's aggression. Never has the choice between right and wrong been made plainer in the whole history of the world.

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PART I.

THE BATTLE OF THE ANCRE.

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CHAPTER I.

THE IMPROMPTU VICTORY.

The Ancre Front, 13th November.

You read the reports, The names of the places that have been taken, the calculations of the gains, the numbers of the prisoners, leave you cold. Words! words! It is on the field of battle, amidst the thunder of the guns and the magic glow of fires, that one should read the bulletins of victory.

This evening a heady, irresistible joy took possession of the Army. The prisoners were pouring in. The men were singing in their quarters. Upon a front $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide and nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ deep our Allies had broken the German lines on both sides of the Ancre.

They have been giving me details of the battle. From hour to hour, here, in the midst of the troops, I am being told the incidents of the fighting. A risky privilege!

The despatches which come to us; the despatch riders who, at the utmost speed of their motor-cycles, bring us reports through the ruts and mud of the roads; the messages of the telegraph—everything has assumed a heroic quality. A feverish joy quivers in every face. Even the bell of the telephone follows, strangely, the measure of our heart-beats.

"We owe this victory to our quickness," a Colonel tells me. "This battle was an *impromptu*." The word is a picture. It is absolutely right.

At six o'clock—that is to say, in the grey light of the

morning—after a short but annihilating artillery preparation, the divisions posted in the first line dashed forward through the fog and drizzle. The objective was three villages—Beaumont-Hamel and Beaucourt on the North bank of the river, and, on the South, Saint Pierre-Divion.

Let me tell you something of the country and its difficulties.

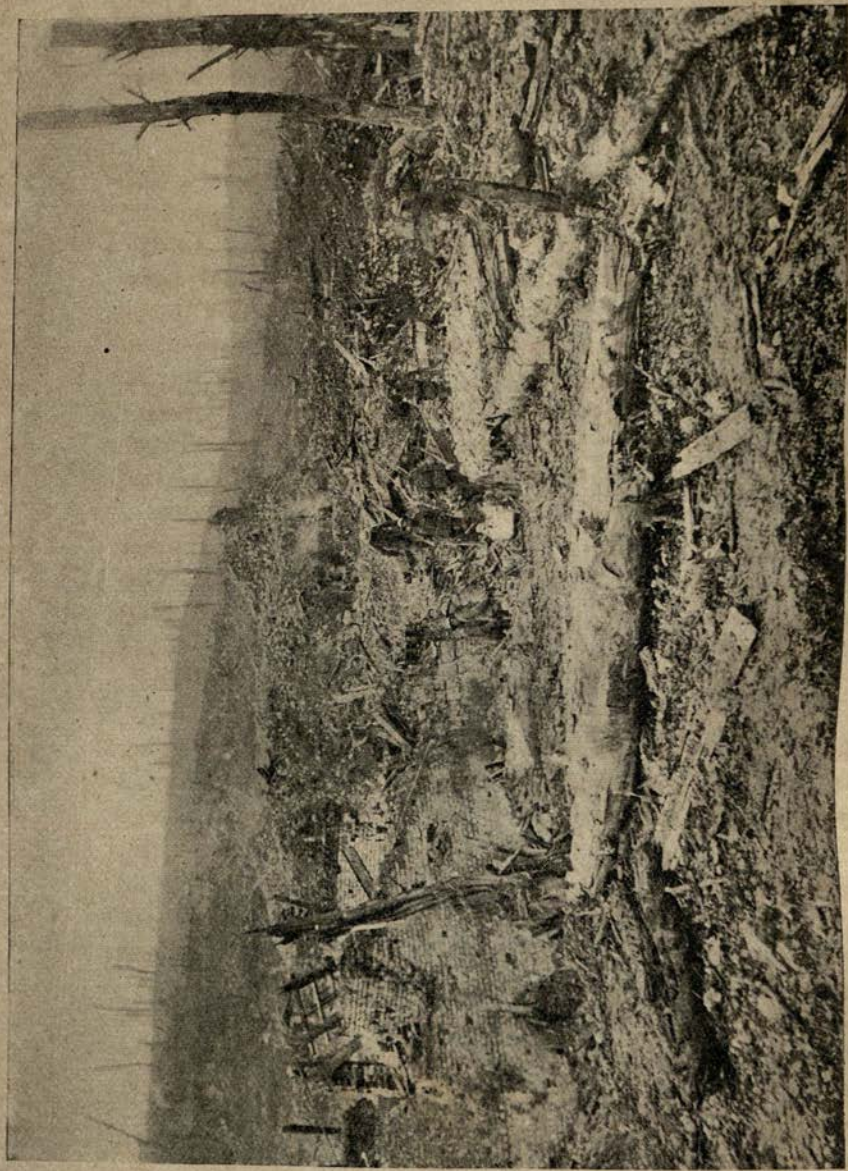
Swamps, soggy undulations formed by the trenches and the convoys, a wet, clayey soil, into which one sinks to the waist. Mud everywhere. Slime everywhere. One must slide down the funnels and holes that the shells have made. Thus the waves of the assault gather for their onset. The Germans had constructed defences formed of five lines of trenches, each alternated with at least three rows of barbed wire entanglements. The *chevaux de frise* and other obstacles covered, in places, a space over 200 yards wide.

On the one hand and on the other the banks of the Ancre ran up into bluffs like buttresses. Since his failure of the 1st of July, the enemy has cut among these natural protections deep trenches which wind along parallel to the course of the river. He has also set up on the slopes powerful machine-gun emplacements and blockhouses with mortars.

The English advance went like clockwork. The secret had been well kept; the evening before, the troops of this sector were quite unaware that an advance was to take place.

An absolute determination inspired both officers and men. The result of the attack was never in doubt. The trenches were taken by storm, together with those who manned them. It was a veritable harvest of men. The fourth line was taken at the point of the bayonet in *eighteen minutes*.

At eight in the morning we attacked the outskirts of the three villages. Beaumont-Hamel was the first to be taken, with its garrison. Before Beaucourt we were brought to a halt by machine-gun fire. Saint Pierre-Divion was out-



1. IN BEAUMONT-HAMEL.

flanked. The artillery increased its range and cut short all counter-attacks.

By nine o'clock the objective was gained with complete success. The fog grew thicker. The fire of the heavy guns and the barrage fires followed one another without pause.

Through twilight gloom and the mists of low-lying clouds monstrous lightnings flicker across this spectral landscape. The smallest hill is a Sinai. In a leap of nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles the batteries have advanced at the same pace as the troops, taking such cover as Heaven sends them. All this sector smokes and roars to its farthest extremities. It is as if there were dragons squatting everywhere by the hundred and spitting flame. Fires break out, blushing palely through the fog. Stores of munitions explode behind the villages. It is like the brute thunder of the earthquake.

The fiercest fighting developed at Beaumont-Hamel, where the ground is full of great caves that run into one another. In these there was plenty of room for four companies.

Next, the centre of interest shifted to the South bank of the Ancre, where Y Gully commands the passage of the river and the road to Beaucourt. This ravine, upon which three months' work had been spent, was a positive arsenal. Every 20 yards along it there was a machine-gun. The Germans believed it to be impregnable. This evening the English had their own guns in it.

Victory everywhere! Three villages taken; more than 2,000 prisoners counted already! I have just been to see them. They are encamped along the edge of an immense bivouac. All about them the heaviest of the guns spit out, minute by minute, their delicate ton-weight mouthfuls. The prisoners are identified, questioned, and searched. A dazed stupor is all that their terrified faces declare. They have suffered very little damage, for most of them have been surprised in their caves and dug-outs. Many of them

are still wearing their helmets. Their officers have accepted their bad fortune, one would say, gladly. There is nothing of bravado in their carriage. The Tommies surround this encampment curiously. With a friendliness that is very touching they offer, some cigarettes, others food. Generosity on the one side; a growing astonishment on the other. The German soldiers, nearly all Silesians, accept these things with a sort of childish gratitude.

The motor-ambulances move here, there and everywhere over the clayey fields, where the wheels of the ammunition wagons have drawn mighty furrows, like those that peaceful toil once made here. One hardly sees the faces of these men. They are blanks, for their thoughts are elsewhere, within. On the other hand, one's attention is seized by such things as their feet, mere lumps of clay, that at times the red touch of a swathed wound enlivens. Motor-'buses—as in London—run upon the roads. Those who are lightly wounded crowd to the top. One of them wears a pointed helmet, where shines the two-headed eagle. Others hang the Iron Cross upon their caps. They are all laughing and joking like schoolboys.

The road to Bapaume, to the north, is almost all free. From to-day begins, on this side, the siege of that town, which the Germans have converted into a stronghold. All over the plain the English are lighting camp-fires: and in perfect safety, since the enemy's line has retired about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The skirl of bagpipes, the scream of fifes, the choruses of the men, rise into the foggy night. It proves the truth of the saying: "To live truly is to live perilously."

Victory! And the battle goes on.

CHAPTER II.

IN FRONT OF THE MUNICH TRENCH.

Beaumont-Hamel, 15th November.

That two-hour tramp through a few kilometres of trenches was a heart-breaking business. We floundered through holes, we were swallowed up in bogs, while the mud that fell from the parapets gradually spread itself over our oilskins. A steel helmet becomes wonderfully heavy after an hour or so, and a dizzy headache soon tormented us, from the constant right-angled turns which we were obliged to make, like so many slaves at a cornmill. But what a reward has been ours since our arrival!

Here we are, seated at the horizontal loophole of a quite new observation post, in the front line, in the very trench from which, the day before yesterday, the English launched their attack.

In front, towards the left, is Beaumont-Hamel. Out of this heap of rubbish start up three-cornered bits of wall, which give to these ruins the look of a dwarf village. On the hillside a mangled copse looks like those guileless charcoal strokes which one sees in a child's drawing. To the right—Beaucourt. Here the ruin is absolute. I have hunted in vain for any trace of man's handiwork. Even the dust of the stones has blown away.

A few hundred yards ahead of us the men have just rushed forward. With rifles held high they spring from the parapet into the open. They look like an army of ants, that now moves along in a stream, now closes together like a vice, now marks time, now plunges into vast funnels, and again, at racing speed, surges up the gentle slope. The barbed-wire entanglements cover acres of ground; they are the eleventh line of the German defences. In many places the wires are so closely bunched together that the balls cannot pass through them.

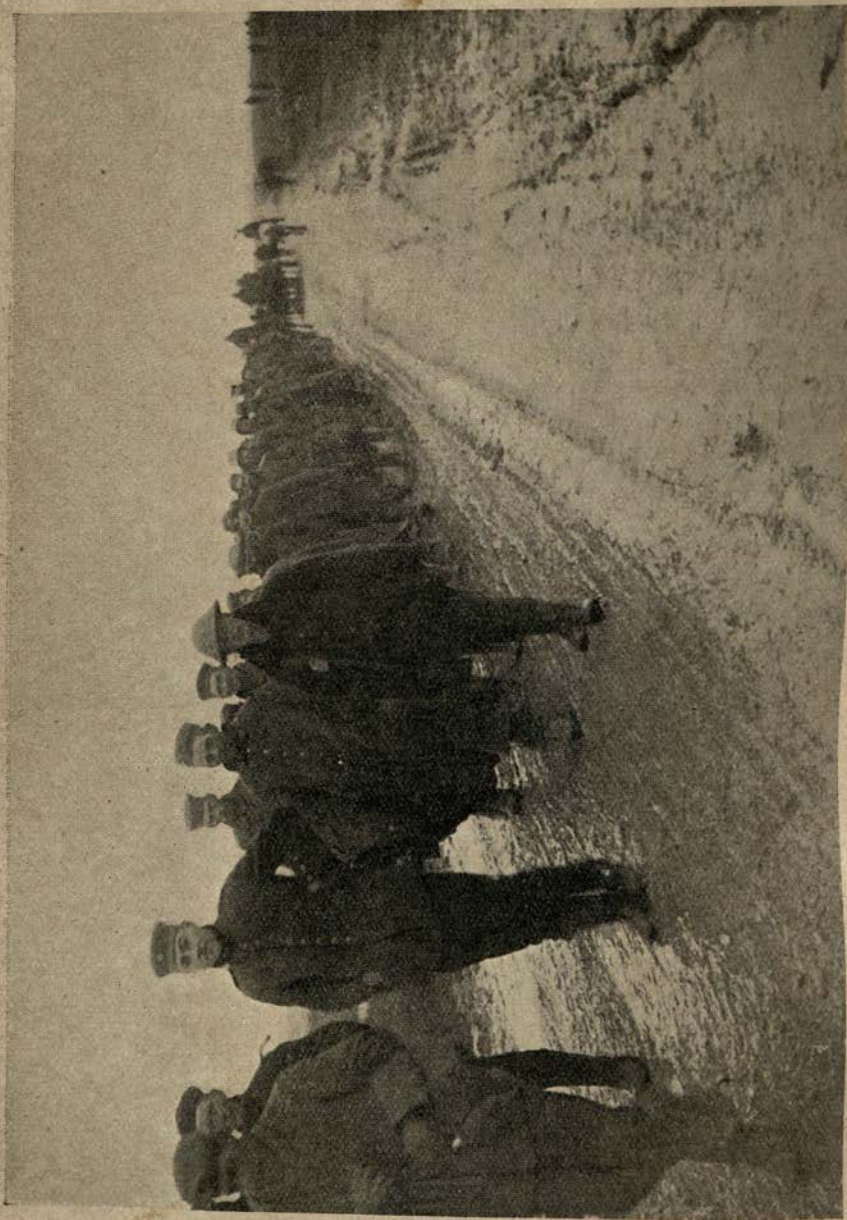
At least a brigade is engaged. One can see the com-

pany leaders quite plainly. The shells are bursting everywhere, throwing up furious fountains of black smoke with which bits of earth and iron are mingled. The rolling clouds of the shrapnel seem to frame one regiment.

Ah! Bad luck! That one was well timed which burst over there on the right, just above the company that was lying down there. The damage must have been serious. Men lie on the ground who will never pick themselves up again. A cloud, the colour of absinthe, hangs sullenly over those little khaki spots.

On the right, on the left, in front, behind, with a disquieting skill and precision, the Germans pile barrage upon barrage. Meanwhile, without a pause, the troops advance across this hell. I can follow, with the naked eye, every movement of an active young officer, who is wearing a light yellow overcoat, and who is charging at the head of his company, with a cane under his left arm and a revolver in his right hand, as calmly as if he were strolling along Regent Street or Piccadilly.

The human wave, breaking through the barrage, disappears suddenly in the earth. It is as if a chasm had opened to swallow all these men at a gulp. And now, listen! For the gunfire is punctuated with sharp detonations. It sounds like a shrill drumming, swelled by furious shouts and cries of agony. The Tommies have entered the enemy's lines. After a short period of bombing, they advance, yard by yard, with the bayonet. Round the blockhouses the machine-guns rattle. We listen anxiously to these thousand voices of the attack. Every man has vanished. The field of vision is empty. Only the variegated smokes of the different shells spread themselves slowly abroad. The uncertainty is unbearable. Half an hour later we learn from the telephone that the attack has succeeded. The brigade has done its work. We have just witnessed, on the North bank of the Ancre, the capture of an important trench, or rather redoubt, nearly 450 yards away from Beaumont—the Munich Trench.



2. PRISONERS.

Here again there has been a famous haul of prisoners. More than 300 unwounded soldiers have been compelled to surrender. In a short time the first of them cross in front of our observation post. They are haggard, covered with mud, and their eyes are the eyes of trapped beasts. Two of them, converted into impromptu stretcher-bearers, are carrying a wounded officer on a stretcher that is soaked in blood.

And now the battle increases everywhere in violence. We hear that on this side of Beaucourt some strong reserves, collected there by the Germans, have just been surrounded and taken prisoners. A whole brigade staff has fallen into the hands of the English. More than 5,000 prisoners have been counted already. It will take at least two days to count all that have been taken. A genuine victory!

The "tanks" have played an honourable part in the battle, and I have just seen two of them at work. My impressions may be summed up in these words: a huge amazement and satisfaction.

One of them, which has been christened *The Devil's Delight*, did marvels at Beaucourt. This deliberate leviathan, having placed itself boldly at the head of the advancing flood of men, took up its position at the entrance of the ruined village. At first the Germans fled. Then, one by one, they came back. With machine-guns, bombs, rifles and mortars they endeavoured to pierce its double shell. Nothing availed. Squatted on its tail, the terrific tank lorded it there like a king on his horse. It made no objection whatever to being approached. Some sappers tried to place bombs under it, to blow it sky high. Inside it the crew shammed dead. The Germans took heart. Ten, twenty, thirty men, armed with screw-jacks and mallets laboured to overthrow it. But what could even two battalions have accomplished against this patient mastodon, whose skin was steel and whose weight was 800 tons? A colonel, mad with rage, fired the eight barrels of his revolver at it, point-blank. If the tank

could have laughed it must have burst with delight. Its sense of humour is a strictly warlike one.

After a full quarter of an hour of silence the Germans, believing that the crew had been destroyed and that the monster was helpless, surrounded it boldly and in considerable numbers. Thereupon, unmasking its machine-guns, and opening fire from its sides, the terrible creature began to hack them in bits, mow them down in heaps, drill them full of holes and slay them by the dozen.

A giant miller, grinding death!

An hour later, when the larger part of the English troops succeeded in reaching Beaucourt, they found the Germans, dead and dying, piled around the tank. The tank says little, but to the point.

Three cheers for Mademoiselle Devil's Delight!

CHAPTER III.

THE REAL SUPERMEN.

"We are consolidating our positions."

(English Communiqué, 16th November.)

Here is a story.

Some time ago, on the North bank of the Ancre, in the Beaumont-Hamel Sector, everyone was affected with a curious boredom. Nothing happened: very little artillery fire; not so much as a pretence at an attack. It was a dead calm. The bombs were all asleep. Muscles grew slack. Enthusiasm staled. Boredom, that worst misery of trench life, reigned supreme.

One evening this slackness among the troops—and it was as bad on one side as on the other—produced a curious result. Among the Germans, a homesick Silesian began to sing some of the carols of his own country. His voice rose

THE SQUARE JAW

BY
HENRY RUFFIN AND ANDRÉ TUDESQ.

Translated from the French.

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EDINBURGH. NEW YORK. PARIS.

freshly into the fresh night. At the same time on the English side, a Highlander, stirred by the sweetness of the autumn evening, blew a few shrill notes upon his fife. The voice of the man and the fife supported one another, and so a concert began, a concert of old songs, the simple happy songs of the peasant. The English shouted to the Germans, "Give us Gott Strafe England!" and the Germans obliged with the "Song of Hate." "Encore! Encore!" cried the Highlander, whose fife was seeking to catch the air that the enemy was singing. The song began again, the fife supporting it. Then it was taken up by all the English. But to what sort of a rhythm! The "Song of Hate," slow as plain song, had suddenly become, as it crossed the trenches, a crazy, jerky, rollicking ragtime, a tune for the *can-can*. The Germans supposed that they were being chaffed. By way of applause, they let fly a shower of bombs. To this compliment the English replied in kind. Then the night closed down upon a boredom more dreadful than ever.

I have told you this story as a sort of commentary upon the epigram in which a certain colonel explained this very successful two days' battle: "Our attack, like our victory, was an impromptu."

To capture three villages and eleven lines of the enemy's defences upon a front $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide and nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ deep, is pretty good. To take a haul of nearly 6,000 prisoners out of their dug-outs and caves and other quarters—that is not to be sneezed at either. But to organise the territory that has been taken and to consolidate it, working night and day under the constant fire of the enemy—that is perhaps a less glorious business, but it is a thing more difficult to accomplish than any attack.

For two long hours of the night my friend Ruffin, of the *Agence Havas*, and I, conducted by our guide, the major, tramped it through the trenches in order to reach those which lie under Beaumont. Steel helmet on head, first-aid equipment and gas mask under arm, we went on between

the two walls of this roundabout road, our feet sticky with mud and our eyes continually dazzled. Rockets soared into the air to burst and then go out like those Roman candles which blossom into sprays of slowly moving stars. One might have thought that some unseen juggler, over there on the blazing skyline, was manipulating huge fiery plates.

The trenches were swarming with soldiers, the reliefs who were going back to billets, and the reserves who were taking their places; the sappers and pioneers, with their picks and shovels, who, protected by the machine-guns, repair the shelters wherever they have given way; the ambulance men and the stretcher-bearers; the grave diggers; the supplying sections, who bring up the cases of grenades, before ever they appear with food. This crowd of dim men, ten feet underground, moved like a silent river.

One hardly thought of talking. To-night, when they are consolidating the conquered positions, the opposing artilleries were engaged in a terrific duel. The barrage fires of the Germans followed one another every quarter of an hour, each one lasting seven minutes, and each minute an eternity, when, every second, there fell not less than 100 shells. To protect those who were at work the English artillery set up curtain fires, which smashed every preparation for a counter-attack. Marmites, shells, shrapnel, hurtled from either side of the single line which had been snatched from this Inferno.

An odd scent of roasted apples catches us by the throat; our eyes begin to stream in a detestable fashion. "Look out for the acid drops!" cries our major. We know this bit of soldiers' slang, which means the lachrymatory shells. We quickly put on our masks. In perfect safety, crouched against the wall of the trench, in the company of a hundred unknown comrades, we wait until the poisonous gust of yellow smoke has blown away. Through the eye-pieces of our masks everything seems to be enveloped in some fabulous steam; the pale lightning of the guns, the ghastly

discs of the English rockets, the red stars of the German. But one sound: the clatter of the machine-guns near us, a muffled thunder as of a rising sea.

In this muddy ditch we are like some lost gang of divers.

And in the meantime, 100 yards ahead of us, in the midst of choking gases and the tempest of the machine-guns, soldiers—heroes—have never ceased their work.

They hammer nails, they drive in stakes, they sink piles, they knot together into spider nets the tangled strands of the barbed wire. All honour to them! These are the Supermen.

CHAPTER IV.

SURPRISES OF A MOONLIT FROSTY NIGHT.

A true Walpurgis Night of heroes and warriors. It is not on the summit of the Brocken that I have witnessed it, but, looking out over the plain of the Ancre, from a tree. This tree, every evening, is wreathed with the fumes of asphyxiating shells. Its woolly streamers of shrapnel smoke are like the foliage around a heraldic crown.

As soon as twilight is come, aeroplanes cross the neighbouring lines and attack this tree with their machine-guns. It is treated like a combatant. Herein, perhaps, lies the secret of its clumsy strength and beauty. It stands upon its hill, solid and straight. It holds its ground as few men could do. It is a French ash that stands upon the field of battle in the very middle of the British Army.

It has become an observation post. One climbs it by a straight ladder 160 feet long. In its highest fork one of the engineers has made a wooden box, bound together with barbed wire, with a little canvas to hide it. Field-glasses, maps, range-finders are there. All the gusts of the autumnal breeze blow through it. Up here, too, men are pitched about as if they were in the mizzen-top of a cruiser. Strange nest for war eagles!

"Perfect weather for flying," the major tells me.

A clear, frosty, moonlight night broods over the black distances of the plain. The river and its swampy edges glisten like silver coins. No sign of life. Only the guns, all round the horizon, roar beneath their crests of lightning.

Imagine that after blinding yourself with a very tight and thick bandage you suddenly open your eyes. Glowing discs, will o' the wisps, haloes, flashing rainbows, a whole ballet of lights spins upon your retina. Up here, that is the spectacle that each night brings. The battlefield appears to be electrified. At one moment, sharp, stabbing flashes, cold arrows of light. It is the English guns shelling the enemy. The next, radiances which divide, spread out fanwise, or blossom like flowers. They are German marmites or crapouillots.

The sounds of the guns intersect one another. They are hard and dry, when some battery, near by, opens fire; dull, soft and muffled, according as the distance becomes greater. A stroke upon a gong, followed by a long metallic shriek, high in the air, announces a heavy shell. After a hoarse scream a machine-gun begins to crackle, rending both air and men.

It is all one vast intermittent hurly-burly, lightning flashing low down, V-shaped sheaves of red fire. And all is, each time, unexpected, cruelly inconsequent, magnificent and devastating.

Thousands of men are there, and thousands upon thousands, all over this plain of the Ancre. There they lie, buried in their trenches, their nerves like stretched wire, ready to spring forward on the instant.

From here we can see one of the last sectors to be conquered.

It is land over which the offensive has passed.

And our hearts ache as we remember that down there, near this swamp, it is not even in ill-made trenches that the English sections are keeping their watch, but, simply,

in shell-holes, where the water lies deep, holes whose sides have been hastily shored up—veritable human hells.

The fireworks did not keep us waiting. About ten o'clock, a certain unwonted nervousness becoming evident among the Germans, the two English trenches of the first line let off a bouquet of rockets. Balls of light, red, blue or green, climbed 90 feet into the air. For a moment they rose, hesitatingly, like toy balloons at the end of a string, then burst into stars or sheaves, lighting up, as with a ghastly daylight, this neutral ground, this "no man's land," which the scattered corpses of the patrols alone inhabit. After each flight of rockets the guns came savagely to life, and, below our watch-tower, even in greater numbers, even more furious, other batteries, and yet others, proclaimed their presence. "Barrage!" one of the short-lived fire-balls demanded over to the west. The firing increased, pounding the sector from end to end. This light from fairyland, then, was nothing but a cry for help! In a moment the Ancre and its swamps were blushing.

The moon began to veil herself with small round clouds. "Watch out for the aeroplanes," our staff-major told us again. In a quarter of an hour his warning was justified.

The snarl of engines filled the milky spaces of the sky. Two squadrons against two. The English search-lights found the enemy for a moment, then lost him. Then from every crest and from smallest hollow the anti-aircraft guns began their barrage. In the sky nothing could be seen but the commas of flame and blazing curves, which marked where the shrapnel and the shells had burst. The machine-guns chattered like an applauding crowd.

A few planes succeeded in crossing the barrage. It was magic—of another kind.

One, two, five incendiary bombs were thrown by the enemy. The eye was dazzled as by a sudden appear-

ance of the aurora-borealis. The night became a ghastly day. Thick columns of smoke rose into the air, then, half-way to the clouds, swelled up like the tops of palm-trees. And thus they remained, twenty minutes after the explosion, without dissolving, steady against the wind, turning themselves into canopies and domes and a preposterous hedge of giant parasols.

One might have thought that some fabulous forest had just sprung up, filled with domed palaces of fantastic shape.

A night very fruitful of surprises—barrages, rockets, anti-aircraft firing, a battle of aeroplanes, incendiary bombs. Truly the Great Game, this!

I left my watch-tower tree like a man who has saved his soul from the black powers of sorcery.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE REOPENS.

18th November.

The Battle of the Ancre, which for a moment had died down, began again this morning, at dawn, with a new violence.

The English had only paused just long enough to oil the vast machine, which has now resumed its regular, methodic movements; and the latest news permits us to anticipate a fresh and substantial success.

The scene of these last events has been rather different from that which witnessed the English advance of the 12th and 13th of November. This, one may say in passing, proves the elasticity of the British offensive.

If the eye travels, on the map, to the right, beyond the positions in which the last battle was fought, it follows a line almost parallel to the valley of the Ancre. To-night, then, the English, not pursuing this theoretically correct line, inclined their front slightly to the

South, to the centre of a line drawn between Thiepval and Le Sars. This re-entering angle formed an obvious obstacle to the domination of the Ancre valley upon the whole of this part of the British front. For this reason General Sir Douglas Haig decided to abolish it.

Hence the movement of this morning.

The attack was elaborately prepared, and with the utmost secrecy, and was launched at dawn.

At the moment of writing this telegram the reports that are coming in from the scene of action show that the operation is being carried out, within the limits assigned, very successfully. To employ an expression coined by one of their own number, the Boche prisoners are "pouring" to the rear.

This morning the weather, so fine during the last three days, was extremely unfavourable to any movement of troops. There had been heavy snow during the night, and for the first time this winter our Allies fought in the snow. About 8 o'clock, the temperature having risen, a thaw set in. After that it was in foul mud that they did their fighting.

In order to understand properly the British manœuvres on the two banks of the Ancre, we must remark that yesterday, the 17th of November, the English had executed a movement which obviously aimed at assisting to-day's operations.

Shortly, by outflanking the village of Beaucourt to the East, they had carried their foremost positions, by yesterday evening, as far as the little wood of Hollande. Now it is clear that any advance in this direction seriously menaces Grandcourt and those positions on the north bank of the Ancre, which the British troops attacked this morning.

A superior staff-officer remarked lately in my hearing that the German line, throughout the recent fighting, has exhibited points of varying strength. He attributed this circumstance to the work of the English artillery. The

resistance which the enemy had been able to offer had varied directly with the effectiveness of the English gunfire.

It is also noticeable that the German losses in killed, prisoners and missing are considerably greater than the corresponding losses among the English. This result is apparently due to the fact either that the Germans surrender more readily than the English, or that the British artillery causes the enemy to sustain the heavier damage in dead and wounded, or else finally that, unlike the English, the Germans do not include their lightly wounded in the total of their losses.

Whatever the causes may be, that the issue of this battle has been disastrous for the Germans becomes daily more evident. It appears now that they are thinking of shortening their line where it is opposed to the British Army between Puisieux-les-Monts and Grandcourt. Under the increasing pressure of our Allies, the Germans, who are convinced that Grandcourt must soon fall, are entrenching themselves with feverish haste upon a new line, which unites Puisieux with Miraumont.

The enemy, using Puisieux as the pivot of his retiring movement, would thus describe an angle whose depth, from Puisieux to the Ancre, is about 2 miles, and whose width, between Grandcourt and Miraumont, is about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

It is possible, however, that the British offensive may to some extent disorganise the beautiful and geometric symmetry of this new "strategic retreat" of the Germans.



3. THE ANCRE VALLEY.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE EDGE OF THE FRAY.

19th November.

Yesterday was a good day for the English. Our friends were successful on nearly the whole front which they attacked. The only difficulty which they encountered—and this was not serious—was on their left centre; that is to say, to the South of Grandcourt. Thereabouts the ground favoured the defence, for it is cut up into a number of deep gorges, where the Boches had constructed redoubts and "nests" of machine-guns.

But, on the other hand, the Canadians did wonders on the left, pushing their patrols right up to the Western outskirts of Grandcourt.

The advance of the British troops on the North bank of the Ancre to the East of Beaucourt has caused the fortified village of Grandcourt to be menaced on more than one side.

They say that yesterday the German artillery made a very weak reply to the fire of the British guns. This is certainly not due to any shortage of material or ammunition suffered by Prince Rupert in this quarter. It is well known, on the contrary, that he has concentrated against the English an enormous quantity of these things. This weakness of the German reply must be due either to the destructive precision of the British fire, or to the formation of that line of resistance, about which I told you yesterday, in the rear of the present front.

The German prisoners who have been taken during the day say that the Boches suffered comparatively little damage, during the attack, from the British fire, since they were in dug-outs of great strength and depth. But when the infantry arrived they found themselves hemmed helplessly in on all sides, and were forced to surrender *en masse*.

The same prisoners cannot sufficiently praise the performance of the tanks, about which they speak with a kind of awful admiration. They always use the same word when they describe these armour-plated monsters: "Marvellous! Marvellous!"

They say that the German troops in the first line are well enough fed, but that as soon as they go into reserve or are given a rest their diet is at once restricted.

EPILOGUE.

THE CHARNEL-HOUSE.

19th November. Evening.

On this November Sabbath the belfries of Contay, Warloy, Senlis and a dozen other villages of Picardy are sending forth through the fog their regular summons to vespers. It is very cold, and the snow which fell the other night has become foul mud, in which men, beasts and wagons flounder and splash.

The Tommies in their quarters have made a rather more careful toilet than usual, and are now gathered, in some neighbouring field or under some shed out of which a church has been improvised, to listen to the words of their chaplains. Peace, it would seem, reigns everywhere.

Only, alas! in appearance. For overpowering the voices of priests and sound of bells the guns begin their booming out a few paces away. Peace has not dwelt, this many a day, either in Englebelmer or in Mesnil, which offer to the eyes of the passer-by the spectacle of their desolated ruins, their silent belfries, their indescribable sadness. Nor does Peace dwell, assuredly, on this battlefield where you see these quagmires, these dead, bare

fields that, one would say, have been trampled by generations of men; these deserted trenches that have fallen in here and there; these networks of barbed wire, to-day, happily, no longer of any service; these shattered wagons, these rusting weapons; these gun shelters which dart lightning; these parks of munitions and materials; these strayed horses; these lines of muddy, brooding men—in a word, all this wretchedness—and, over all, covering everything as with a veil, this sky that seems heavy with threats, with *hostility*.

Yet, before the war, few of the countrysides of France can have breathed a more sweet and perfect spirit of peace. A soldier who was here last spring, before ever men had come hither to destroy one another, told me of the delight which he took in this pleasant corner of Picardy. "It was," he said, "a landscape by Claude Lorraine."

We were halted at the head of a small valley which runs easily downwards, near Mesine, towards the Ancre, and we were looking out across the country. At our feet the river, coming from the East, turned in a gentle curve towards the South, and was lost to sight in the direction of Avelun and Albert. The stream, considerably swollen by the recent rains, wound slowly between marshes and flooded fields.

The tall poplars of the valley, stripped of their leaves as much by the bullets as by the rough weather, moved gently in the breeze. Yesterday a dozen villages saw themselves reflected in the Ancre, and clothed the neighbourhood of the river with a share of their own prosperity. They were, among others, Mesnil, Hamel, Beaumont and Miraumont on the North bank. Thiepval, Saint Pierre-Divion and Grandcourt on the South. But the same devices of man that have massacred the trees of the valley and stripped Thiepval of its forest, have levelled these fortress-villages with the ground, and it is in vain that to-day we may hope to distinguish them

from the rest of this dismal country. Even as we looked, the shells of the opposing artilleries blotted out the last traces of Grandcourt. The guns, for ever the guns! They are the only sign of life in all this land of Death.

The little cemetery at Hamel, which we passed on our road, was not likely to dissipate these gloomy thoughts. In what a condition the battle has left it! It lay, unfortunately for itself, just between the two lines, English and German. But, indeed, it is no more and no less sad a sight than all that surrounds it; no more, no less than Beaumont; no more, no less than Beaucourt, to which we have now come.

A little in front of Beaucourt is a small hill, a sort of spur, lying towards the South-west. On the morning of the 13th of November it faced precisely in the direction whence the British attack was about to be launched. Even in its present state one can, from the lie of the ground and from the débris which is found scattered everywhere about, form some faint idea of what the Boches had made out of this natural fortress.

The British infantry, however, never hesitated a moment to storm the place, and their impetuosity was such that in 18 minutes it was in their hands.

If you do not know the price at which the English, like ourselves, bought this victory, go out upon this advanced work of Beaucourt. Take your courage in both hands and look about you. See there that group of fallen soldiers, the glorious victors of the Ancre, who lie still untouched, by the side of the Boches whom they have dragged down with them to death, after hand-to-hand struggles that no words may describe. Looking like pilgrims clothed in homespun, the English stretcher-bearers, now grave-diggers, "tidy up" the field of battle.

Poor and dear Tommies! They have fallen with their faces to the German trench. They fought with their heads, as do ours, for there is not a shell-hole of

which they have not taken advantage during their advance against their enemy. They have fought, also, like lions, since they have gained the victory.

One of them, a great, athletic-looking fellow with black hair, has fallen head forwards into a shell-hole. His poor, shattered body is drained of blood, but his face is a fiery red, as if his rage had risen there as he died.

Another, of slighter, more fragile frame, lies on his back, his legs apart, with a ball through his forehead. Close beside him are the bomb which he was about to throw and a tiny French-English dictionary. May we not say that he has witnessed with his blood to the friendship of two great nations?

Beside another, who has been hideously wounded, the wind turns over the leaves of a soldier's Bible.

But enough! My eyes can bear no more. And I hasten away from this scene, over which, like the sound of mighty organs, the great guns chant their huge and terrible chorus.

To free ourselves from this nightmare we went to visit the gunners in their shelters. It was three in the afternoon, and we had only just discovered that we had not yet lunched. A big fellow, who chattered like a magpie and was built like a Hercules, lit two candles for us, stirred the fire which was crackling in an earthen stove, spread a newspaper for our table-cloth, and offered us a seat on a case of jam-jars. Our sandwiches seemed delicious; our tea, the best in the world; our hovel, a palace; our candles, an illumination.

A joy, hitherto unknown, in being merely alive gave a priceless quality to the smallest pleasures of existence. We listened with the most intense interest and an unaccustomed delight to the talkative soldier, while he instructed us about the price of sugar in England.

Meanwhile, his battery, just beside us, went on killing Germans.

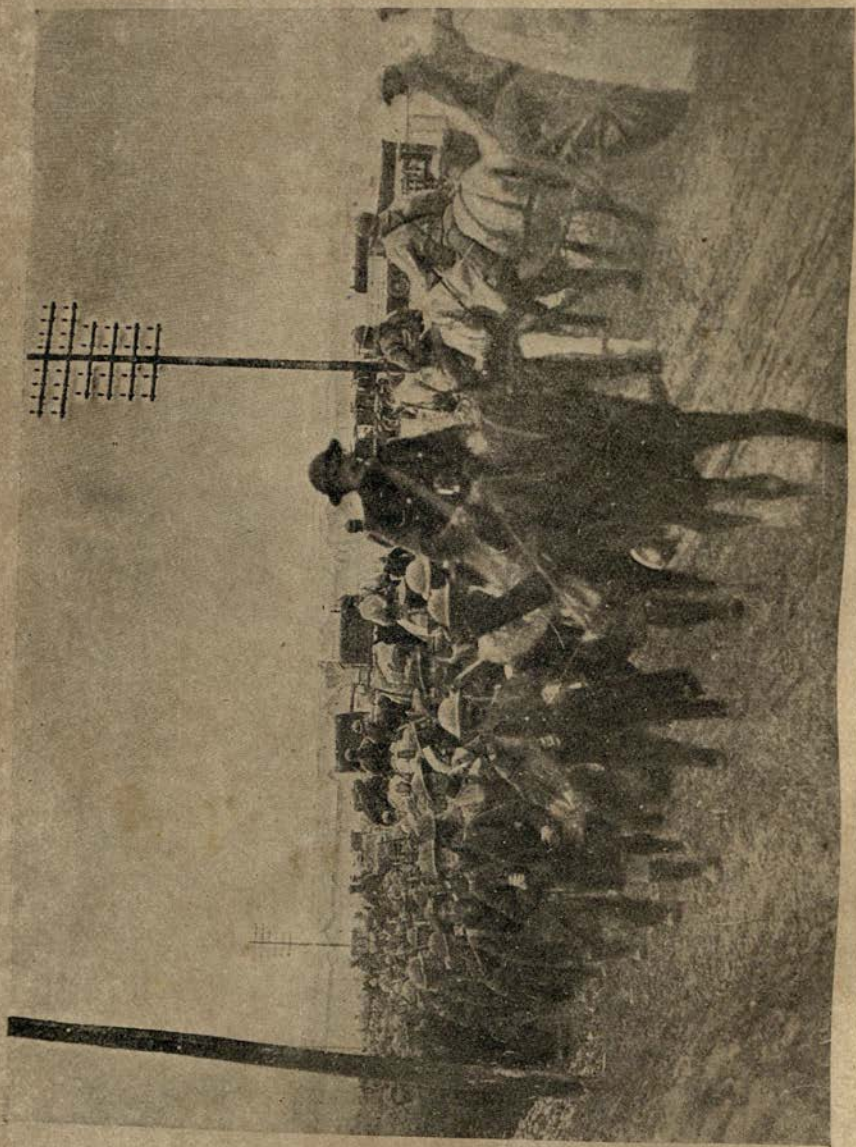
The spirit of Dickens hovered over that wretched hut.

Suddenly I noticed that my companion had fallen into a brown study, and I fancied that he was back upon that hill by Beaucourt. "Come, come!" I said. "What are you thinking about now?"

"I am thinking," the Englishman replied, "that we are bound to avoid war if we can, but that when war comes we are bound to meet it like men."

PART II.

THE SQUARE JAWS.



4. A FRANCO-BRITISH RELIEF.

PART II.

THE SQUARE JAWS.

CHAPTER I.

THE WELDING OF FRENCH AND BRITISH.

Not all things can be welded together. There are metals which are wholly unsympathetic, and even for those which are not we require the services of the plumber and his solder.

It is the glory and the good fortune of the British and French Armies that, from the first day of the war, they have shown themselves fitted—and eager—to become one; and that they have discovered, to this end (and continue daily to employ them), plumbers of the first class and lead in abundance.

Let us understand one another. To say "joining," "soldering," is not to say "fusion," and the theory of united action upon a united front does not necessarily imply that out of two friends a single individual is wrought. A *poilu* might say that it is possible to be very good comrades without sleeping in the same bed.

For Germany such fusion would have been a danger, and she has always avoided it. Although she has carried her partnership with her allies to the length of making them her slaves, she has been very careful to allow nothing like a mingling of breeds in the forces which are at her disposal. The German Army has, for instance, resisted every temptation to admit into its ranks any of its Austrian friends. For it believes that it is possible to be too friendly.

Germany has confined herself, where this is in question, to giving her weakened allies no more help than can be obtained from her officers, commissioned and non-

commissioned, or from the specialised activities of her artillery and engineers. Beyond this she has but one thought—at any cost to insure unity of action between her forces and those of her allies.

From this it follows that to bring about a real fusion of two or more allied armies upon one front is a tactical achievement of the first importance. Such a fusion—the essential condition of all united effort that is to possess a real value—becomes, from its very nature, the principal object of the enemy's attack. The history of this war shows, if one may say so, nothing but a series of attempts, upon one side or the other, to prevent or destroy the cohesion of the opposing forces. (Mons; the first and second Battles of Ypres; the Russian-Rumanian Armies and the Army of the East; the junction of the Italians near Vallona with the Army of Salonika, etc.) But it is not enough that this fusion should exist. It is also vital—as we shall presently see in the case of the Franco-British forces—that it should be both elastic and solid.

Since it is agreed that in war-time each month counts as a year, we may say that it is now two months since the French and British Armies celebrated their silver wedding. Age has weakened neither the strength nor the love of the partners to this marriage. We can say confidently that, since the day when "the contemptible little Army of General French" first shook hands with our *piouspious*, the friendship has never been interrupted. For all his passionate desire to accomplish the destruction of the bond which the two countries have willingly exchanged for their individual liberty, the enemy's efforts have been fruitless.

Even during the gloomy days of the retreat from Mons and Charleroi the union of the two Armies remained unimpaired. While one of them, overwhelmed by numbers, found itself compelled to retire, the other, without any proper understanding of the reason, and

with no thought for anything but the maintenance of the connection, complied at once with the manoeuvre, though not without exacting a heavy toll from its enemies.

A few days later the victory of the Marne was to reward these mutual sacrifices for the common cause.

A cloud had passed. Others followed. Again and again the enemy, furious at the perfect understanding which existed between his opponents and dreading what the consequences of it might be to himself, determined to make an end of it. The two battles of Ypres were the fruit of this resolution, to shatter the unity of the French and British Armies.

For one moment they believed that they had succeeded.

This was on the 24th April, 1915, when, by the use of asphyxiating gas, till then unknown to us, they had driven in one corner of the Ypres salient. We know that it was the gallantry of the Canadians that saved the day and closed the opening breach.

Since then the chain has never been weakened. Nay, in the North it has never been so much as stretched.

This, however, has not been the case with the connection between the British Army and the main body of the Armies of France. The continual addition of new units to the British forces was bound to cause frequent changes, here, in the geographical distribution of the adjoining troops. Can France ever forget the day when she learned that silently, without a hitch, and under the very noses of the Germans, the British front had suddenly been extended from Loos to the Somme? A mother who meets, after years, the son whom she has last seen as a child, must feel a surprise not unlike that with which France discovered that the Armies of her Allies had become so large. Who knows but that we may soon be again delighted in the same way? I say "delighted," not "surprised," for our Allies have taught us to forget to be astonished by anything they may do.

And so, every time that the British front is extended, this elasticity of the fusion of the Armies is to be observed.

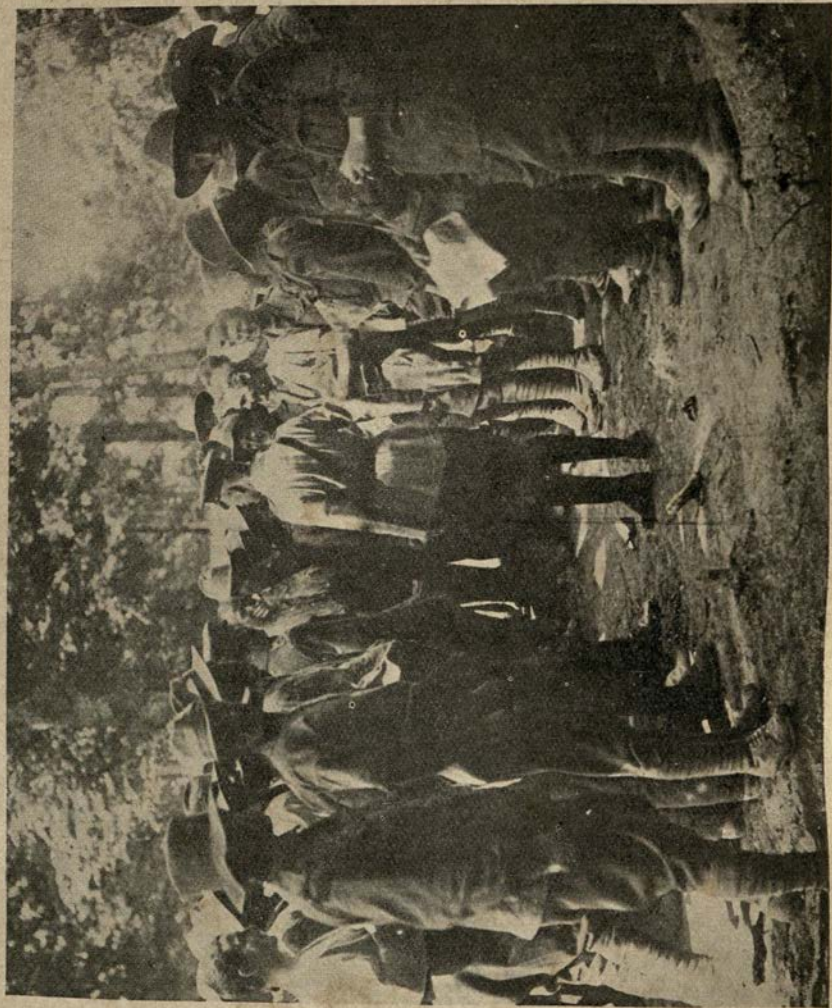
It is clear that these rearrangements can in no way affect its solidity, since it is this very fusion which has made possible not only the terrific offensive of the 1st July last, but also its uninterrupted prosecution.

Only a very happy combination of circumstances could have brought about this miracle—for it is one—which to explain is to show that it must last as long as the war shall go on.

First of all, it is due to the perfect understanding which exists between the General Staffs of the two Allied Armies. It is, indeed, an achievement to set men of different races, if of equal courage, side by side. But this is not enough. Much more need is there of a unity of command which shall see that the best use is made of all this determination, brought together from sources so widely sundered, so that the utmost measure of mutual support and cohesion may result from the efforts of units which, though they work alongside of one another, are strangers. Now it is this very thing which is evident in the combined operations of the British and French Armies, at all times and particularly since the opening of the offensive in Picardy. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Douglas Haig, and General Foch—whom one may perhaps describe as the keystone of the combination—have shown themselves, in this connection, to be as good psychologists as they are tacticians.

The troops of neither nation—and this should be made very clear—have in any case experienced the smallest embarrassment in following out the commands of their leaders. Whenever either English or French have been able to give one another any kind of support, they have done it faithfully and readily. The "fusion" is not a thing of maps; it is not to be found in this place or that; it is a spiritual verity.

Living side by side, dying under one another's eyes,



5. GENERAL BIRDWOOD TALKING TO A GROUP OF BIG AUSTRALIANS.

English and French are acquiring a mutual respect and confidence which cannot fail to strengthen their fighting power.

"After all the proofs of their resolution and intrepidity," wrote Field-Marshal French in a report, of June, 1915, upon the gas attacks, "which our valiant Allies have given throughout the campaign, it is quite unnecessary for me to dwell upon this incident, and I will only express my firm conviction that if there are any troops on earth who could have held their trenches in the face of an attack as treacherous as it was unforeseen, it is the French divisions that would have done it."

Which is the more admirable—the General who speaks of his Allies in such generous terms, or the soldiers who inspired such words?

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT VOTED IN FRANCE IN FACE OF THE ENEMY.

8th December, 1916.

What Frenchman has not met, at least once, in Paris or some other of our large towns, one of these stout lads who wear the uniform and carry the equipment of the British soldier, but are to be distinguished from him by that khaki-coloured, broad-brimmed felt hat, which the Boers have immortalised?

Of a height generally above that of the average Frenchman, with broad shoulders, an alert glance, a free and easy air; a skin that is often tanned; a horseman from boyhood, slow to tire, reckless in battles and of a hot temper—such is the Australian soldier, one of the world's foremost fighting men.

His courage, which the enemy regards with a peculiar

distaste, has earned him heavy fighting everywhere throughout the war. Let us recall, shortly, some of his chief performances.

The first division sent by Australia to the assistance of the Mother Country towards the end of 1914 was employed on the defences of Egypt and the Suez Canal. These sterling horsemen did splendid work in this field of operations, and for four months lived in the desert, exposed to continual attack.

Next, the Australian troops, augmented by certain units of New Zealanders, disembarked on the Gallipoli Peninsula at the left of their English comrades. Hardly were they on shore before they began a series of battles which never stopped for a week. They held, at very great cost, the bit of ground which had been taken from the Turks, and during four months two divisions of them lived, Heaven knows how, on a space of less than a third of an acre.

Then came the Evacuation of Gallipoli. The Australians returned to Egypt, there to rest between December, 1915, and the 1st of April, 1916, on which day they made their appearance on the Western front.

Since that time the Australians have fought on French soil.

They have to thank their splendid reputation that they are always to be found wherever the most glory is to be won. It was they who took Pozières, during the Somme offensive, and the farm at Mouquet, and measured their strength, throughout those epic days, against that of the Prussian Guard.

Such is the Army which, quite recently, has held its Elections under the very guns of the Germans.

For this Army; whose valour is already almost legendary, is also among the most democratic Armies of the world. No one is more jealous of his independence than the Australian. If he loves and admires his comrades-in-arms, the French *poilus*, it is, no doubt,

because, having long misunderstood them, after the fashion of strangers towards all things French, he cannot to-day find words enough to do justice to their military qualities and their unselfish courage. But it is also, and, above all, because his heart goes out naturally to the French people under arms, to this democracy which in so many ways resembles his own country, Australia the Free. Like the French soldier, the Australian loves his fun; like him, he is light-hearted, always singing. And each of them glories in the knowledge that beneath his soldier's uniform is a citizen and an elector of a noble country.

These reflections will help us to understand why the Australian Government has been led to hold a referendum of its Expeditionary Force in France.

As you know, the people of Australia were concerned with the business of deciding for or against the introduction of compulsory military service into their country. Mr. Hughes, the Premier of New South Wales, who did France the honour to visit it at the beginning of this year, was the originator of this referendum. The result, for reasons which I will presently mention, was a majority against conscription for Australia.

To enable the Australian contingent to vote was the simplest thing in the world. Voting booths were prepared at Contay, a small village between the Ancre and the Somme, close to the firing-line. As fast as the sections left the trenches to go back into billets, each officer, non-commissioned officer and man was given two voting papers. On one the word "Yes" was printed; on the other, "No." The voting lasted a month—the time between reliefs—at the end of which period about 100,000 papers had been collected in the ballot-boxes at Contay. It is strange that the majority of the Australian contingent voted against compulsory service for Australia.

Why?

Let no one imagine that it was because these heroes

have become opponents of the war; nor is it even because they think that their country has done enough.

They have voted against compulsory service, first of all, for a reason of a general nature, which applies to the whole of this body of Australian electors—namely, because the Australians have a horror of all moral compulsion and a burning love of liberty. These soldiers have also been influenced by another objection: they fear lest to introduce a professional Army into Australia may be to infect their nation with a spirit of militarism which is not at all to their taste.

And the proof that the negative result of the referendum has in no way weakened the determination of Australia to pursue the war to a victorious end and in complete accord with the Mother Country, is that, on the one hand, the Australian contingent persists, after, as before, recording its vote, in splendidly performing its duty at the front; and that, on the other hand, Australia continues to send to the battlefields of Europe thousands of fresh volunteers.

Hurrah for Liberty! Down with the Boches! In this motto the quality of the Australian troops is perfectly expressed. This quality one meets with again in the war song, the species of *Marseillaise*, which the Australians sing to-day when they are on the march in France.

Here are its words in full:

AUSTRALIA WILL BE THERE.

1st Verse.

You've heard about the Emden
That was cruising all around,
Sinking British shipping
Where'er it could be found,
Till one bright Sunday morning
The Sydney came in sight—
The Emden said good night.

Chorus.

Rally round the banner of your country,
Rally round the banner of your King.
On land or sea,
Wherever you be,
Keep your eye on Germany.
For England, home and beauty,
Have no cause to fear.
Should old acquaintance be forgot?
No, No—No, No, No.
Australia will be there,
Australia will be there.

2nd Verse.

With Kitchener in our Army
And French in our cavalry fine,
You bet those German bandsmen
Are in for a lively time.
And there's Winston Churchill
To guide our Navy grand;
With this fine lot we'll make it hot
For the poor old Fatherland.

*Chorus.**3rd Verse.*

We don't forget South Africa
When England was at war;
Australian Light Horsemen, my boys,
Were always to the fore.
Archie Norris and Billy Cook
Have now all kissed the Book.

Chorus.

CHAPTER III.

BOELCKE'S LAND OF PROMISE.

On the 28th of October, six Halberstadters and Aviatiks attacked two English aviators in the neighbourhood of Pozières. During the fight six fresh enemy machines came to the assistance of their friends. At the end of five minutes of furious fighting two German machines collided. Pieces of the machines fell, and one of them descended toward the East. The fight lasted 15 minutes, at the end of which time all the enemy machines were driven off.

It is probable that it was during this fight that Captain Boelcke was killed. It was, in fact, at this date that the German wireless stated that Boelcke had been killed owing to a collision in the air.

In a letter which he wrote to a friend a few days before his tragic and still unaccountable death, Boelcke, the best-known and most successful of the German aviators, said:

"The Somme front is a positive land of promise. The sky is filled with English airmen."

Boelcke expressed, under the guise of a kind of sporting self-congratulation, the astonishment of his fellows at the way in which the British flying service had developed.

A large number of documents found upon German prisoners give evidence of a no less striking kind upon the same point.

"Our air service," says one of them, "practically ceased to exist during the Battle of the Somme. At times the sky seemed black with enemy machines."

Another says:

"We are so inferior to our opponents in our air service that when hostile machines fly over our own lines



6. A BRITISH AEROPLANE.

we have no recourse but to hide ourselves in the earth. Now and then a few of our machines attempt to go up, but it is only a drop in the bucket."

Finally, for one must not pursue this subject too far, a General Order has been issued to the German Army to the effect that when troops are marching they must halt and take cover whenever a British machine is known to be in their vicinity; for the English are in the habit of flying sufficiently low over the invaded territory to use their machine-guns against moving troops and convoys.

To this evidence from enemy sources I may perhaps add my own. I assert, then, as definitely as it is possible to do it, that one of my most agreeable surprises, during my visit to the British front, was the discovery of the great numbers and unceasing activity of the British aeroplanes. Whether I was in the firing-line or behind it, my attention was being constantly drawn to the movements of the British air service.

On the 15th of September the total number of hours during which flying was carried on upon the British front was 1,300. Reckoning that each aviator flies, on an average, for two hours, it is possible to form an idea of the number of machines which were in the air on that day.

During the last Battle of the Ancre the British planes of every kind, for bombing, fighting and directing the gunfire, seemed always to be over the German lines; and on one fairly still day I was able to count as many as 30 of them in the air at once, and this on a comparatively narrow sector.

Behind the lines I went to see numerous aviation camps, instruction camps, depôts of munitions, etc. They were like so many beehives, models of organisation, order and method. The pilots, the observers, the mechanics, everyone, seen at close quarters, gave me an impression of a very unusual power and intelligence, and

inspired me with the same confidence with which their own mastery of the air has so long filled them, ever since, indeed, they wrested it from the enemy.

Perhaps it may not be labour lost if, in order to get a right understanding of the present very satisfactory and praiseworthy position, we review shortly the history of British military aviation since the beginning of the war.

England had not wished for war; nor had she prepared for it, and while aviation seemed to her a marvellous achievement of the human brain, she was far from thinking that she was bound to make use of it in order to injure mankind. This is why her military air service, like her whole Army, was in no more than an embryonic condition when she found herself faced with the grim reality of this war.

Far more than the exigencies of the campaign on the continent, it was the repeated raids of the Zeppelins over England which caused her to devote herself to the development of her aviation.

The undertaking bristled with difficulties. We should be wrong, were we in France, to suppose that we are the only people the story of whose aviation has been marked by crises. Our Allies, though their practical nature is proverbial among us, were forced to experiment and grope their way for a long time before they could arrive at a solution of the many knotty problems of aerial defence.

A complete lack of any central authority, a division of responsibility between the various staffs, nobody to decide as to how machines should be employed or how built, waste of every kind—the English have experienced all these troubles. But how admirably they have surmounted them! The proof is that now the only resource of the Germans is a servile imitation.

This spirit of imitation among the Germans has shown itself most markedly in these last weeks, during the progress of the Battle of the Ancre. The Germans set out

by collecting a large number of aeroplanes on a very narrow front. Then they began to show some signs of taking the initiative with a daring to which we were little accustomed.

Did they really hope to wrest the mastery of the air from the English? I do not know. In any case their attempt began badly; for when, 40 in number, they met 30 of the British machines, they could discover no better way of saving themselves than by flight, after a quarter of their number had been put out of action.

It was about this time that General von Groener, a man of energy and resolution, called upon the German aeroplane factories to increase their output; and that Mr. Lloyd George in England, while giving publicity to this new effort of Germany, exhorted his fellow-countrymen not to allow themselves to be overtaken by their enemy.

Boelcke may rest in peace. His land of promise can only grow greater and breed birds more rapidly.

After this, what need one say more of the technical skill and the often heroic courage of the British aviator?

The French and British airmen form, indeed, one great family of heroes, and our men have, in King George's Army, cousins who are as like them as brothers.

At this point I will do no more than offer for your consideration a document and a story.

The document is a letter, sent from Germany to his friends by an English aviator, Lieutenant Tudor-Hart, on the 25th of this July. I should blame myself were I to alter one word of it.

"I was," he writes, "with Captain Webb at between 12,000 and 15,000 feet above the German lines, when we saw eight German machines coming towards us from the South-west. They were higher than we were, and we went towards them to attack them. Two of them passed about 300 yards above our heads: I opened fire on one and they replied together.

"I signed to Webb to turn so that I might fire at the

other machine, behind us; but he made a spurt forward with the machine. I looked round to see what had happened, but Webb pointed to his stomach and fell forward upon the controls. I fancy he must have died almost immediately. His last thought had been to save the machine.

"It at once began to swing in the direction of the German lines, and I was compelled to return to my machine-gun, in order to fire on a plane which was getting too close. The other machines never stopped firing at us. My only hope was to make for our lines, but I could not manage to push Webb out of the pilot's seat, and I was obliged to manœuvre above the hood.

"I had to fire so often that it became impossible for me to guide the machine. At last, constantly under fire, I planed down towards a field near by and tried to land. I saw a number of men with rifles, and I thought that I might be killed before being able to set the machine on fire.

"One wing having struck the earth, the machine was smashed, and I was thrown out. I got off with one side paralysed, one ankle and one rib broken. I was very well treated, and the German flying men behaved towards me like sportsmen and gentlemen."

It is in this way that the paladins of this war both conduct and express themselves.

And now for the story.

There was once in England a rich man who interested himself in Art and Politics. His name was Lord Lucas. Life had always smiled upon him, and he had returned her smile. Had he wished it, he might have spent his life in slippered ease and lived from day to day without a care.

Choosing, rather, to become a soldier, he joined the Expeditionary Forces during the South African War. He was wounded and lost a leg, but this in no way deterred him from being of service to his country.

When the European War broke out, Lord Lucas was the Minister for Agriculture in the Asquith Cabinet.

He felt shame to be engaged in such a vapid business as Politics now appeared, and he resigned. Next we find him volunteering for the British air service. In spite of his artificial leg, he went through his training, was hurt, got cured, and returned to his work and never rested until he had flown over the German lines. One day Lord Lucas, millionaire, artist, ex-Cabinet Minister, and, above all, soldier, failed to return to his squadron. The Boches alone know whether he is dead or a prisoner.

The man who told me the story of this splendid life was the best friend of Lord Lucas, and he was worthy to be it. I asked this soldier, a peer himself and himself wounded, if in England, as in France, commissions in the air service were much sought after. In reply, he pointed to two great birds, and said: "We admire them, Monsieur, as you do, and, like you, we envy them."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SQUARE JAW.*

The British soldier does not concern himself with Politics. It is not in his character to do so; moreover, any such conduct is against the rules of his profession. And so, since discipline "is the first weapon of Armies," the British soldier respects it above everything else.

The Englishman has a passion and a profound respect for method. Method requires that Politics should

* Of the two articles which follow, the first ("The Square Jaw") was written on the 9th of December, during the crisis caused by the successive resignations of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith.

The second ("The Moral of the British Armies") was written on the 19th of the same month, the day after Germany made her official offer of peace.

be the business of Ministers and Politicians, and that war should be carried on by soldiers. Method, says the Englishman, demands that everyone should stick to his own work and his own place. Without this, anarchy must ensue. Now there cannot well be anything less anarchical than the British Army.

It is their order and discipline which most powerfully and most quickly impress the Frenchman who is permitted to live for a time among the Armies of England. These qualities, let me hasten to add, are also the least superficial, and thus afford the surest test of the value of these Armies.

Observe that it is not by collecting together a body of indifferent natures, passive temperaments and personalities more or less irresponsible, that this order and discipline have been infused into the British Army. The level of capacity of this Army is, moreover, by no means a low one; for it is one of the most intelligent Armies in Europe or in the whole world. The common soldier is not of one class, to the exclusion of all others. He does not represent one section only of British opinion. His corporate mind is therefore in no way a limited one.

As a volunteer, he thronged into England, at the beginning of the war, from every quarter of the globe, and by this voluntary act at once proclaimed his intelligence. To-day, as a conscript, he represents, more than ever before, the completeness of his country's will.

As for the officers, who differ from our own in their essentially aristocratic character, in them we see the direct expression of all those qualities of brain and heart which distinguish the leading elements of British society.

And so, if this army does not concern itself with Politics, if it is thoroughly disciplined, if it contents itself with "making war," it is because it prefers to do these things.

It is, moreover, excellently informed of everything which happens outside itself, whether in England or else-

where, and in this respect differs considerably from the German Army which lies beyond its trenches. A Boche prisoner, recently taken, owned that neither the newspapers of his country nor any letters ever reached the German troops in the front lines. As each day comes, its history is told to our enemies by word of mouth only; that is to say, after the fashion which best suits their rulers.

Among the English there is very little heard or said about peace, or about the objects for which they are fighting; but they read, and they read continually. The soldier follows the course of events as well in his letters as in his newspaper.

And in what does his knowledge consist? What does he know?

He knows that the Army to which he belongs owes much to that French Army which he admires so deeply, and by whose side he is proud to fight for the interests which their natures share. He knows that to the British Army is secured, from now onwards, one of the chief factors of invincible and victorious strength—numbers. He knows approximately the number of his effectives, and he would gladly, by crying it aloud, shake the confidence of the enemy and confirm that of his friends.

He knows also that the second factor of his strength—material—while it is already considerable and probably equal to that which his opponents possess—does not represent a quarter of what the coming year will produce. He knows, from having done it again and again since July, that not only can he resist the enemy, but defeat him; and he awaits confidently the hour of triumph.

Hence his firm, his unshakable determination to obtain victory on his own terms; hence, also, it follows that no thought or hope of a premature peace ever disturbs his mind.

And if no one else remained to fight, he would go

on, for—he says it himself, and one cannot but believe him—he has “a square jaw.”

It is important, in the present condition of affairs, that the French public should make no mistake as to the opinions of the British soldier concerning the war and its sure conclusion.

About this no one can be under any delusion. Everywhere on the British front there is but one opinion—that the war must be carried through to the end; that is to say, till the inevitable victory of the Allies has come to pass; and that it would be a crime against the Homeland, the Allies and those comrades who have fallen, to listen to proposals for a peace which would be consistent with neither the intentions nor the interests of England and her Allies.

During my visit of two months I have seen the larger part of the British front from the Somme to the Yser. Everywhere I have met with the same spirit of determination. This state of mind may be explained in various ways; the perfect confidence which the British Army feels in its Commander-in-Chief, Sir Douglas Haig, “the lucky,” as the soldiers call him; the regular growth in the numbers of the effectives, which, though I may not disclose these figures, exceed the estimates of them usually made in France; the tremendous development of material and in the output of munitions; the magnificent successes gained on the Somme and the Ancre, which have given rise to the certainty of being able to defeat an enemy formerly said to be invincible; etc., etc.

Without doubt, the war goes slowly. Tommy admits it, but he begs you to observe—and justly—that on every occasion when his infantry has come to grips with the Germans, it has invariably beaten them.

“Besides,” he thinks, “perhaps it is not absolutely essential, in order to win the war and place England and her Allies in a position to dictate their own terms, that our Armies should hurl themselves forward in one final



7. CANADIANS FRESH FROM THE TRENCHES.

and costly advance over the shattered lines of the Germans." The British soldier is fond of comparing the Western battle front to an immense boxing ring, of which the complex systems of barbed wire which stretch from the North Sea to Belfort form the ropes. The war, on the West, has been fought within these limits since the Marne. It is possible that it will see no change of position up to the end.

But, as in a boxing match, it is not necessary, in order to win, to drive one's opponent over the ropes and out of the ring; in the same way it may happen that the German Army is "knocked out" in the positions where it is fighting to-day.

That, at least, is the opinion of the British soldier.

It is, indeed, no more than a paraphrase of that dictum, pronounced not long ago by General Nogi, and as true of the ring as it is of war: "Complete victory is to him who can last a quarter of an hour longer than the other fellow."

Tommy has no intention—no more than has his friend the *poilu*—of playing the part of "the other fellow."

CHAPTER V.

THE RELIEF.

The scene is an old trench of the French first line. It is midday. It is raining. It goes on raining. It has always rained. The sector is fairly quiet, and has been for an hour or so. Tommy sees a chance to write a letter.

Here in his dug-out—a miserable shelter which oozes water everywhere—squatted on the straw that becomes filth the moment it is thrown down, he is telling his friends in Scotland all his small sorrows and hopes; he is wishing them "A Happy New Year."

Suddenly his pen falters; the writer considers, stops writing, and, addressing the second-lieutenant as he goes by: "Beg pardon, sir," he asks, "may I say that they have moved out?"

"Certainly not," says the lieutenant, apparently horrified by such a question. "It is absolutely forbidden to say anything about this business. Do you understand, all of you?"

"But—but," someone ventures to say, "everyone in England knows about it already. The papers" and they show the lieutenant some newspapers which have come that morning. The officer takes them, glances at them, smiles, and says: "Oh, these journalists!"

On the front page of the paper a striking photograph is exhibited, showing an incident of the taking over by the British of the French front. Underneath is the following description:

"Tommy takes over the French trenches. French soldiers looking on at the arrival of British troops who are relieving them. This important operation took place at the front, at Christmas-time, silently, secretly and with complete success. The enemy, who was in many places no more than a few yards distant, never had any suspicion of this change, which has greatly extended the British lines and eased the strain which our gallant Allies have endured upon the Western front.

"This military manœuvre affords the best reply to the manœuvres of Germany in the direction of peace."

And so Tommy continues his letter in some such fashion as this:

"Now that the thing is done, I may tell you that we have left the sector of — in order to come down farther South, where we have relieved the French. It has been a fine chance to see our brave Allies at work, and I am tremendously proud to have taken their place in the lines.

"The thing has been done very well, although it

wanted a lot of care and was very dangerous. You can imagine that if the Boches had had any notion of what we were at, they would not have failed to do their level best to stop us or make it difficult for us; for it must make them very savage to see our 'contemptible little Army' always extending its flanks, without wearing thin anywhere, and so setting free first-rate troops for the French to use elsewhere.

"We came among the Frenchmen on Christmas Day.

"The roads were all as busy as on the day before the offensive on the Ancre in front of Beaumont-Hamel. We never stopped meeting French troops and wagons, which were going back towards the railway.

"We exchanged civilities with the *poilus* which neither they nor we understood the least bit. But I may tell you that it was pretty clear to me that they were not sorry to be giving up their places to us.

"On the 25th of December, after supper, we left our last camp and marched through the night for many hours, till we came to this French trench where I am writing to you now.

"The *poilus* were at their posts. It'll be a long time before I forget that sight.

"Although they were far dirtier and more tired than were we, the French, as they themselves say, 'had the smile.' If we had been allowed to make any noise, we should have cheered them. But we were only 38 yards from the Boche line.

"The officers and the non-commissioned officers gave the orders in whispers. They had interpreters to help them.

"As for me, I was at once told off to do sentry in the place of a great French chap, with a beard, who was a good 15 years older than I.

"As I understood a bit of French, I was able to make out most of what he said to me.

"'Good evening, my lad,' says he. 'You're a good

fellow to come and let me out of this. Shake hands, won't you?'—I didn't understand everything; French is so difficult—and he added: 'And now, young 'un, open your eyes and keep them skinned.'

"Then he gave me a great deal of very sound advice, showing me in which directions I must keep a good lookout, and telling me to have a care of a blackguardly German machine-gun which never has done sweeping their parapet.

"When he had finished with this he took his rifle out of the loophole, and I put mine there in its place. And that's how the big relief was carried out on Christmas night."

At this point Tommy was forced to interrupt his long letter, for the Germans had at last got news of the relief and were attacking the sector. In vain.

Next day Tommy finished thus:

"My *poilu* was right. This corner can hardly be called a quiet one, and Fritz is a bad boy, there's no doubt about it. Thanks for your Christmas parcel. The pudding was A1. Good-bye.

"TOMMY."

PART III.

THE ARMIES OF THE NORTH.

PART III.

THE ARMIES OF THE NORTH.

Flat calm on both sides of the Ancre; calm—or something like it—on the Somme. Let us take advantage of this apparent truce to get into rather closer touch with the British Army.

By this eight-day tour (though it has seemed, while we have been making it, a kind of intermezzo between two acts of the offensive) we had intended, particularly, to demonstrate to ourselves, by our study of the events and those who have enacted them, the dauntless determination with which our Allies, not satisfied to defend the heroic heritage which these battlefields of 1915 have bequeathed to them, now prepare for the future.

In telling these experiences, one has to play the Censor over oneself. And so we may say nothing of the most important things of all. Everywhere throughout this countryside mighty Armies, in the most perfect secrecy, are doing their business, scattering, with prodigal hand, the seed of future victory. And the harvest will surely be gathered. And if, at this time of heart-breaking uncertainty, our journey enables us to do no more than declare that great things are assuredly preparing, this alone will make it worth our having undertaken it.

We did not set out, we three, with our permits from the General Headquarters, to make a sentimental pilgrimage over the battlefields that lie between Lorette and the trenches of French Flanders. No; it was a reconnaissance that we made—into the Future. ~ These sketches of the British Armies are, thus, no more than a study of latent forces.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRÉPARATION OF THE CANADIANS.

We spent the first two days among the Canadians. Let me recall a few of their performances. They sustained, in front of Ypres, the first great gas attack launched by the Germans. During the offensive in Picardy, being sent into the front line on the 15th of September or thereabouts, they stormed Courcellette and Martinpuich, and consolidated their forward positions on one side towards Grandcourt, on the other towards Le Sars. The rest of them kept the enemy contained.

To sum them up—an Army full of robust qualities, an Army of young athletes, inured by their own home-life to the physical hardships of the trenches, regardless alike of cold, fog and mud. An Army, too, of formidable size, since to-day its numbers are greater than those of the whole British Expeditionary Force of 1914.

We saw them in their lines—in camp. Our guides were certain young officers from Quebec, who spoke an archaic, melodious French, that was most pleasant to hear. Their names also sounded oddly in our ears; more than one of them recalled the old sailor names of Cherbourg, Saint Malo and Lorient. They told us what joy they found in fighting for their two Homelands—England and France.

While we were crossing a wood near A——, one of them told me, gravely: "I have been here since our good God made the little apples to grow, but I have known neither regret nor weariness. Rather has this life in France, this springhead of my race, made me know myself each day more truly."

These men and their leaders, indeed, do neither their training nor their fighting from any other motive than

duty. Their fighting has a kind of mystical quality, the passion of a young people, which makes them, behind their battle lines, a family of brothers, and, when they engage, an army of warriors who will lay down their lives for one another.

A few miles from the enemy, behind a redoubt, where thousands of French graves lie scattered, one of their divisions occupied some huts which our engineers had built. Almost everywhere the notices were written in French. In one immense system there were trenches of a hundred shapes all jumbled together. We saw, here, a demonstration of a surprise attack against a machine-gun emplacement on a redoubt of the German pattern. This manoeuvre was no more than an illustration of theory. The captain who had charge of it had, during the previous night, himself led an attack against the Germans. From it he had returned with three things—a slight wound, two prisoners and the Military Cross.

Elsewhere, at the edge of a mine-crater, we listened to a lieutenant grounding his men in the art of trench-digging. A trench should be made irregularly, in accordance with the natural variations of the soil. All of which the lieutenant summed up thus: "To do this job well you must do it badly."

A company of Canadian gunners were practising with a trench-digging machine, invented in England, which had done well on the Somme. Suddenly one of them, to his horror, perceived that a shell which stood among a hundred others was smoking. By some unaccountable means its fuse had caught fire, the match was burning, and in a few seconds, perhaps in one, the shell would burst. Were it to do so, the whole of this store of ammunition must go aloft, with the gunners and us and all.

And so this gallant little Canadian who has seen the danger, gives the alarm, and while we flatten ourselves

into the mud, picks up the shell in his plucky hands and throws it with all his strength out in front of the battery, where it bursts—and no one a penny the worse.

We could have fallen, for very joy, upon the neck of the gallant lad who had just saved all our lives. It would have been so silly to be killed in such a fashion, miles away from the enemy!

Farther on they were learning to handle a new trench-mortar. We were privileged to observe a little *barrage* fire. It made a noble shindy in the fog and a magnificent disturbance of the soil. These guns have been only recently introduced, but they are installing great numbers of them along the whole British front with a view to the winter campaign, for they have been an immense success. The Germans, in this field, at least, of experimental operations, have acquired this information at considerable cost to themselves.

In the same way we followed the open-air training of the machine-gun men. More or less every man has to go through it, so that if necessary he may be able to do this work. It is the picked gunners, who have shown what they can do in actual fighting, who teach the beginners the use of this terrible weapon, and it is with a most entertaining air of "the old soldier" that they give their instruction.

We saw the periscope rifles at work, the bomb-throwing and grenade-throwing rifles and other strange and terrible weapons of which one may not tell. What a rare museum we will be able to make up after the war! The collections of arms from the Middle Ages will sink into insignificance beside it. It would appear that for inventing ways of killing his fellows, the imagination of Man knows no bounds.

We came upon some sturdy Canadians, their hats stuck in their belts. A stout band of leather was round their heads. Slung across his shoulders one carried two heavy boxes loaded with shells; another, without any

effort, carried one of his comrades. These exercises were explained to us in this way. "It is the method of the Red Indians that the Canadians have cleverly adapted to the purposes of supplying their trenches or carrying their wounded. With it, one has no need to be a Hercules." With this system, strength yields to skill. They showed us a man who can in this way walk easily with a piano on his back. "It would come in handy for shifting a broken-down tank!" said our guide with a grin.

Here we are at the Canadian Headquarters, an 18th-century *château* whose walls are hung with early Flemish masters.

"France sends us welcome guests."

The man who gives us this genial reception is none other than General Byng, Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian detachment in France. He is a handsome fellow, slender, solidly built. In him an immense strength is found united to an exquisite courtesy.

Hardly have we become his guests before he is showing his confidence in us by permitting us to share in his secrets.

He has brought us in front of a huge map representing the field of his operations. On it he shows us, with a most worthy pride, the dispositions of all his divisions, brigades and battalions.

While we are chatting, an officer of the Intelligence comes in. He has an unfortunate piece of news for the general, and so for us—the fall of Bucharest.

"At dawn this morning," he says, "the Boches began cheering in their trenches. Then they pushed up above their parapets placards which told us that the Rumanian capital had been taken. Also, one of our listening-posts got a German wireless put purposely into English, which said: 'Bucharest is taken. Hurrah!'"

For a serious moment or two we are silent.

Then someone ventures: "That's a nuisance!"

Another silence. The square jaws set a little more firmly. Then: "Carry on!" says our host.

CHAPTER II.

ARRAS, THE WOUNDED TOWN.

While I was in the British lines I visited Arras.

Everyone knows that since February of this year this ancient town has been included in that part of the front which is held by our Allies.

Soldier or traveller, whoever enters the ruins of Arras, is subject to the strictest regulations, which have been imposed for the sake of the security of individuals and the preservation of the general order. The steel helmet is obligatory, as is the gas mask.

Numerous notices instruct us "not to move about except upon the footpaths and hugging the walls. It is absolutely forbidden to use the middle of the roadway." A useful precaution in a town whose outskirts are held by the Germans.

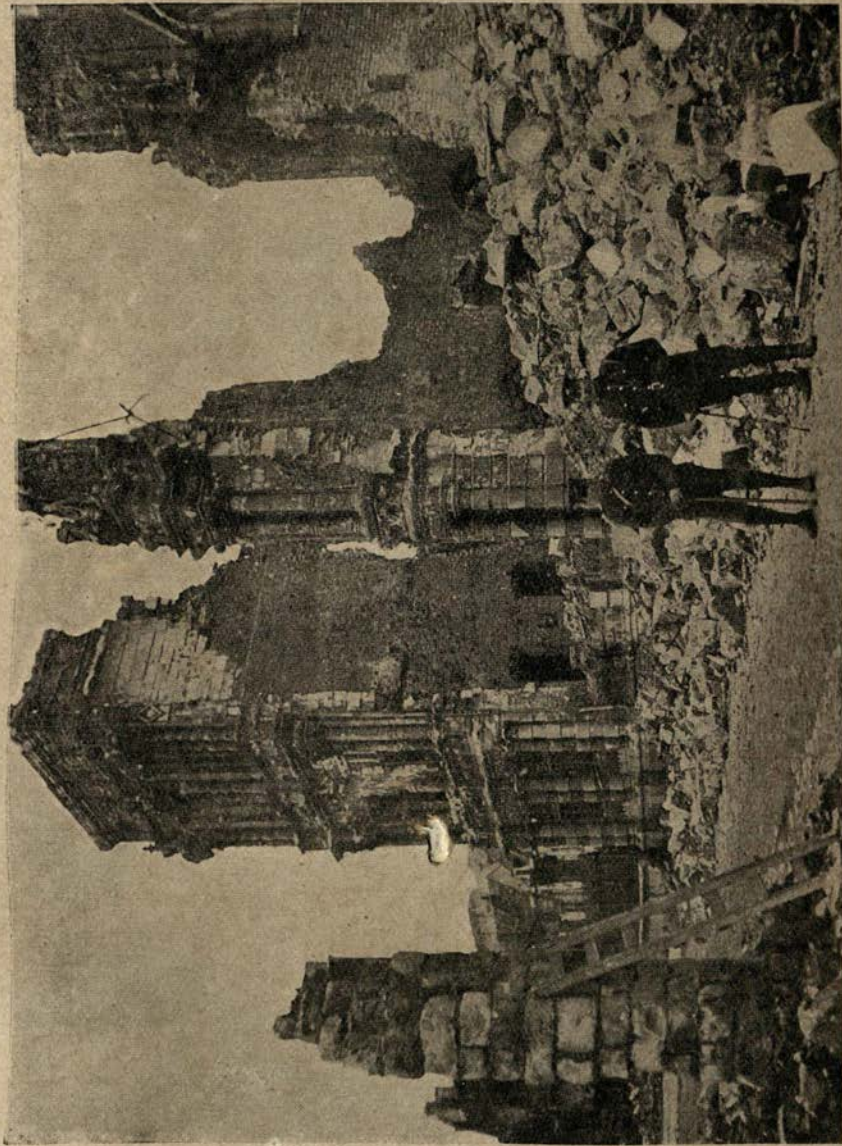
The town is divided into districts. On notice-boards are posted various directions such as, "Rendezvous Place No. 1." For there is no longer any Grande Place or Petit Place or any other spots whose names are known to the people of Arras—only Place 1, 2, 3, and so on.

I have noted, in this connection, the following, as a novel example of organisation and forethought:

"To civilians. You are not required to concern yourselves with military matters. If you talk about such things, you may come under suspicion."

A civilian warned is a civilian armed.

Such was Arras when I saw it in November, 1914,



8. ARRAS.

after the first bombardment, and so it was, or nearly so, when I saw it yesterday. And it was the same sorrow that I felt as I passed along those empty streets, where not one house is to be seen that has not received its wound, more or less mortal. The dismal impression may have been strengthened by yesterday's wretched weather.

We often say of some provincial town: "It is a dead-alive place." The phrase should be changed, or else it should be used henceforth only about such towns as Arras, Ypres or Verdun.

For two years not only the Germans but the weather also have been active to help the work of destruction; the Germans with their never-ceasing bombardment, the weather by destroying without hope buildings which might, till lately, have perhaps been saved. Everything rusts and crumbles under the rain, and in many places the wind has finished their work for the guns. Grass sprouts among the ruins; moss grows on stone and timber. The work of Death goes on, slowly but surely.

It is not a little astonishing to meet civilians now and then in Arras. Here and there the white head of some old man or woman appears from a cellar or from behind a bit of wall. There are some hundreds of such French people, who have refused to leave their homes.

They have sent away the "*jeunesse*," as they say, so that the Boches may have no more children to kill. They, the old folk, propose to stay and look after their ruins.

Yesterday I saw a woman come out of the half-open door of a little shop. She may have been 65 years old. Over the door was the sign, "Washing done here." She was a washerwoman.

I spoke to her.

"My dear lady," I said, "are you not afraid to stay here?"

"Bah, Monsieur!" she replied. "A little sooner, a little later. What does it matter at my age?"

"I had a grandson," she went on. "He was just 20 when the Boches came. They killed him close by here in 1914. My girl died of grief. The father is fighting somewhere or other. And so I came back. Here at least I can go now and then to pray for my boy. But not beside his grave. The Boches are *there*. That's where it is, Monsieur, on the other side of the road."

And she pointed to where the enemy lay, close by.

He is there, close by. You feel him; you hear him. For two years he has held the suburbs of Blangy, Ronville and Saint Sauveur. You hear his firing as if it was beside you. It is all street fighting here. In one place, indeed, there is no more than the width of a little street, four or five yards, between the trenches.

For the moment, however, this sector is quiet.

The chief amusement of the Boches is incendiarism. On regular days and at regular hours of the day it pleases them to light great bonfires in the town. This is how they manage it.

First they throw a few incendiary bombs at the prey which they have singled out. When the fire has been started and the firemen have come running to fight it, the Boches enliven the situation with shells, in the hope, I suppose, of feeding the flames with some human victims.

It is vastly entertaining!

As we came back we made the acquaintance of some very noteworthy British soldiers. They call them Bantams.

The distinguishing feature of these men is their height, which is below the average. There was a certain number of men in England who had been rejected for service in the ranks because of their shortness. As they were very

keen to fight, somebody thought of forming them into a special division.

And so the Bantam Division came into being. And these little cocks can fight to the death, like those in whose battles the villages of Northern England used to delight; and, little though they are, they grow, if one may say so, at once to the size of Titans.

CHAPTER III.

THE GROUND OF HEROIC DEEDS.

Last year the ground that we are treading, this cold and rainy December day, saw played out one of the most terrible acts of this terrible war. It shook for weeks together during May and June, 1915, to the thunder of vast opposing artilleries. Thousands of men moved over it and drenched it with their blood.

This ground has seen the French Army, in a transport of courage, bind for an instant the wings of victory; it has seen our battalions burst at racing speed over trenches that were deemed impregnable; it has seen Petain's men storm the Vimy Ridge and win a sight of the plain, the goal of their desires, their promised land. . . .

It has seen that!

I own frankly that, as I write these impressions, I am in the grip of an emotion which I do not even try to conquer. Perhaps it is because these events of May and June, 1915, are already so distant that time has magnified their tragic splendour till they have acquired a sort of legendary quality.

We reached this battlefield through the wood of Bouvigny, which lies to the North-westwards of the crest of Notre Dame de Lorette. In this wood, which is all

close thickets and has few large trees, just before the attack of May, an entire French division succeeded in gathering without being discovered by the enemy.

You can still see clearly, at the Southern edge of the wood, the first French trenches, in front of which, in October, 1914, after the evacuation of Lille, the German hosts were stopped in their march to the West. The breaking flood has eaten deeply into the slopes, as the sea has done along the Breton Coast.

Two years will soon have passed over this devastated spot. The grass and the moss have begun to take possession of the abandoned trenches, to conceal the shell-holes and the dug-outs, to cover up the vast wreckage of the battle, the dear relics of our soldiers. Nevertheless, we see everywhere evidence of the madness with which they fought hereabouts in May and June, 1915. Years, centuries, I believe, must pass before every sign of these things will be gone.

No doubt the bones that one often finds scattered here and there, refused by the ground, will crumble away and will return little by little to the dust from which they came; these little nameless crosses, made out of two sticks of different lengths fastened together, will vanish; but on the spurs of Lorette, as at Carency, or at Ablain Saint-Nazaire, there will always be something that will speak of the spring of 1915--the ground.

We were anxious to see the ruins of the chapel. We found them only with great difficulty. At last at the angle of a trench we came upon its brick foundations and a small monument, set up since 1915 by some pious hand. In a frame of wood and corrugated iron are three plaster figures, the Holy Family, which were formerly in the chapel, with this inscription:

"Memorial of the Holy Family of the Santa Casa of Notre Dame de Lorette. August, 1916. The Guides and Protectors of valiant soldiers."

This monument cannot be said to be erected—since it is buried—but it hides itself away in that part of the spurs of Lorette whence the eye looks out beyond over the whole district. In clear weather one sees the whole panorama of the German and French lines. One can trace their windings by Angres, Lievin and Lens, and good eyes can follow them right up to Lille. It is quite common, at any rate, to see the people of this invaded piece of France going about their business in the streets of, for example, Lens.

Opposite, to the East, are the chalky heights of Vimy, a little higher than the ridge of Lorette, on which we are standing. Their summits are at present held by the enemy.

We could not fail, while we were at Ablain, to compare the effect of the 1915 gunfire with that of 1916. This comparison can, indeed, be made wherever fighting had taken place before the Somme offensive.

In the sector of Ablain, Carency and Souchez our artillery had delivered a weight of shell, in May and June 1915, such as had never been known before. The enemy had been stunned by it. Yet, what a different effect was wrought by the artillery during the Somme offensive. At either Ablain, Carency or Souchez it is still possible to see that there is a village, and even to rebuild it in imagination. The skeletons are still standing.

But in Fricourt, Mametz, Thiepval and all the other villages which were under fire in 1916, not one stone remains upon another. In 1915 it was destruction; in 1916 annihilation. The advance made in the construction of artillery is written in the soil in unmistakable characters, and no one who is not an expert can conceive how the science of levelling things with the earth might be brought to any greater perfection. Our further advance along these lines must, one would say, be made downwards.

It is with deep regret that we leave these immense cities of the dead, where so many Frenchmen sleep under the sympathetic wardenship of our Allies.

CHAPTER IV.

A DINNER OF GENERALS.

This evening on our return from the lines we found the following invitation:

"Dear Sir,—The General in Command will be very happy if you can dine with him at eight o'clock."

We were, to tell you the truth, in such a state of dirtiness, so horribly muddy and so tired, that at first we wondered if it was possible for us to accept. But an invitation from a General—a General in Command—amounts to an order. And so we made a quick toilet and betook ourselves to the Head Quarters.

They had been established a mile or two from the little Flemish town, in a *château* built in the style of the Italian Renaissance, which we were able, unfortunately, to admire by moonlight only.

The General, who was surrounded by a brilliant company of Generals and Colonels, received us in the drawing-room. He made us welcome in the purest French, saluting us as the representatives of the Press of an Ally.

General Horn, commanding the 1st British Army, is a man about 60 years old. In this command he has succeeded Sir Douglas Haig, who is now Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces. He is a tall man with a youthful carriage. His whole person is instinct with

the force of a great leader. His eye is cold and stern, while thick, grizzled brows add to the severity of his glance. But he is a ready and an agreeable talker. It is clear that this leader, who holds in his hand the lives of 200,000 men, is, also, a splendid gentleman.

Once at table we are overwhelmed with attentions. Our hosts vie with one another in showing kindness to the Frenchmen. Here are men whose names are already famous throughout Great Britain; one day this war will make them known to the whole world.

We meet again, particularly, a number of faces which we have already encountered during our travels. General Byng, for instance, whom I have already had the honour to introduce to you; Curry, a General of Division, a square-set John Bull in uniform, with eyes that are peculiarly quick and intelligent. A man of business in time of peace, he won his General's scabbard during the first Battle of Ypres. (An English General is to be known by the crossed scabbard and sword, in gold, on his epaulettes.)

He said, speaking of this sector of his:

"I am proud to command my men in positions which you have made glorious." Brave heart! He has wept for his men. Here again is Brigadier Kitchen; 45, fair, blue eyes, well set up, a kindly face; he looks like a younger Kitchen. He has a career behind him, for he fought in South Africa. Full of fire, he should be a wonderful leader of men, of the order of Gouraud or Mangin.

Yet others —

And we talk. We talk as one talks round a table, that is, a little about everything. Our hosts listen with a lively interest to such news—it is fresh for them—as we can give them of the changes that have recently taken place among the military and political leaders of France. They are careful to keep their opinions on these matters

to themselves. At the most one can see that certain names are in good odour among them.

It is impossible also not to speak of Rumania, whose capital has just been taken. There is no doubt that what is happening in Rumania is vexing to our Allies, but they are not disturbed. My neighbour, without intending to do so, comforts my heart by proving to me mathematically that the misfortunes of Rumania cannot bring any happiness into Germany. He speaks of these things with a confidence in which sentiment has no part, but rather the scientific knowledge of the war—if one may say so—which is his.

It is from him that I glean this comforting detail—that the Germans have organised special companies to serve during the days on which the advances are made. Their troops in the front lines have now so little willingness and, indeed, power to fight, that it has been necessary to form special companies which the enemy moves hither and thither to meet any particularly strong attacks.

"Perhaps when we get to that point," said one of the Generals near us, "we shall begin to hear them bleating for peace."

"You are very certain of your men?" one of us asked him.

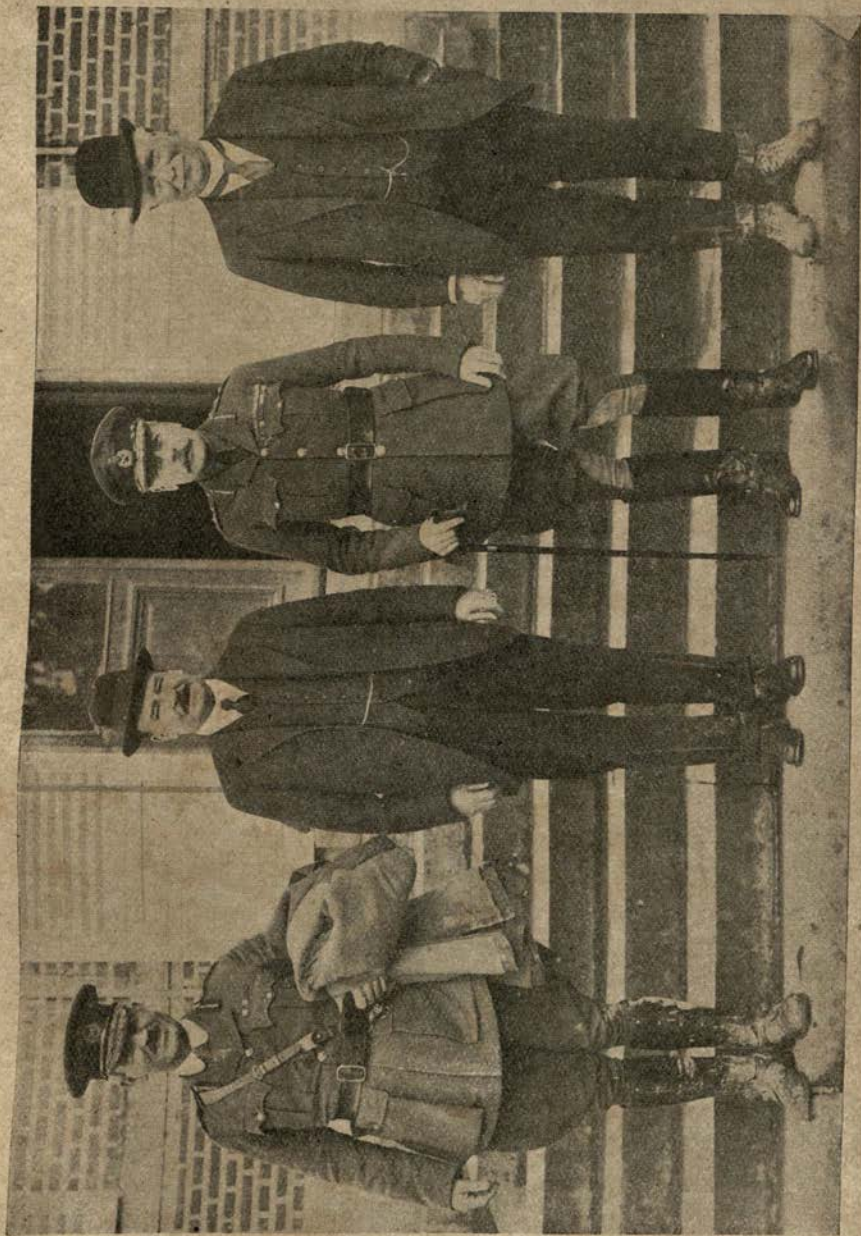
"They are full of beans," said he.

CHAPTER V.

WAR IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

Trains follow each other every quarter of an hour—endless trains, 60 truck-loads and more, all bearing the mark of five big French companies.

Some of these convoys seemed to have been borrowed from a museum of obsolete railways. The couplings



9. THE COMMANDER IN-CHIEF.

rattle, the buffers are out of joint, and the brakes squeak. Others come from Belgium. One can easily see by the repairs that they have undergone all the horrors of war. Others, again, emblazoned with the arms of Essen or Alsace-Lorraine, red in colour and cumbersome, are obviously prisoners of war.

A Minister has actually dared to bring about a real mobilisation of transport. He has ordered the seizure of all trucks in good condition, and the captured have gone to the front. All of them are overflowing with every species of coal. Coal! When one thinks of the shortage in Paris and the provinces of France, one can appreciate the sight of these millions of tons being rushed back from the front. Coal is the black bread of war. At the level crossings the British regiments going up into the line naturally give way to the greater urgency of these supply trains.

We have just come back from visiting, under the guidance of a Staff-Major, the land of shafts and mines. Certainly, war is being waged there, but in a curious way, as if it were added on to ordinary existence. B—, N—, les M—, V— are so many stages in our sooty pilgrimage!

In front of V—, after having wandered in these endless streets with houses of miners' dwellings, all exactly alike, we come upon a huge slag heap, 800 yards high, like some black pyramid. The neighbouring pits, with their sheds, lifts and air-shafts, are working as usual. We pass a party of miners, solemn and resolute-looking people, their ages varying from 16 to 40, who are going to relieve the workers in the galleries 200 yards below soil.

These civilian workers have just decided to do another hour a day. They, too, have behaved like heroes.

The smoking pits are not a stone's throw from the smoking cannons.

The howitzers concealed in the Black Country alternate their "boom!" with the sharper "crack!" of trench mortars.

A London motor-'bus, ingeniously disguised, crowded with soldiers inside and out, is carrying a whole platoon of armed men to the shelter of one of these slag heaps which line the roads.

Here, owing to the nature of the soil, the trenches cannot be dug down. Thousands of pumps would be wanted to dry this sector alone.

The Royal Engineers have overcome the difficulty by having recourse to the old system of breastworks. Here redoubts, facing all ways, strong points with sloping parapets, buttresses, bastions, half-moons, etc., are made with sandbags—the triumph of improvisation like the inventions of a Pacciotto or a de Vauban. But more numerous than the Tommies are the groups of women carrying baskets of provisions for their menfolk.

Under the guidance of the General Commanding the Artillery of the Army, we visited some batteries of 9.2 howitzers, those magnificent weapons of destruction. What ruses! What profligate conceits are used to hide these monstrous treasures from the enemy aircraft! After the war we must consecrate a whole chapter to those obscure painters, designers of "take-in's," who, working in the open country, succeed in faking the skyline and every aspect of the earth—nay, all Nature herself.

A forward observing officer hidden somewhere on the ridge, which used to be called the Hohenzollern Redoubt, has just rung up to say that he has spotted some enemy transport moving in the mist behind their lines. The map reference is immediately verified and the range ascertained. A junior subaltern blows his whistle. In a second N.C.O.'s and men are in position. Then they open fire, disturbing the peaceful landscape. Just beside the battery was a beautiful pond with two swans—the most unwarlike thing in the world. Five minutes later we hear that the shooting was good and the transport was scuppered.

In these miners' dwellings and allotments, where war

and humdrum life are so strangely intermingled, there are many alarms. Aeroplane bombs, gas attacks and hostile bombardments. When the siren starts, everyone—women, children, old men and soldiers—go quietly into the cellars and come up again when it is all over, as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

Such is the life in the coal country. The Tommies in the trenches, the artillery in the fields and gardens and the workmen in the mines. Endless strife above ground, endless labour below, each night, each day, the same.

France should honour these miners of Artois and Flanders just as much as her soldiers.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ART OF SAVING.

Our hosts were very anxious to show us their Base at Calais, and, the visit being over, we fully realise their reasons. The fact is they have achieved miracles of hard work and organisation, of which they are justly proud.

Dare I say that we had not taken full advantage of the port previous to the war? It is possible that in this matter, as in so many others, the war will have taught us useful lessons.

Why should Germany have consented to make such bloody sacrifices on the Yser if Calais had not been a prize of great value?

A complete study of a base like Calais would require days and days. We had only a few hours, and we only saw a few things, but things of the utmost meaning, as the reader will see.

Everyone knows that the wear and tear of an army in the field is not merely concerned with losses in men.

There is a huge combustion of materials which is almost as important. Even when there is no actual offensive there is considerable wastage of material, as also of men.

But just as the commanders of fighting units have taken appropriate measures to spare the human animal, such as sending troops back to rest for a certain time, so the heads of army administration have devised means of saving every article of "war-soiled" material. It is this organisation that we have seen at work in Calais. Nothing could be more instructive.

There exists in each British division at the front a divisional salvage company, whose duty it is to clear up a battlefield and collect somewhere behind the lines all damaged equipment—rifles, uniforms, bayonets, guns, empty cases, machine-guns, helmets, leather waistcoats, boots, etc.

This poor material, dirty, rusty, even blood-stained, is sorted out at the salvage dump and sent down to the base by train. We saw one of these trains arrive at Calais, and we were able to see some of the ingenious devices invented for dealing with this curious hotch-potch. All this takes place in an old sawmill, which has been enlarged to five times its natural size since the beginning of the war. A thousand skilled British workers and two thousand French women are now employed in the workshops. Most of the women are, in normal times, lacemakers in the town.

The men, skilled labourers in uniform, work by time, not by the piece. They earn eighteenpence a day—i.e., 6d. more than the ordinary Tommy in the trenches.

The women, of all ages, are used for light and not very exhausting work, and they earn on the average 3 francs a day (the trades-union price). What miracles take place! In the "snob-shop," the ammunition boots, glorious souvenirs of the front, which come back in a shocking state, are examined and repaired. Twenty thousand pairs a week. The hopeless pairs are made into laces. One woman can make 150 per day.

At the saddlery, harness and leather, covered with mud and blood, are cleaned as good as new. At the forge, wheels and couplings of gun-carriages are repaired. Elsewhere the essential parts of the guns are examined and all missing sections replaced.

In another place the dixies and camp-cookers, all dented and rusty, are cleaned and re-soldered. Old petrol tins are made into trench braziers. Steel helmets recover their form, picks and shovels their handles, and all the iron that cannot be made use of is sent back to the foundry to be melted down for ammunition.

Over the door of this war factory might be inscribed the motto of Lavoisier, with a slight addition:—

"Here nothing new is made, but nothing old is wasted."

The science that is taught and practised is the science, hitherto too little known, of economy.

That is the reason why many men of the world (and others) should, like us, visit this base.

CHAPTER VII

"BROTHERS IN ARMS."

The Times, through the medium of its distinguished representative with the British Army, Mr. Robinson, has recently published a very laudatory and somewhat flattering article on the attitude of the French soldier and the civil population of France towards the British Expeditionary Force.

"It must not be forgotten," said the great journal of the metropolis, "that we are foreigners in France. Thus the spectacle of good-comradeship which we witness every day is altogether honourable to our French hosts."

We must be allowed to say in our turn that never before

has it been so easy to practise the military virtue of comradeship, for my countrymen are fully alive to the tact and perfect courtesy of the officers and men of King George.

There is nothing to add to what has been known from the beginning about the relations of the soldiers of both countries. Even before the military prowess of Great Britain had been proved on the field of battle, her collaboration in this war was desired by our soldiers and civilians alike. We will always remember with emotion the fateful days of 2nd and 4th August—when we asked ourselves, "Will England fight with us?" Then, when that foolish Emperor of Germany talked of General French's "contemptible little Army," we had in France the presentiment that the British Army would be able to take its revenge.

Recent events have confirmed the early promise of fine achievements; the battle of the Marne, the two battles of Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, Loos, the Somme, and the Ancre have sealed the friendship of the two armies.

Equally courageous and loyal, sharing the same ideas about the original aims of the war, enduring the same hardships, patiently bearing common misfortunes, and jubilant alike over common victory, the Tommy and the "Poilu" have become "chums" that will be difficult to separate.

Two sorts of "*agents de liaison*" have helped in the good work—these are the French interpreters and the Staff officers of the French Mission to the British Army.

The former, a goodly number, well chosen, well-bred, and well educated, have been, each in his own unit, sowers of the good seed of Franco-British friendship.

The latter, a very small number (the result of careful sifting), having a consummate experience of war, most of them possessing honourable wounds, highly educated, some writers of reputation, known all over the world—such as the author of "*Quand on se bat*"—deserve our utmost thanks for their work with our Allies which they have carried out so brilliantly.

The question of the relations of the British Army with

the civil population is delicate in appearance only. As a matter of fact, a mutual goodwill from the very start has removed all suspicion of awkwardness and strain.

The danger was obvious. In the records of history it is impossible to find a case of a country tolerating without a murmur the presence of a foreign army, even an allied army. This miracle has been rendered possible by the goodwill of the French, fully understood and recognised by our friends, and by the tact and common sense of the British.

Far from assuming an attitude of conquerors, which would most certainly have estranged the sympathies of the patriotic inhabitants of North-West France, the British have rigorously respected our manners and customs.

Our administrative organisation has been maintained. We have still our prefects and sub-prefects, our tribunals, justices of the peace, savings banks, postal services and schools, living in absolute independence in the midst of the British war machine.

Better still, our own military organisation still exists. In every part of our country occupied by the British our Army has its representatives, such as workers on the roads, Army Service Corps units, and military police.

All this crowd, civilians and soldiers alike, "carry on" without the smallest hitch or quarrel with our British guests. This occupation of our territory, carried out with so much understanding and discipline, could not possibly cause any discontent among our peasants.

Over and above the protection of a rich district, the British Army has developed commercially a great number of ports and inland towns, has created industries hitherto unknown, increased the railways, put to the utmost use the resources of the country, and, in fact, has improved local commerce in every respect.

Those who listen to the vile insinuations of the Germans and impute to the British the desire of remaining in France

after the war, little understand the love of every British citizen for his native soil and his respect for our own independence.

In order to divide our two friendly nations the Germans must find another trick. Some money, great sympathy, and, alas! many dead, are all that will be left of our friends in France after the war.*

* From the last despatch of Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig :

"I cannot close this Despatch without alluding to the happy relations which continue to exist between the Allied Armies and between our troops and the civil population in France and Belgium. The unfailing co-operation of our Allies, their splendid fighting qualities, and the kindness and goodwill universally displayed towards us have won the gratitude, as well as the respect and admiration, of all ranks of the British Armies."

PART IV.

IMPRESSIONS OF "NO MAN'S
LAND.



10. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PART IV.

IMPRESSIONS OF "NO MAN'S LAND."

CHAPTER I.

AS IN A PICTURE OF EPINAL.

Yesterday I met the Prince of Wales in the lines. The Prince of Wales! What does that name not say to a Frenchman!

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. A small, soaking rain was falling over the dismal plateau where once stood so many smiling villages and fair woods, now ruined, whose names, immortalised by British valour, must live for ever in history.

It was close on nightfall. Through the sticky, heavy mud troops and wagons crawled towards the firing line. The men, with naked chests that defied the bitter cold, sweated furiously under the load of their equipment. Horses with huge, hairy feet, mounted by Australians like so many cowboys, struggled, foaming, to drag the huge lorries through the deep ruts of the roadway.

Men from the pioneer battalions, directed by Engineers, worked with pick and shovel to drain away the water, to rebuild the fallen embankments, or to fill up boggy places. So while the guns roared, methodically and in silence the Army prepared the soil for Victory.

Suddenly, into this microcosm of the war, came a body of horsemen, climbing towards us up the slopes of the plateau. At their head rode a lad whose features were so refined and so delicate that I could not choose but remark him.

I have already met in the British battle lines several

faces of this kind. They are almost feminine. They are like miniatures.

My eyes—may I be forgiven—dwelt upon this boy with a complete lack of respect. He looked between 18 and 20 years old at the most. He had cocked his cap a trifle over his left eye, and his fair head was cropped close as rabbit's fur.

"Did you recognise him?" someone asked me.

"Who?"

"The Prince of Wales."

The Prince of Wales had gone by.

It was only then that I noticed the British soldiers standing to attention and saluting the Prince with "eyes right" as he went along amongst them. The officers, too, saluted him with more ceremony than is usual. And he, as he rode slowly past, very charmingly acknowledged the salutes.

I have learned only this morning that a little farther on, at the highest part of the plateau, the Prince left his horse and—this is a thing that he is very fond of doing—joined a relieving party for a piece of its journey. He returned in the evening to the simple quarters which are his.

A Staff Captain at twenty-three, the Prince, heir to the Crown of the British Empire, is a pattern of the best soldierly qualities. He can only live happily among the soldiers, with whom he is prodigiously popular.

It is said that he would have liked to do still more.

One day he asked permission of Lord Kitchener, who was then Secretary of State for War, to perform the ordinary duties of an officer with his regiment, the Grenadier Guards. He proposed to lead his men in an advance.

But Kitchener refused absolutely, and we can imagine the valiant argument which ensued between Prince and Sirdar—the one all youth and pluck, the other concerned alone with the welfare of the Empire.

The Prince ultimately was obliged to yield to reasons of State. It was a soldier's first victory—over himself.

CHAPTER II.

A HERO AFTER THE MANNER OF ROLAND.

December.

General Vaughan Campbell, Brigadier of the —th Infantry Brigade, having done us the honour to pay us a visit, invited us, for this Thursday, to share his meal.

The General has made his winter quarters in a country house, beside which there is a duck-pond. An English breakfast awaited us; that is to say, a hearty welcome, no ceremony, and food of the best.

Outside in the park, under the trees that the hoar-frost loads, the brigade band favours us with the liveliest melodies from *Bric-à-brac*, *The Girl in the Taxi* and, above all, those *Bing Boys*, who seem fated to eclipse *Tipperary* itself in the general favour. It is three degrees below freezing-point. All round the band they have had to set a circle of braziers. I am on the General's left, a particular distinction which I purchase at the cost of sitting with my back against an open window, where I become the sport of a whole battlefield of draughts. But it is a cheap price for the company of General Vaughan Campbell.

This is one of the most popular men in the British Army. He must surely be the youngest of its Generals, for he is not yet 38. This very month King George has still further swelled the number of his orders by giving him the Victoria Cross. Only 250 men in the whole Army can boast of this honour.

The man's quality is evident. He is strength and good nature personified. With his rider's legs, his broad, short body, muscular yet supple, he is the picture of a sporting Englishman. The merry eye betrays the simple heart. The wind and the open-air life have tanned his face like a seaman's. He wears, moreover, an odd little cat's moustache, two red, bristling tufts, which makes one think

of the traditional musketeers of Louis XIV. A little time ago I saw him run in a two-mile race against some of his younger Staff Officers.

This General is a hero; a hero in that great style which glorifies every gallant action with the touch of chivalry. One evening in the trenches he performed a feat worthy of Roland.

The story is well known. In September last General Vaughan Campbell was a Colonel in the Guards. His regiment held the first line, immediately next to the Germans.

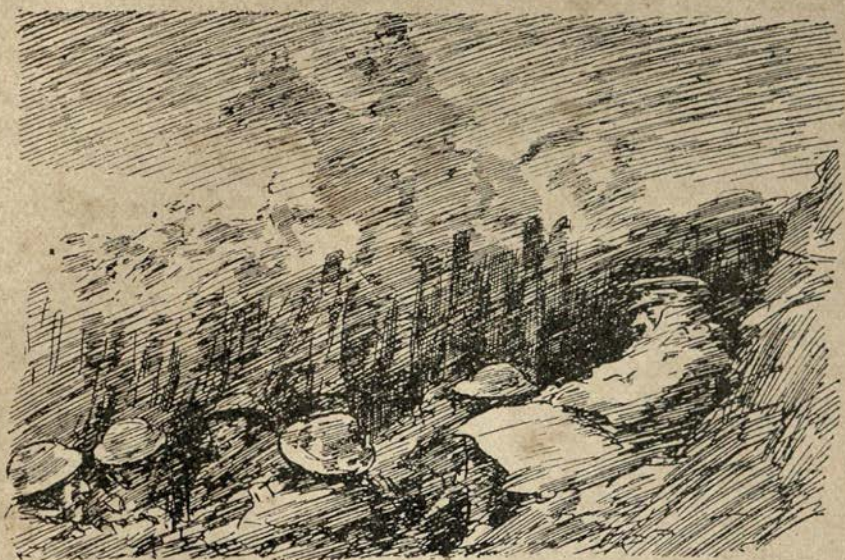
One evening the order came to attack at midnight. It fell to the Coldstreams to undertake this dangerous business. It was a sweet and tranquil autumn night. The men fought with sleep, harder to resist than any pain. But the hour for the attack had come.

This Colonel has a knightly soul. He perceives that his men, far from their home, living for ever in holes, and mud and fog, sometimes lose their vision of the true meaning of this war. It is their souls that must be stirred. And the Colonel, who used to be the keenest Master of Fox Hounds in Shropshire, recollected that he had among his things a hunting-horn whose call was clearer than any cornet's.

He got his men together, gave them the word to "go over," and then, jumping on to the parapet, blew "gone away" with the full strength of his lungs. As if in this fierce summons they heard the very voice of their own country, the Coldstreams, wild with delight, charged madly on the heels of this new Roland. The call of the horn sounded weirdly through the night above "No Man's Land." It is to these men like the bagpipes to the Highlander; a voice from the Homeland and the call of the Empire.

Colonel Campbell is the first man in the enemy's trench. His cat's moustache has become a tiger's. Even with his horn he lays about him. With it he stuns the

FORWARD AWAY!



THE DREAM



THE REALITY

11. A DRAWING IN "PUNCH" INSPIRED BY GENERAL CAMPBELL'S HEROIC ACT.

first Saxon he meets, to whose dazed eyes he seems like some spectre from another age. And two lines of trenches are taken.

All England has heard the tale. The Guards, whom the Colonel left but yesterday to become a General, have presented him with a silver hunting-horn, inscribed, in commemoration of his deed, with an account of it and this glorious motto: "Nulli Secundus." The King has rewarded his magnificent exploit with the rank of General. And the Empire has awarded him unhesitatingly that for which the bravest soldiers of this brave race rejoice to die—the Cross that bears the words "For Valour."

A little time after the splendid action which I have recorded a young girl, whose name is not known, sent the following letter to General Campbell. This touching message alone would be enough to illustrate this Book of the Friendship of France and Britain.

"Paris,

"8th December, 1916.

"I send you the thanks of a French girl for the gallant deed—the deed *à la française*—which you have performed. We do not know one another, perhaps we never shall, but in the sky there is many a meeting between the stars. Why should not souls on earth come sometimes, then, together?

"General—Paladin, should I not say?—I knew your country very little. I thought that the Divine Pity and the Greatest Beauty were unknown to you; that through your fogs the light could never find its way. And then you put your hunting horn to your lips; you were inspired so beautifully to go to your encounter with Death, your head held high, the music of your homeland sounding your advance.

"My ancestor fought at Fontenoy, and I can appreciate the refinements of chivalry. And so I beg you to receive my apologies. You have conquered much more

than a horde out of Saxony. You have disclosed to France the fabric of your soul, and you know that my country values above all the courage that can laugh and the dazzling chivalry that meets Death, as we say, in white gloves.

"And if, now and then, you are ever sad, think, I pray you, of the fair little twenty-year-old French girl whose ignorance you have enlightened, whom you have shown how to judge England. And if you have no love of your own, no woman's tender care to warm your heart with its genial kindliness, permit me to embrace you with all my soul. And smile, sometimes, to think that the daughter of an officer of France, the Land of Chivalry, is thinking of you.

"A Happy Christmas. A Glad New Year.' I wish you a great victory and a great love."

"Copy of a letter sent to General John Vaughan Campbell by favour of Monsieur Tudesq. Will you have the very great kindness to bring this expression of my admiration to the General? Accept also my congratulations upon your truly heart-stirring narrative.

"J. F."

CHAPTER III.

MIDNIGHT IN THE FRONT LINE.

7th November.

"So you knew those people that have just gone by in the carriage, Lovel."

"How should I know them?"

"Then why did you let them past you?"

"It's true, I wasn't strict enough. But they roared out such a G.H.Q.* at me that I didn't dare to stop them."

"Wave your lantern, Lovel. Here's another carriage."

So chatted, during this night of 7th November, on the road to Bapaume, two of His Majesty's Tommies. They

* General Head Quarters.

were two scrubby little Scotsmen. Each wore his tam-o'-shanter falling over one eye.

The night was almost beautiful; the sky covered with fleecy clouds, among which, like a great liquid eye, the moon showed herself now and then. We were going to spend the night in the English lines.

Very few sounds are to be heard. The farmers' dogs have long abandoned this unpeaceful country, and the crowing of the cocks, those earliest victims of every war, has even longer been stilled.

Silence reigns.

How is it, then, that this silence seems menacing? It only seems so. Stop a moment and listen. Do you not now hear in the darkness a host of little sounds? An invisible world is moving about us. Listen!

Yes, there is the sound of many feet on the road—not the brisk tramp of the parade ground, but the steps of the poor souls who are fighting their way through the mud. It is as if ten thousand little wings were flapping.

All lights are out. The long stream of motor-cars moves upon the road in perfect order. Midnight. Now the preparations for the advance are at their height. Now is the time when the reliefs come up, the blessed hour, so long expected by those who quit the trenches, by those who go into them so bravely met.

In their English helmets, which look like basins upside-down, caked with mud—already—to the eyes, with their rifles shouldered, slung, or carried in the hand, but each one carefully protected by its canvas cover, smoking their pipes, their chests thrown forward against the weight of their bursting haversacks, steady of step and bright of eye, the Tommies go forward to relieve their friends.

When they feel the need of a rest the men in khaki, quite regardless of the mud, throw themselves down on the sopping earth, and man, clothing, and soil become one. In this country of the dead you may hardly distinguish shadows from the objects which throw them.

Every now and then a despatch rider passes us—day and night, it is all one to these links in the chain of communication—a motor-cyclist, crouched over his handle-bar, hands and nose frozen, eyes red, his nerves on edge, skirting the side of the road, and sometimes remaining there, stuck. Or perhaps it is a horseman, leading his exhausted beast by its bridle, but determined, though he kill his horse, to get his work done before morning.

But now the horizon, black hitherto, lights up with flashes that seem to be lightning. These are followed by dull thuds. The British artillery has chosen this moment before the dawn to reawaken the Boche to the realisation of his own abominable existence.

Shall we climb this tree for a better view? Up there we shall see marvellously. We grope our way upwards. The wind, which has risen and now blows strongly, rocks the great tree and us with it in the darkness. It is delightful. Think of all the brave fellows who climb up here at all times of the day and night, to sit for hours in constant peril of their lives! A stimulating thought!

And what a fine seat for the fireworks! One doesn't miss a thing. See that blue light! And the red fire on the right! What's that glow—look!—over there?

"An eighteen-inch," says somebody. He means that they have just fired one of the great eighteen-inch guns. It is, of course, an English gun.

We continue our journey through the night, coming ever nearer to the firing line. Our guide knows every smallest path of this section like the palm of his hand—better, indeed, than his own London streets.

Here, lately, he got his first wound. There—where that anti-aircraft gun is lurking—he saw his best friend fall. And this place is not safe even yet. All round us the guns, great and small, sing their chorus to the night. Was not that snort thud, a moment ago, a 75? Odd, how things get mixed up nowadays! A 75 with the English! "Hullo, there! Can you tell us what that was just now?"

And now we are amazed to see an immense light which, how I cannot tell, has suddenly flooded the whole sky with a red glare. Our guide, who has passed months on end in the trenches, tells us that he has never before seen this appearance. It seems like an *Aurora borealis*, pierced to the zenith by a perpendicular ray, like an L, of a still fiercer red. And now upon this weirdly-lit background rise thick spirals of vapour. And the picture is miles long. Mysterious, deadly beauty, that the bursting of the shrapnel seems to applaud!

There is no mystery. A squadron of German war-planes has crossed the first lines in the darkness and dropped incendiary bombs where it has supposed a store of munitions to be. The perpendicular beam—a stripe upon that red cloth—is the ray of a searchlight, probing the dark sky. This *Aurora borealis*—this Northern Dawn—is the work of man, and will soon be put to flight by the dawn of the coming day.

"And what's that, Major?" one of us asks, pointing to a star.

"One of the good God's aeroplanes," says the Englishman.

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH THE MINE AREA.

In Picardy, November.

A nobleman, with blue eyes and the haughty carriage that tells of ancient blood, presented us to that diabolical young creature who is making such a stir in the world to-day, and will make a good deal more before she is done: Mademoiselle Crème de Menthe. Observe the "de." She is a noble of the 1916 creation. Nothing less than a Peer and a Staff Officer might fittingly act as Master of Ceremonies to a young person of such quality.

We made our bow with a civility which bordered upon that terror which nightmare alone can inspire. Consider how it would be, some mild, foggy morning, to come plump upon a *Diplodocus*. The scene of this presentation was an old mansion, with courtyard and park, whose gates were made illustrious by the arms of the La Rochefoucaulds.

This was our first experience as war correspondents with the British Army.

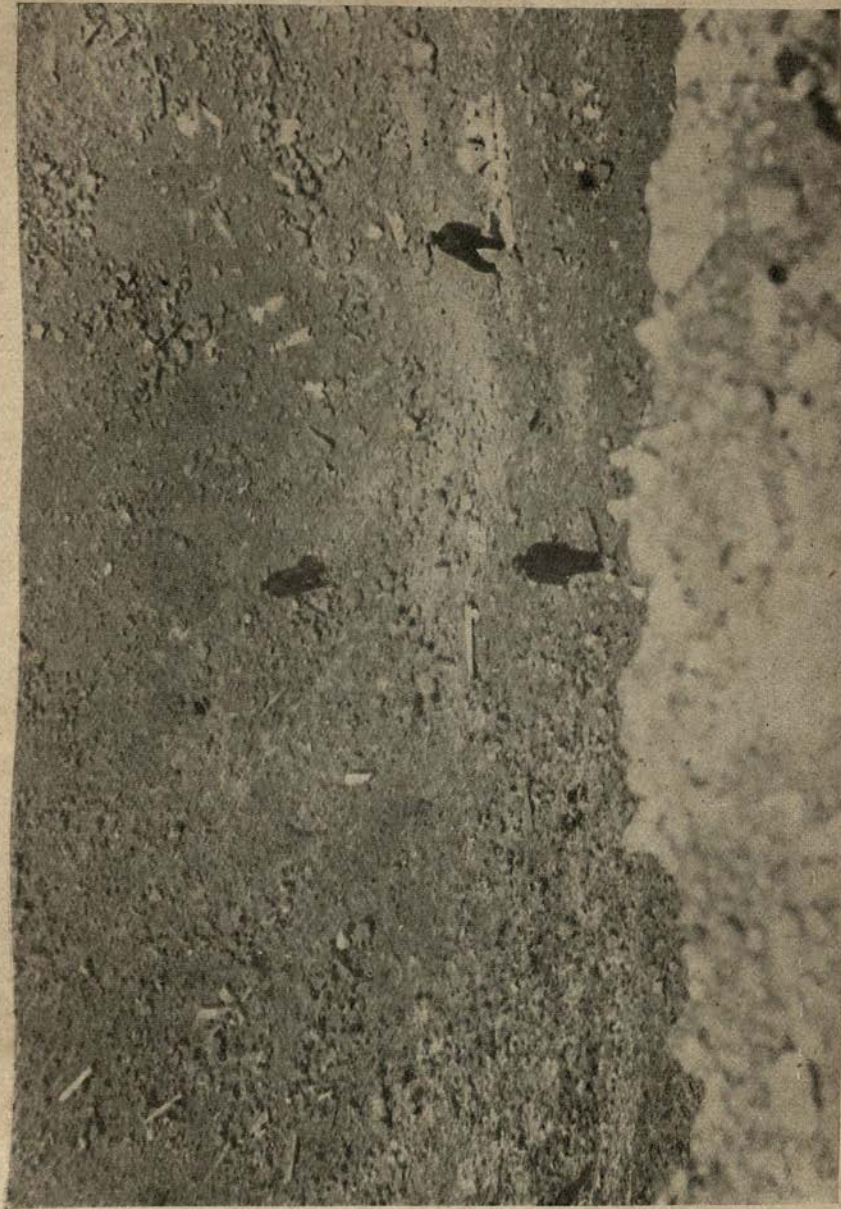
Our account of to-day's adventures will be no less fantastic.

Programme: A Journey to the Land of Mines.

We have had rain. Moving in opposite directions, the two streams of the traffic plough up the road. Commissariat lorries, motor ambulances, artillery ammunition wagons, despatch riders, the motor-cars of the Staff, and then, in the middle of this mad torrent of traffic, some country gig, creeping along at a jog-trot. The roads are a river of mud. We wallow in it frantically; we drown in unsuspected lakes. We suffer the modern equivalent of the punishment of Sodom and Gomorrah. At once we find ourselves being changed into clumsy statues of clay. It is not more cars that are needed to get forward, but those Venetian boats that glide along the canals before the strokes of a curved oar.

One does get on, however. And here we are at Albert already.

Ah! these little towns of Picardy! The German shells have no surprises left for them. Their houses gutted from roof to cellar, their churches that the guns have chiselled to new shapes, their farms that have neither roof nor wall, and seem, with their bare beams, like huge empty cages—these sorrows no longer count. Yesterday Albert was once again bombarded. What of it? The fronts of a few more houses have crumbled into dust. The great golden Virgin, who, 100 feet in the air, leans with crossed arms from her belfry over the



12. A MINE CRATER.

ruined town, has fallen forwards at a rather dizzier angle!

As in London or Paris, the police direct the traffic at the cross-ways and the corners of the lanes. The streets have been re-christened of late. One reads: "Oxford Street," "Cannon Street." We are here in the heart of the war zone. And in this strange country our little old French towns rub their eyes in wonder to find themselves, heretofore so insignificant, now in the very moment of their utter destruction, wakened to share the dignity of *capitals*.

Still more miles of mud. We leave the road and, with the heavy gait of sewer-men, move through the fields.

Far ahead, on the winding ridges, we see great white marks, like the letter "Y." They are the German trenches, dug in the solid chalk at the beginning of the offensive. It is as if someone had made chalk drawings on those slopes to amuse the aeroplanes. In front, following their lines, are walls of sand-bags, so high and so deep that they appear to be a citadel: the English trenches. It is a stiff climb. We hop from puddle to puddle like sparrows. Everywhere the earth is in heaps. Holes filled with water—shell-holes, you understand—have turned the whole place into a chessboard of sunken squares. Here, there and everywhere, sole lords of this "No Man's Land," stand the shells of the two-hundred-and-tens or the two-hundred-and-forties, like terminal gods, red painted. But the real surprise still awaits us.

Here may I ask you to recall to your most particular remembrance the landscapes of the Moon as Wells and Jules Verne have pictured them for us. Or if chance has offered you the privilege of leaning over the lip of Etna or Vesuvius, summon now your best recollections of the experience. We are on the threshold of a chaos for whose description the tongue of man is poorly equipped.

A plateau, according to the geographers, is a dome,

flattened or rounded, in the direction of Heaven; these plateaux, as war constructs them, are gulfs that lead down towards hell. Over hundreds of yards between the opposing trenches surges a sea of vast funnels. One stands amazed before them as before those abysses which open at one's feet among the Alps. Here the destructive genius of man has nothing to learn from the dreadful wrath of Nature.

It is raining. Bogs, where the grass is already sprouting between the yellow pools, lie in the low places, like those cold lakes that fill the tall craters of Auvergne. Here yawns an opening, propped with beams, and three-quarters covered with the continually sliding earth. A sap. There again stands a notice, posted too late: "Poison!—Danger!"

Wreckage of every kind—rusty tins, heaps of cases bursting with rotten bags of powder and saltpetre, litter these strange craters. And what an amazing efflorescence of old iron, grenades and bits of shell!

In this Land of Mines we find a symbol of the savage splendour of this war. All these carefully prepared horrors, all these apocalyptic monstrosities, for the conquest of an acre or two! One can understand why King George came here, as a wooden tablet records, to the edge of this fabulous, petrified tide race, to salute the victorious courage of the Empire's soldiers.

Beast-like around us roar the guns. Lightnings flicker through the haze. A line of skeleton trees jags the horizon—Delville Wood. To the West vague clouds of smoke from camp fires, vague heaps of bricks. This is all that we can call Mametz and Montauban. A sausage balloon rises jerkily—over there, towards Maricourt. One cannot speak these names with a steady voice. They are the foretaste of Freedom. And it is here, in the Land of Mines, that the foundations of Victory have been laid.

CHAPTER V.

THE MENACE OF THE GOLDEN VIRGIN.

I have now to tell of the reconquered ground, and I own that the description, which I cannot claim to have invented, more nearly than any other suggests the reality. Indeed, there are not in the French language, nor can there be in any other, for the imagination cannot conceive such things, any words that can give a just idea of so much wretchedness and desolation.

So I have thought a score of times, while, during these last days, I have been making my way over the plateau which lies between the Ancre and the Somme, a quite narrow section of the battle front. What would be my difficulty had I to describe the land that the French have retaken!

We had set out on our pilgrimage from Albert.

"Albert! That's an old story—ancient history. Tell us about something else," say those who look for new sensations.

Not so. We may not yet forget Albert, that ruined outpost of Picardy, for her sufferings are not ended. Within the last few days the Boches bombarded her from an immense distance. They only succeeded in knocking over ruins, since all is ruin at Albert, but "if one can't get thrushes one eats blackbirds," eh, friend Fritz?

"Well, Mother So-and-So," said an old fellow to an old dame the other morning in a street in Amiens, "when do you think the folks will get back into Albert?"

"Indeed, Father Such-and-Such, you know that as well as I do. When the Golden Virgin falls."

For a superstition runs in this country that the war will be near its end when the Golden Virgin, who hangs suspended—by what miracle?—between Heaven and Earth, from the top of the belfry of Albert, shall fall

to break in pieces upon the ground. But the trouble is that the Virgin "holds on."

From Albert to Fricourt, going via Bécordel-Bécourt, the road is hardly $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long. By this way one skirts in an almost straight line the South-western slopes of the plateau. A few steps beyond the German line that was taken on the 1st July, and we are in Fricourt.

You will look a long time in the guide-books that were held in esteem before the war ere you will find the smallest mention of Fricourt. Fricourt, Mametz, Montauban, Contalmaison and a dozen other villages that now can never be forgotten, did not exist for the tourist. He got on most happily without them.

Well, to-day all these villages can be found on their own soil no more than in those guide-books. That, Fricourt! This grey blotch in front of the wood of the same name! That, the Public Square, that rectangle of tree-trunks!

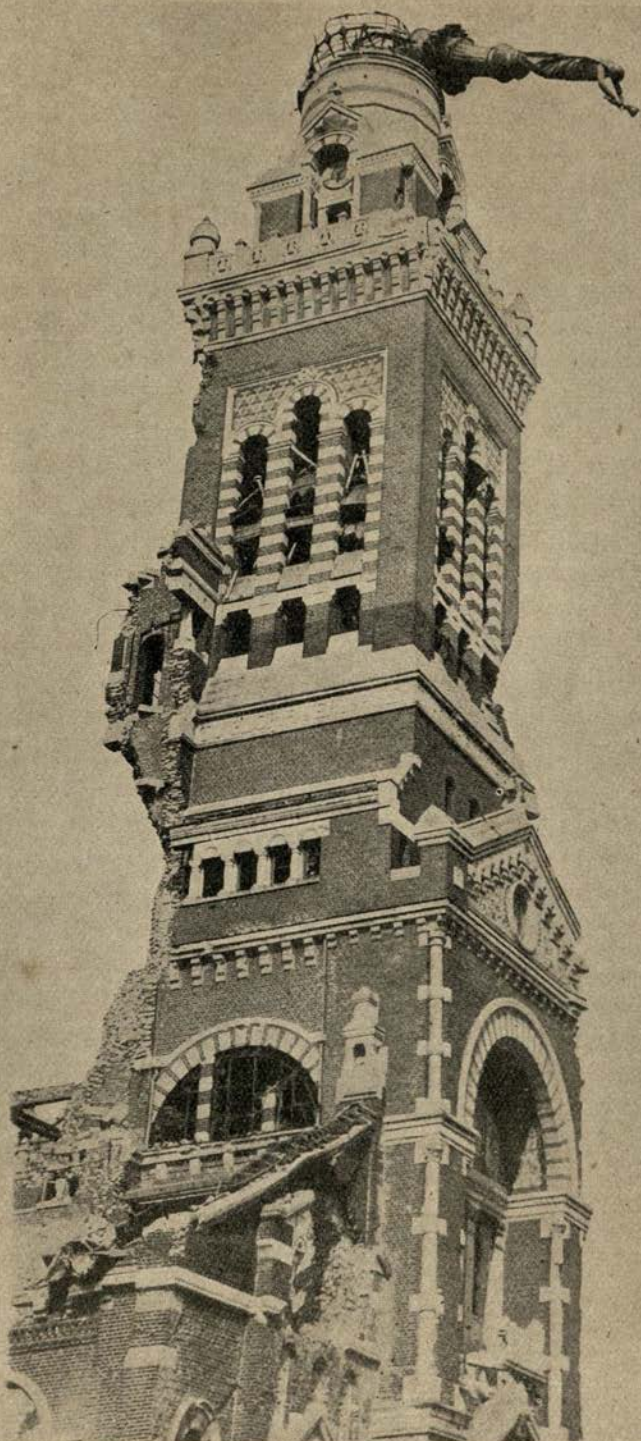
That? Yes, that is very surely Fricourt. All the villages are like that.

Let us get on and you shall see for yourself. A short climb, but a stiff one, and we are in Mametz.

You look about you and you see nothing at all. Believe me, I am not joking. The number of mounds and wooden crosses of every size that border the edges of the road tell us plainly enough at what a cost to both sides these ruined hamlets were captured.

Another fight with the mud and we are in Montauban de Picardie. Montauban looks over all this plateau that lies between the Ancre and the Somme. In clear weather one can see everywhere around, and towards the North-west the houses of Bapaume are visible. To-day the clouds are too low and the rain too heavy for us to try to see anything at all.

One can, moreover, look at nothing but the earth, for it is here that the story of recent events is most clearly to be read.



13. THE MADONNA OF ALBERT.

The first thing that one finds on entering Montauban is the little cemetery on the left. To enter the village it was necessary first to cross this cemetery; and to cross it, they had to "make jam" of it. Will you be so good as to consider what a cemetery is like when it has been made into jam? Grave-stones torn up and smashed, crosses thrown down, Christs crucified again, iron railings twisted grotesquely, vaults burst open, corpses. . . . Out of such a chaos, who shall ever retrieve the dear graves of his dead?

And see these gaping holes where once were houses, these cellars laid bare, the bellows of the blacksmith, bits of the trough where baker Moulin kneaded his bread, splintered pieces of the chemist's bottles, the whole stock of the draper's at the corner—ribbons, thread and remnants—a fragment from the porch of the town hall, and on it the word "*Egalité*."

Equality in suffering, one would say.

But perhaps we may find some sign of peace beyond the village in the little wood of Bernafay, which in other days offered a calm retreat to the weary and a shelter to lovers.

No! The wood of Bernafay is a wood no longer, and so it is with all the pretty woods of this neighbourhood, Trônes, Belville and Foureaux. How is one to describe this ghastly picture of roots, clayey soil freshly ploughed up, shattered trunks of every size, and dismal stumps, among which, none the less, the birds persist in their vain search for food and cover?

These trees will bud again; Nature will clothe herself once more in green; even the earth that lies about us will yield new fruits. But the villages? What magical power shall call them back to life, unless it be the marvellous vitality of France—France, who refuses to die?

CHAPTER VI

"RONNY."

This is not a Christmas story.

His real name was P——, but his name must not be mentioned on account of the family who mourns for him in a corner of the County of Surrey. We will simply call him "Ronny," as his school friends, and, later on, his brothers-in-arms, used to call him.

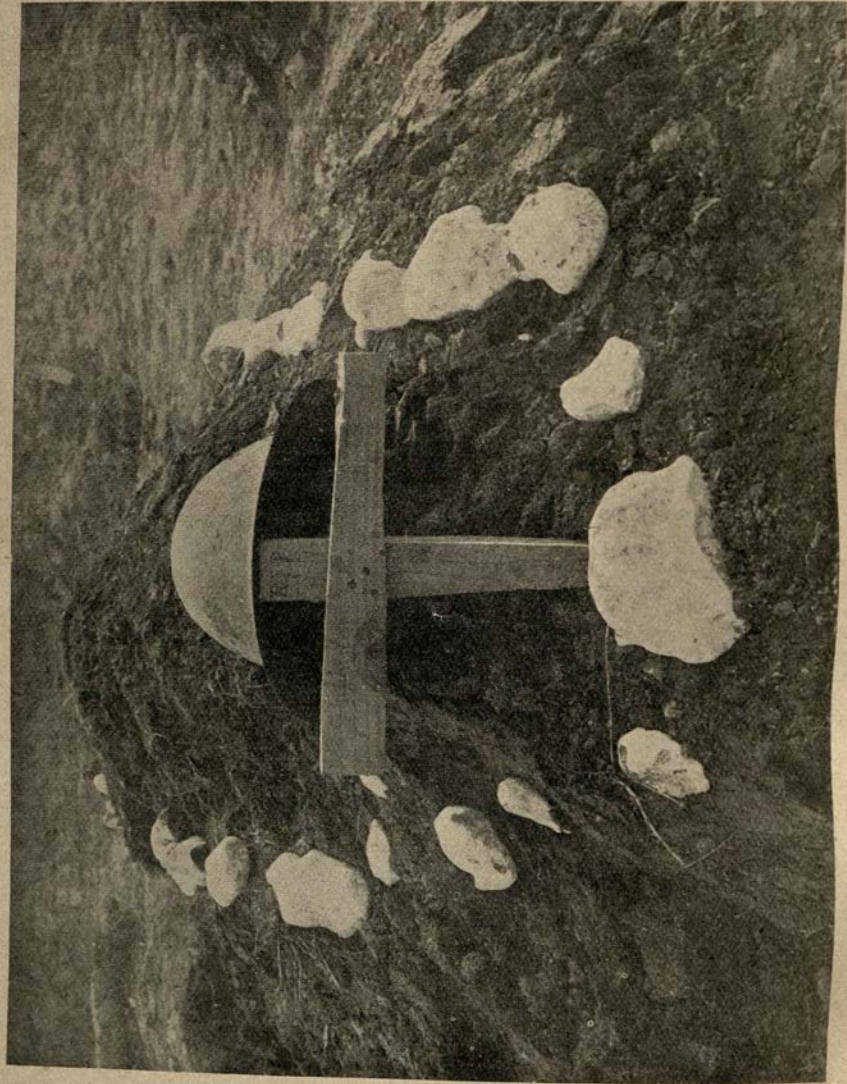
"Ronny" was barely eighteen years old when war broke out. He was full of spirit, and already had a knowledge of soldiering, so he volunteered immediately, and soon got his commission.

His appearance was incredibly young. Fine features. A well-bred nose and a child's eyes. When he first appeared in mess he was bombarded with amiable chaff, all of which he took in good part and replied with witty retaliation. He could exchange a joke without malice, like the good sportsman that he was.

Above all, "Ronny" was fond of his job. He threw his whole soul into the work of glory, which he accomplished with ease and grace, for he had rare gifts of leadership. You should have seen him on the barrack square with his men, this wisp of a boy. "Company, properly at ease everywhere." The moment he spoke, discipline and obedience reigned. The fact is, "Ronny" was "some" boy.

His Colonel thought him too good a soldier to leave behind when the battalion was ordered abroad, even though he loved him as his son. Then followed two long, weary years of fighting, which only served to draw these two (master and pupil) closer together.

On 3rd September, 1916, during the Somme offensive, the battalion was in action on the Ancre, and did gloriously. The day was won, but at roll-call there was no "Ronny." At first he was said to be dead, then wounded, but no trace



14. "MULTIS ILLE BONIS FLEBILIS OCCIDIT."

of him could be found, either among the dead or in the hospitals. So Captain P——, 20 years old, appeared in the official lists as "Missing"

One day the Colonel received a letter from "Ronny's" parents. They had seen his name in the lists. "What does this mean? They said 'Missing.' Can we still hope?"

Between men of the same county and lineage, whose heart and blood have but one pulse, there is no need to dissemble. "Your son was as my own," said the Colonel. "Our sorrow is the same."

So they mourned for "Ronny."

On 19th November two men, the Colonel and myself, visited, with heavy hearts, the field of the Ancre (a further edition of the same fight), still teeming with the heat of battle. The dead lay scattered around, some horribly mutilated, some struck down in the very act of fighting, with gestures of defiance to the enemy and their weapons—even to Heaven itself. Alas, for the vanity of all human ambitions!

As for me—you remember, dear Colonel—I was distraught and beside myself, and could only murmur, "Poor devils! Poor devils!" You were calmer, more familiar (is it possible?) with these horrors. Yet your sad eyes were a proof to me that even soldiers do feel.

I remember, as we turned to leave the field of death and honour, you looked back, and I noticed that just in front of you, right in your path, was a human head, already fleshless—a skull.

I seized you by the arm. "Stop!" I cried. Too late! Your heavy boots—— The thing crushed like a broken egg-shell. I heard you say, "God, if it were him!" "Who? What? Him?" I said. You didn't answer. You were on your knees. The decaying cloth of the collar yielded to your searching hands. The disc? Yes, there it was! . . . I hear you now! I shall never forget your cry: "Ronny, my Ronny!"

CHAPTER VII.

PIPING OUT THE DAY.

14th November.

It is just before sunset—the most impressive moment of the day in these British lines. Now, wherever the British soldiers meet their bands, the following picture may be seen.

We were returning from the trenches, a few evenings ago, at about four o'clock. The sky was cloudy; the ground heavy. As the night fell, a cold, penetrating fog enveloped the whole countryside. We were walking thoughtfully along, our minds busy with those impressions of the war which had greeted us, without pause, since morning. We said little, for we were very ready for our beds.

Suddenly, as we were entering the village, the sound of music reached our ears. It was the bagpipes. Music in this poor village, at this time of day, and in such weather! Here's a bit of luck! Hurry up, there! We hurry up; nay, we run. At last we reach the scene of action, where a most pleasant sight awaits us.

In front is the principal street of the village, with its double row of whitewashed houses. At the distance of a few hundred yards the fog swallows it up. That is the town hall, hardly bigger than the biggest of the houses, there where you see the *Journal Officiel* posted, and Abel Faivre's picture, "*On les aura!*"

The band is halted in the very middle of the road, facing the East. In front, twelve pipers; behind, eight bugles and side drums; between them, the big drum. The men wore the kilt flapping above their bare knees, the khaki tunic closely belted at the waist, the plaid on their shoulders, and the plumed tam-o'-shanter. They are magnificent men, with deeply-bronzed faces; and they are as grave as sphinxes.

At a word from the bandmaster the four bugles leave the ranks, and two by two, with measured steps, fall in at the head of the procession. Slowly and in perfect time they put their instruments to their lips and sound a retreat, or something of the kind. The air is very much the same as the "lights out" of our own infantry regiments. The bugles having gone back to their places with a repetition of their ceremonial, it is the pipers' turn. The twelve Scotsmen blow like one. What are they playing?

The unaccustomed ear of a Frenchman is puzzled to put a name to such music. Is it a dance? Is it a lament?

The song of the pipes swells out louder, and now the bugles and drums are to give it their support. But before touching their drums, the drummers, with the decision of automata, bring their heels together, throw out their chests, and then, raising their elbows face high, cross the drumsticks behind their necks.

Only then may they begin to play.

The Scotsman who handles the big drum hits it first on one side and then on the other, and each time whirls his free drumstick like a windmill. He is not perhaps a musical virtuoso, but there can be no question about his ability as a juggler.

And now the bandsmen, who have stood, hitherto, motionless in the middle of the village, bestir themselves, and, marking time to their own music, move forwards with a slow and majestic step.

The sadness of the music, the gravity of the Scotsmen, the falling night, the homeliness of the place, and a certain indefinable flavour as of some pagan rite, stir one's heart strangely.

Meanwhile, the village street has become filled with soldiers.

Various detachments, just back from their work, fall in along the sides of the roadway. The men, with their steel helmets and leather coats, their breasts exposed to the wind, look like the legionaries of Rome. Nothing is lack-

ing to this picture but the incense and the altar and the victims.

The short, sharp words of command and the clink of weapons mingle with the wailing of the pipes, while at their cottage doors the lonely wives of French soldiers look on calmly at all this bustle in their street. A little fair-headed girl beats time to the music with her left hand.

The night has been saluted by the armies of Britain.

The night may now come.

CHAPTER VIII.

Y GULLY.

Between Beaumont-Hamel and Beaucourt, near the bend which the Ancre makes where it turns to meet the Somme, there is a deep gully, about three hundred yards across, which the Tommies have christened—probably they were a trifle short of words that day—with the last letter but one of the alphabet. It is called Y Gully.

Up to the very last fight on the Ancre the German lines ran in front of this gully, to the West. The enemy made use of this most valuable hollow to conceal there his reserves of men and ammunition. Its western cliffs could easily afford cover to a full brigade of infantry—and, indeed, they did so. At the bottom of the ravine runs a railway, in peace time of the ordinary gauge. The Germans, however, had found occasion to substitute for it a Décauville, and this was used, under the protection of the little valley, by the three German lines which defended the summit against the British troops. The position seemed to be one of tremendous strength.

One could almost detest Nature, so often and so terribly does she seem to make herself the confederate of our most formidable enemies. But mankind, in the person of our

British Allies, has revenged itself upon her for this undesirable amiability, and out of a pretty winding valley, over whose blossoming soil the feet of lovers were wont to stray, has created this blasted gorge, this Gorge of Death, this Valley of Jehoshaphat, where one expects at every turn to meet with some mourning Jeremiah.

The Tommies who have opened the road for us to this abode of misery had to overcome the greatest difficulties. I have already described this battlefield at the very moment of the offensive, while it was still covered by its dead. I could not find, on this my second visit, a trace of those poor bodies which the grave-diggers had just finished hiding out of sight. The Tommies who fell in this fight were collected into vast common graves, which kindly hands have marked out with frames of pebbles. As for the German bodies, they were buried in their own trenches—to fill them up was all that was necessary—or in the shell craters where the machine-gun had dropped them. And so in this ravine Death is on every side, and the ground has, in many places, taken the shapes of the bodies that lie beneath it.

The eyes of all the “poilus”—the real ones, the men of Douaumont, and Vaux, and the ravine of La Caillette, and many another of these lunar landscapes—have rested upon similar scenes, which remind one a little of those undistinguished districts in the suburbs of Paris where the dust-men come to shoot their rubbish.

The earth, which one might take to have been brought here in ten thousand carts, is nothing, so far as the eye can carry, but little dusty craters, so thickly scattered that their overlapping sides break into one another.

They are of every size, according to the calibre of the shells which have made them. Inside these innumerable volcanoes, are scattered, pell-mell among the hardly-covered bodies, all the small possessions of the soldier, with shells that have not burst, bombs, books, letters, bandages, blood. . . .

Such is the Gully in all its tragic beauty, with its heaped-

up soil, its road destroyed, its few trees in splinters, its scattered graves, its scent of death, its heavy silence, its sides pitted with shell-holes and smashed dug-outs, its dead horses and their carrion flesh.

On the right, the Ancre, swollen by the rain, flows, indifferent and peaceful, beside its slaughtered poplars; and on the left bank the houses of bombarded Gueudecourt, the ruins of Thiepval, and all the mourning landscape that surrounds us, seem to advise us not to let our eyes linger upon the ravine, and to tell us that all Nature is worthy of our pity and that the earth has become indeed the great valley of tears of which the psalmist sings.

CHAPTER IX.

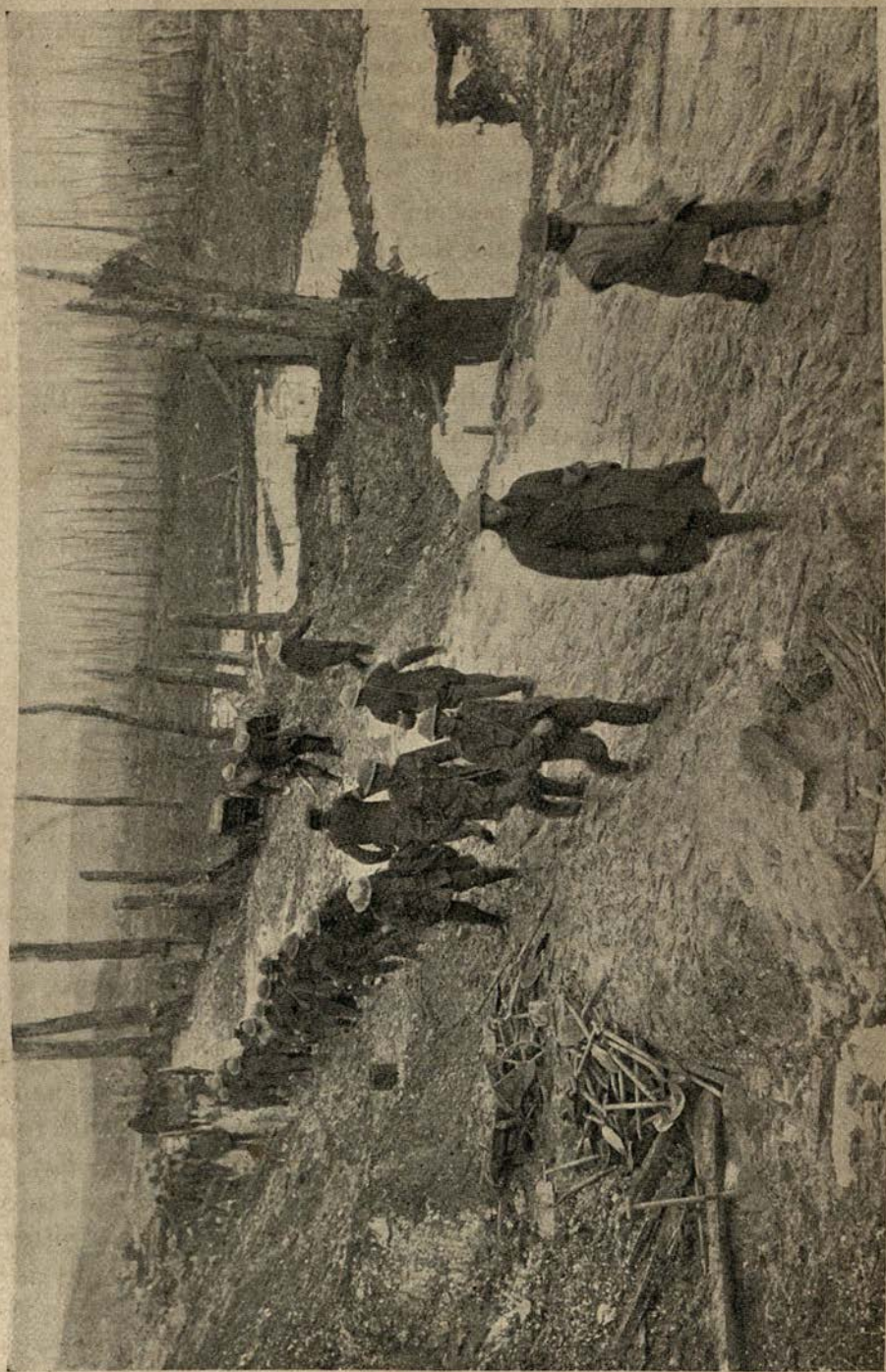
CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN "NO MAN'S LAND."

The setting is not a Biblical one. If, indeed, this cursed spot can possibly recall the Book of Books, we must search the chapter of immortal horrors in the Book of Revelation.

No vegetation will grow there within the next ten years; no ghost of a tree or shadow of a house; the moon reveals the troubled earth whose chalky mud is as a festering sore.

There is universal destruction, as though a huge tidal-wave, overrunning the plain and the valley, had been struck by God's anger and checked in the full force of its rolling waters. The evening of the last day could bring no greater melancholy. Three horrors rule this strip of land—Fright, Death and Frost. A bitter cold night with a starry sky—such was Christmas in "No Man's Land."

And what of "man"? Here we have a Scotsman



from the mountains, gaunt, dour, wiry, with lynx-like eyes, the lusty chest of a woodman and the soul of a hermit. Like hundreds of thousands and tens of hundreds of thousands of his brother-soldiers, he had held the line in front of Ypres, Loos and Arras. Like the soldiers of England, Ireland and Wales, he had known the mist of Flanders, the marshes of the mine country, the mossy peat of Artois. Like his fellows, he is weary. With his grey-steel helmet, the leathern, fleece-lined waisfcoat and the leggings of buffalo-hide which show up the muscles of his legs, you might think he was a centurion of the Roman Empire. Like all the others, his name is Tommy.

This Christmas Night Tommy has a care. The "bonnie Highland lassie" whom he was courting in the good old days, when Highlanders had not yet earned the ferocious nick-name of the "square-jawed," had written to him that morning asking for a souvenir. A souvenir!

Those of you who have not seen Tommy, notwithstanding the certainty of punishment, bartering his regimental badges or buttons in exchange for a kiss from some village beauty, can hardly understand this superstitious worship of "a souvenir." That word sums up all the dangers, hardships and glories of war, and is considered the surest of love tokens. But for the soldiers of His Majesty's Guards the real souvenir is the one snatched from the enemy in mortal combat. The day after the Battle of the Ancre—that is, the day after the attack and victory—I saw little groups of men scattered over the battlefield indifferent to hostile barrages and machine-gun fire. These men, crawling from shell-hole to shell-hole, looked only on the ground. *They were souvenir hunting.*

Now for our story. Tommy is in a listening post—a crump-hole between the two trenches surrounded with barbed wire. The Germans are 30 yards in front and the British 10 yards behind him. He hears the enemy's

observers behind their loopholes stamping their feet to keep them warm. Small clouds shade the moon. A heavy silence pervades the frozen earth. This Highlander is alone in "No Man's Land."

Is he thinking of the Christmas turkey, brown and crackling in its juice, which has been carefully fattened at the farm at home; of the plum-pudding, aflame with brandy, done to a turn by his bonnie lassie? Is he thinking of the dying embers and the midnight kiss, stolen or given—who knows? No; Tommy is simply thinking of "souvenirs."

Twice already, but in vain, he has searched his crumpp-hole. He can't find the smallest relic. Creeping under the knife rests, and separating with care the ring of wire which the British call "trench concertina wire," he drags himself on his stomach through the wire system. These iron blackberries catch hold of him and prick him. He likens himself to one of those great trench rats on a poaching foray.

Suddenly his hand falls upon a human form. The body is cold—a corpse! He remembers, a week ago, an evening patrol was caught by our artillery fire, and this is one of them. "No Man's Land" in this sector is not particularly healthy, and grave-diggers are dispensed with. This dried-up corpse was so much part of the landscape that Tommy had not noticed it. He now looks at it with a friendly eye. "Poor old Boche! Poor old lump of souvenirs!" Tommy is a simple fellow. He goes straight for what he wants. He first thought he would take the identity-disc. That would be a fine souvenir; but the corpse has no arms, so he gives up that idea. "D——d artillery that spoils even corpses!" he grumbles, and then feels for the legs. Perhaps the old Boche keeps a knife in his right legging. "Damn again! There is no right leg—nor left either!" If only a sharp breeze were to lift the clouds from the moon, the wide-open eyes of the observers would discover in "No Man's

Land" a great lusty Highlander, white as a sheet or as the whitest of white Pierrots.

Suddenly our Highlander is seized with a mixture of horror and rage, added to which there is a feeling of weird pride. The living and the dead have made a ghastly Christmas bet.

Tommy hovers over this wreck of a man. He seizes the Boche's head—of course, the helmet, badges and bandolier have disappeared.

The corpse, as though from the depths of the other world, gives a horrid laugh. Tommy forces his fingers into the grinning mouth, but the jaws shut with a spring—like a mousetrap. False teeth! Tommy, exasperated, seizes the grim trophy.

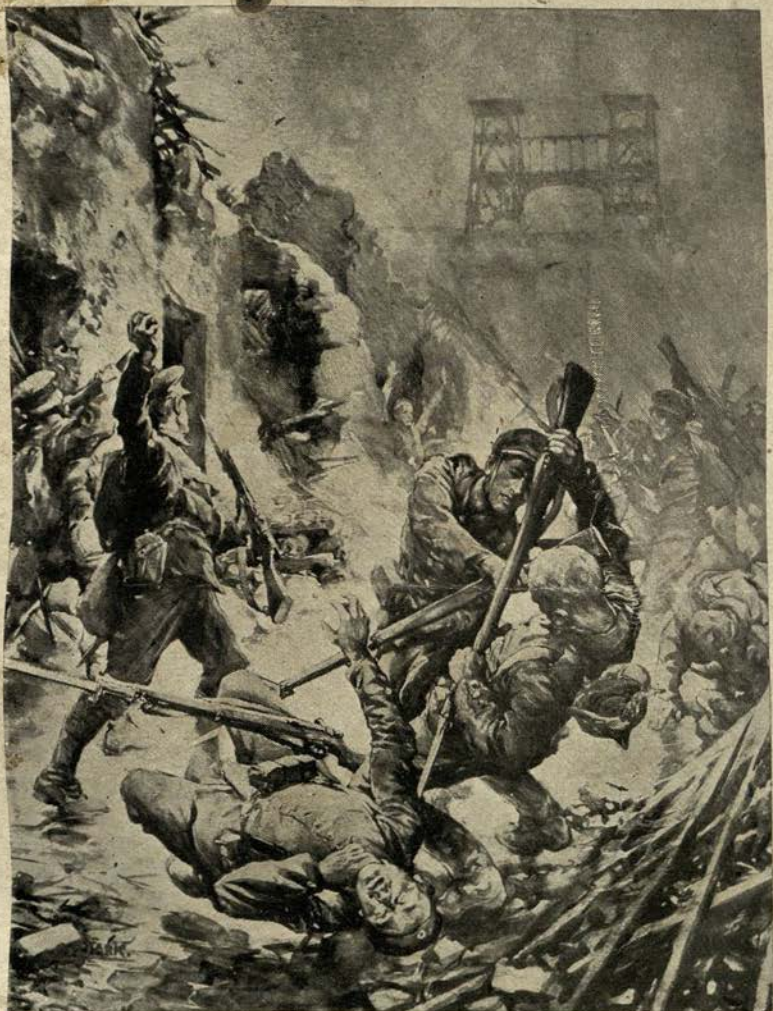
The bonnie lassie will receive shortly a gold brooch inscribed with her name and Tommy's. She will wear it proudly at church. She will make her friends jealous without anyone ever suspecting the real history of the souvenir. Perhaps it is as well!

Now this is not a Christmas story, but a real fact, which happened on the evening of "Everyman's" Christmas among the outposts before Grandcourt.

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Pen Pictures of British Battles.

19



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PEN PICTURES **OF** **BRITISH BATTLES**



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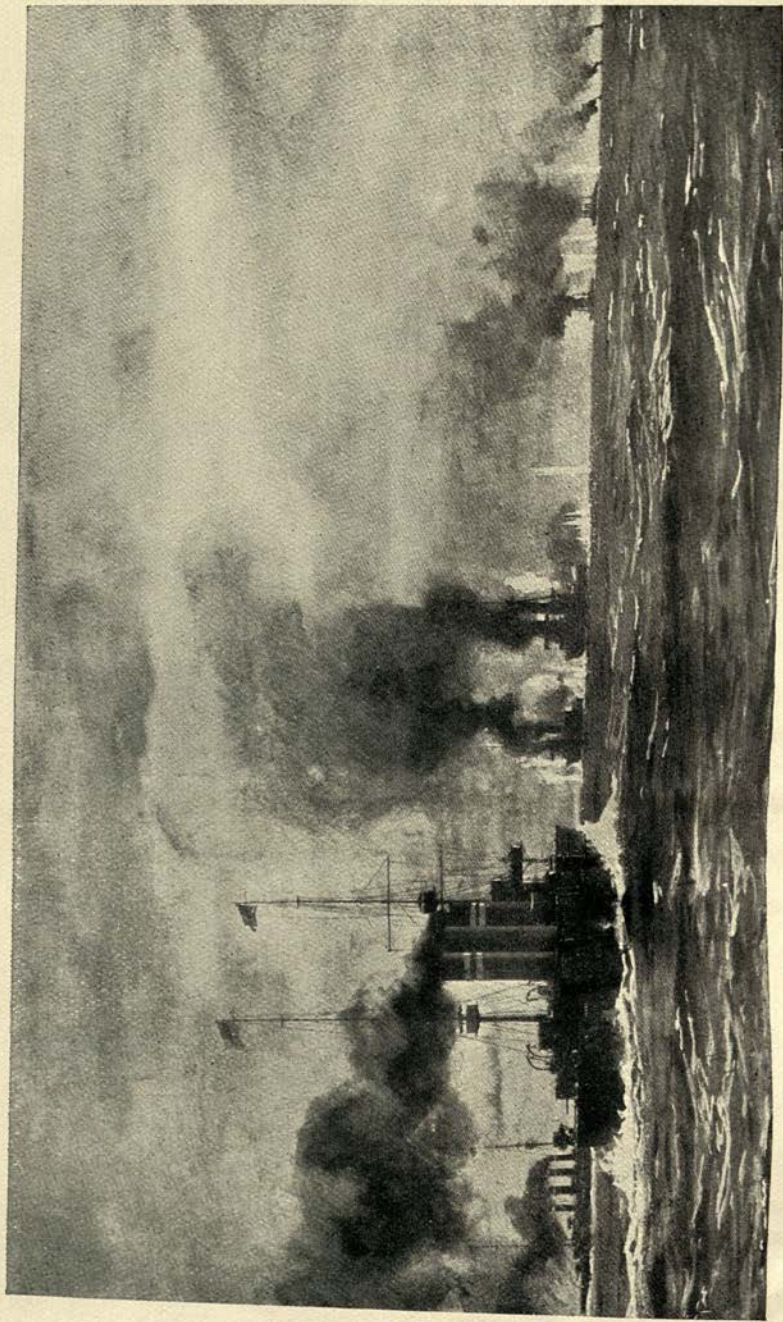
EDITOR'S NOTE.

Though Sir Walter Besant called War correspondents "the scene painters of history," it may be questioned whether any pen or brush, trained on the land, sea and air battles of the present War, can depict more than a corner of the great devastating drama.

This little book, embracing extracts from famous books, may help the reader to visualise some of the outstanding battles in which Britain has played a not inconspicuous part; and if they inspire those still fighting, and those behind them in support, with a firmer confidence and a greater endurance—if, too, these records of undaunted heroism, often against odds, enlighten readers in other lands as to the character of British fighting men—their publication in this informal style will be justified.

Full acknowledgment is here made to the authors and publishers who have kindly permitted quotation; and to the proprietors of two great illustrated weekly papers who have lent for reproduction original sketches appearing in their pages.

April, 1917.



THE BRITISH VICTORY OFF THE FALKLANDS: FIRST STAGE OF THE ACTION BETWEEN BRITISH
BATTLE-CRUISERS AND THE GERMAN ARMoured CRUISERS.

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PEN PICTURES OF BRITISH BATTLES -

I.

THE VICTORY OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.*

By RICHARD WILSON, Litt.D.

THE affair off Coronel put the heads of the British navy upon their mettle, and within forty days it was followed by a counter-stroke, complete and effective. Silently and with steady determination, preparations were made to deal with the *Scharnhorst* and her companions; and the man who was entrusted with the work was Vice-Admiral Sir F. C. Doveton Sturdee.

To the east of the southern portion of South America lies the British group known as the Falkland Islands. Due east of the large island called East Falkland, Sturdee's squadron came within sight of Von Spee's cruisers, the British admiral having been helped in finding the "quarry" by the clever wireless signalling of a lady and her servants who lived on the islands, and who were afterwards presented with valuable

* From "*The First Year of the Great War.*" By Richard Wilson, Litt.D. (W. & R. Chambers.)

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gifts by the British Admiralty as some slight acknowledgment of their timely help.

After the battle off Coronel, the *Glasgow*, along with the battleship *Canopus*, had put into the harbour of Port Stanley, in East Falkland. The former vessel had been damaged, but she was quickly repaired; and when Admiral Sturdee arrived from home, she took her place in his squadron, her officers and men being eager to set things right with the Germans. It was reported that Von Spee's squadron was going to make a raid on the Falklands; but when he came round Cape Horn he found awaiting him eight British ships of war, and, so far as we know, this was a complete surprise to him.

At about half-past nine in the morning the *Gneisenau* and the *Nurnberg* drew near to Port Stanley Harbour with their guns trained on the wireless station. Between them and the harbour was a long low stretch of land running eastward, behind which lay the *Canopus*. The surprise of the Germans must have been great when they were met by a smart fire across this low-lying land at a range of about six miles! The two ships stopped, considered, and turned away, hoisting their colours, however, as they did so. About the same time the *Invincible* sighted other hostile ships between nine and ten miles distant; and in a short time the British squadron was moving from the harbour towards the enemy's five ships, which could

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be plainly seen to the south-east. The day was fine, with a calm sea, a bright sun, a clear sky, and a light breeze from the north-west.

The British vessels at once began a chase in extended order, and the hearts of our men must have been deeply stirred by the admiral's simple signal, "God save the King!" One of the signallers afterwards wrote: "It was taken up and flung far and wide through space by each of the fleet in turn, until it seemed as though it would never cease. I consider it a privilege to have been one of the few to bear the signal." A little after noon Admiral Sturdee came within suitable range of the five enemy ships, and decided to attack with the *Invincible*, the *Inflexible*, and the *Glasgow*. How the officers and crew of the last-named vessel had longed for this happy moment!

The signal was given, "Open fire and engage the enemy," and the *Inflexible* began the battle, followed a few minutes later by the *Invincible*. This firing was at a range of about nine miles—no opportunities for boarding here, cutlass in teeth, and pistols in both hands!—but the British gunnery was so good that three of the German ships turned away. Then the *Glasgow*, with the *Cornwall* and the *Kent*, gave chase. We shall follow their work when we have considered that of the heavier craft.

The *Invincible* engaged the enemy's flagship, the *Scharnhorst*, and the *Inflexible* the *Gneisenau*,

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the fight being a running one, and the range varying from about eight to nine miles. Before long the German flagship took fire, lost one of her funnels, and slackened her firing. "The effect of our fire," writes Admiral Sturdee "became more and more apparent in consequence of smoke from fires, and also escaping steam. At times a shell would cause a large hole to appear in her side, through which could be seen a dull red glow of flame." Yet the German kept grimly on with her work.

The *Gneisenau* now gamely faced the *Invincible* and the *Inflexible*, but about 5 o'clock she lost one funnel and was on fire in several places. She continued, however, to reply to the British gunners with a single gun, until, an hour later, she suddenly heeled over and sank. Here is an entry in the diary of one of her officers: "5.10, Hit, hit! 5.12, Hit! 5.14, Hit, hit, hit again! 5.20, After turret gone. 5.40, Hit, hit! On fire everywhere. 5.41, Hit, hit! Burning everywhere and sinking. 5.45, Hit! Men dying everywhere. 5.46, Hit, hit!"

After this the officers had something else to do than make entries in a diary. Boats had been lowered from the *Invincible* and the *Inflexible*, life-buoys and ropes were thrown into the water, and about 300 men were saved, "including their captain—a tall man with a black beard."

Meanwhile the *Glasgow* and the *Cornwall* had fought and sunk the *Leipzig*. Like the other

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German ships, she took fire fore and aft, and as the shades of night were closing in she turned over on her port side and disappeared. The *Cornwall* began to lower boats when the *Leipzig* was settling down, but the British Captain leant over the rail of the bridge and said, "It's no good; she's going."

While this was going on the *Kent* was dealing with the *Nurnberg*, after a desperate chase with only a small amount of fuel to rely upon. When the engineers had done their best and worked up the speed well above the rate which the *Kent* could do "officially," they reported that their coal was almost used up. Then the captain suggested that the boats might prove useful in such a case! No sooner said than done! The boats were promptly broken up, the pieces smeared with oil, and packed by the stokers into the furnaces.

This use of the boats had suggested other means of providing fuel, and soon the men were hurrying to the furnaces with officers' arm-chairs, chests, ladders, and anything which would burn. So the speed limit was much further exceeded, the *Nurnberg* was caught and sunk, but not before she had put up a stiff fight. Fire was stopped on the *Kent* when the German hauled down her colours, and every preparation was made to save life. As the ship sank the British sailors saw a group of men waving a German ensign fastened to a staff. Only five

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Germans were rescued alive from the doomed ship.

Only one of the German ships, the fast cruiser *Dresden*, escaped from the battle, the clouds which overcast the sky in the evening assisting her in getting clear away. The darkness closed in, but near midnight Admiral Sturdee received a message from H.M.S. *Bristol* to the effect that during the action two enemy transports had been destroyed near the Falklands, their crews being removed before the ships were sunk. So ended a memorable day in British naval history.



DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR THE CHÂTEAU DE MONDEMENT
DURING THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

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II.

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE.*

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

ON September 11 the British were still advancing upon a somewhat narrowed front. There was no opposition, and again the day bore a considerable crop of prisoners and other trophies. The weather had become so foggy that the aircraft were useless, and it is only when these wonderful scouts are precluded from rising that a general realises how indispensable they have become to him. As a wit expressed it, they have turned war from a game of cards into a game of chess. It was still very wet, and the Army was exposed to considerable privation, most of the officers and men having neither change of clothing, overcoats, nor waterproof sheets, while the blowing up of bridges on the lines of communication had made it impossible to supply the wants. The undefeatable commissariat, however, was still working well, which means that the Army was doing

* From "*The British Campaign in France and Flanders.*"
By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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the same. On the 12th the pursuit was continued as far as the River Aisne. Allenby's cavalry occupied Braine in the early morning, the Queen's Bays being particularly active, but there was so much resistance that the Third Division was needed to make the ground good. Gough's Cavalry Division also ran into the enemy near Chassemy, killing or capturing several hundred of the German infantry. In these operations Captain Stewart, whose experience as an alleged spy has been mentioned, met with a soldier's death. On this day the Sixth French Army was fighting a considerable action upon the British left in the vicinity of Soissons, the Germans making a stand in order to give time for their impedimenta to get over the river. In this they succeeded, so that when the Allied Forces reached the Aisne, which is an unfordable stream some sixty yards from bank to bank, the retiring army had got across it, had destroyed most of the bridges, and showed every sign of being prepared to dispute the crossing.

Missy Bridge, facing the Fifth Division, appeared at first to be intact, but a daring reconnaissance by Lieutenant Pennecuick, of the Engineers, showed that it was really badly damaged. Condé Bridge was intact, but was so covered by a high horse-shoe formation of hills upon the farther side that it could not be used, and remained throughout under control of the enemy. Bourg Bridge, however, in front of the

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First Army Corps, had for some unexplained reason been left undamaged, and this was seized in the early morning of September 13 by De Lisle's cavalry, followed rapidly by Bulfin's 2nd Brigade. It was on the face of it a somewhat desperate enterprise which lay immediately in front of the British general. If the enemy were still retreating he could not afford to slacken his pursuit, while, on the other hand, if the enemy were merely making a feint of resistance, then, at all hazards, the stream must be forced and the rearguard driven in. The German infantry could be seen streaming up the roads on the farther bank of the river, but there were no signs of what their next disposition might be. Air reconnaissance was still precluded, and it was impossible to say for certain which alternative might prove to be correct, but Sir John French's cavalry training must incline him always to the braver course. The officer who rode through the Boers to Kimberley and threw himself with his weary men across the path of the formidable Kronje was not likely to stand hesitating upon the banks of the Aisne. His personal opinion was that the enemy meant to stand and fight, but none the less the order was given to cross.

September 13 was spent in arranging this dashing and dangerous movement. The British got across eventually in several places and by various devices. Bulfin's men, followed by the

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rest of the First Division of Haig's Army Corps, passed the canal bridge of Bourg with no loss or difficulty. The 11th Brigade of Pulteney's Third Corps got across by a partially demolished bridge and ferry at Venizel. They were followed by the 12th Brigade, who established themselves near Bucy. The 13th Brigade was held up at Missy, but the 14th got across and lined up with the men of the Third Corps in the neighbourhood of Ste. Marguerite, meeting with a considerable resistance from the Germans. Later, Count Gleichen's 15th Brigade also got across. On the right Hamilton got over with two brigades of the Third Division, the 8th Brigade crossing on a single plank at Vailly and the 9th using the railway bridge, while the whole of Haig's First Corps had before evening got a footing upon the farther bank. So eager was the advance and so inadequate the means that Haking's 5th Brigade, led by the Connaught Rangers, was obliged to get over the broad and dangerous river, walking in single file along the sloping girder of a ruined bridge, under a heavy, though distant, shell-fire. The night of September 13 saw the main body of the Army across the river, already conscious of a strong rear-guard action, but not yet aware that the whole German Army had halted and was turning at bay. On the right De Lisle's cavalrymen had pushed up the slope from Bourg Bridge and reached as far as Vendresse, where they were pulled up by the German lines.

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It has been mentioned above that the 11th and 12th Brigades of the Fourth Division had passed the river at Venizel. These troops were across in the early afternoon, and they at once advanced, and proved that in that portion of the field the enemy were undoubtedly standing fast. The 11th Brigade, which was more to the north, had only a constant shell-fire to endure, but the 12th, pushing forward through Bucy-le-long, found itself in front of a line of woods from which there swept a heavy machine-gun and rifle-fire. The advance was headed by the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, supported by the 2nd Inniskilling Fusiliers. It was across open ground and under heavy fire, but it was admirably carried out. In places where the machine-guns had got the exact range the stricken Fusiliers lay dead or wounded with accurate intervals, like a firing-line on a field-day. The losses were heavy, especially in the Lancashire Fusiliers. Colonel Griffin was wounded, and five of his officers with 250 men were among the casualties. It should be recorded that fresh supplies of ammunition were brought up at personal risk by Colonel Seely, late Minister of War, in his motor-car. The contest continued until dusk, when the troops waited for the battle of next day under such cover as they could find.

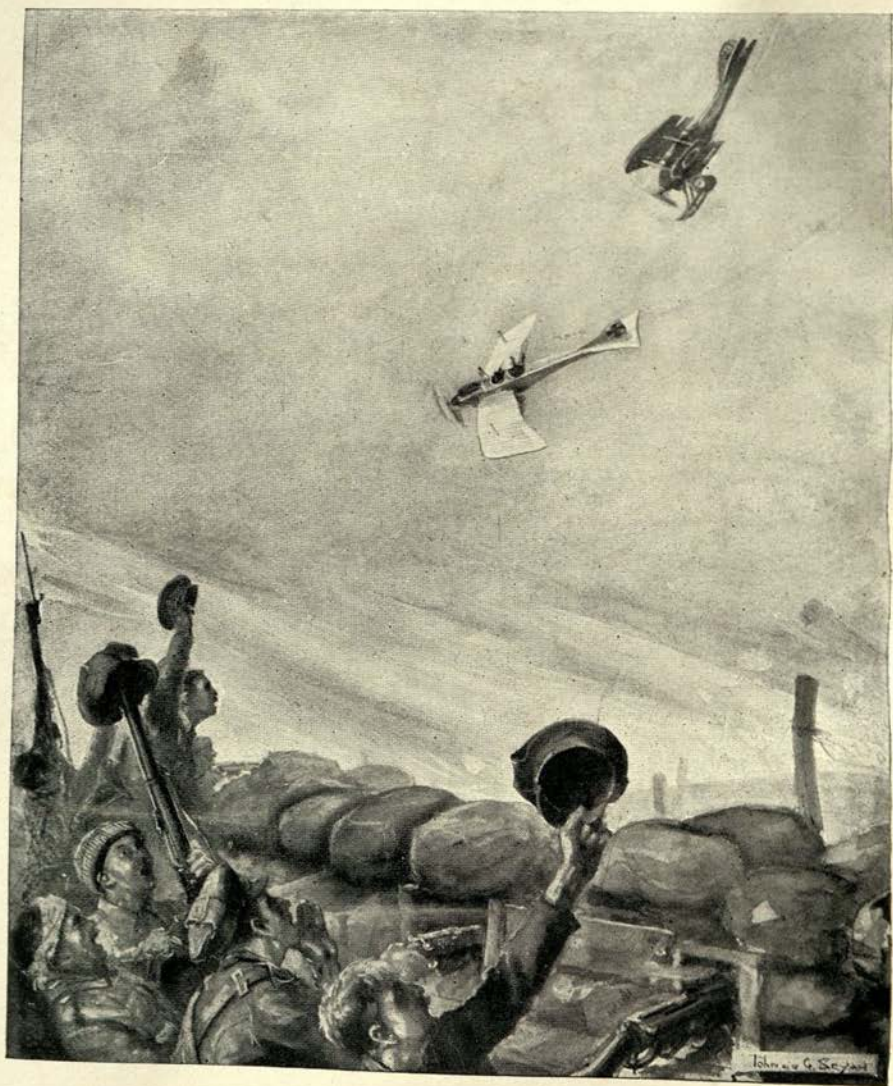
The crossing of the stream may be said, upon the one side, to mark the end of the battle and pursuit of the Marne, while, on the other,

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it commenced that interminable Battle of the Aisne which was destined to fulfil Bloch's prophecies and to set the type of all great modern engagements. The prolonged struggles of the Manchurian War had prepared men's minds for such a development, but only here did it first assume its full proportions and warn us that the battle of the future was to be the siege of the past. Men remembered with a smile Bernhardt's confident assertion that a German battle would be decided in one day, and that his countrymen would never be constrained to fight in defensive trenches.

The moral effect of the Battle of the Marne was greater than its material gains. The latter, so far as the British were concerned, did not exceed 5,000 prisoners, 20 guns, and a quantity of transport. The total losses, however, were very heavy.

Apart from the losses, the mere fact that a great German army had been hustled across 30 miles of country, had been driven from river to river, and had finally to take refuge in trenches in order to hold their ground, was a great encouragement to the Allies. From that time they felt assured that with anything like equal numbers they had an ascendancy over their opponents.



WAR IN THE AIR: A DUEL OVER THE FIRING LINE.
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III.

A GLIMPSE OF CANADA IN FLANDERS.*

By LORD BEAVERBROOK.

THE end of the month was marked by one or two very daring reconnaissances by Lieutenant Owen, of the 7th (British Columbia) Battalion, up the bed of the Douve River, and by a great aeroplane battle.

The aeroplane battle occurred upon a morning warm and bright with sunshine. The conditions were admirable for flying and observing, and, as usual, a German Albatross took advantage of them. Soaring high against the warm blue of the sky, over Bailleul, over the headquarters of a division, over our brigades and trenches and back again, it glinted like silver in the morning sun. The snow-white blobs of bursting shrapnel from our anti-aircraft guns followed its graceful sweeps and curves—followed and followed, but never caught it up; and thousands of our men stared after it. But a more dramatic spectacle was in store for the watchers on the brown roads and in the brown trenches.

A British machine appeared suddenly low

* From "*Canada in Flanders*" (Vol. I.). By Sir Max Aitken. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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against the blue, mounting and flying out of the west. The men in the Albatross were evidently so intent on their task of observing the landscape beneath them and keeping well ahead of our blossoming shrapnel that they failed to observe the approach of the British 'plane as soon as they should have for their own good. They were heading west when they saw their danger, and instantly the Albatross swerved round and sped towards home. But the British flier had the heels of the German and the advantage of the position. It circled and dipped, and down through the clear air aloft came the rippling "tap-tap-tap" of the aërial machine-guns. Again and again the enemy's frantic efforts to escape were frustrated by the skill and daring of the British pilot and the hedging fire of the British guns. Suddenly the gun of the German 'plane jammed and ceased; the pilot was hit and wounded; the Albatross commenced a rapid descent, in which it was followed by the British 'plane to within 1,000 feet of the ground. Then, under heavy shell-fire from German batteries the victorious machine rose and flew away undamaged, and the unfortunate Albatross struck the earth between the front and support trenches of the 14th (Montreal) Battalion and turned turtle. The German pilot was dead; the observer, slightly wounded, crawled to our support trenches and surrendered. The German batteries kept up a hot fire of high explosives and shrapnel on the machine with the object of smashing it beyond

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hope of repair before the Canadians could salvage it. They made several direct hits, but our men sapped out to the wreck and managed to bring most of it in, piece by piece. Among the articles brought in was the machine-gun that had jammed in the heat of the fight. This was found to be a Colt gun. Closer examination proved it to be one of the original guns of our 14th Battalion—to whose lines it had just made such a dramatic return! The gun had been abandoned during one of the desperate and confused fights of the Second Battle of Ypres half a year before.

In these months of September and October great efforts were expended on improving the line. Work in the front positions was done by the occupying battalions, and the troops in reserve came up night after night to assist their labours and to create new secondary positions and drive through fresh communication trenches. Even the training of new units was occasionally and rightly sacrificed to the performance of this essential task. The weather was, on the whole, favourable for these operations, with the exception of three days of rain early in September and a wet week late in October. The 1st Division, long on the ground and fortified by the experience of what good trenches mean for comfort and safety, was pre-eminent in these exertions, as would be proved by the trench-map with its continuous increase, month after month, in the black and zigzag lines of new work. Each tiny

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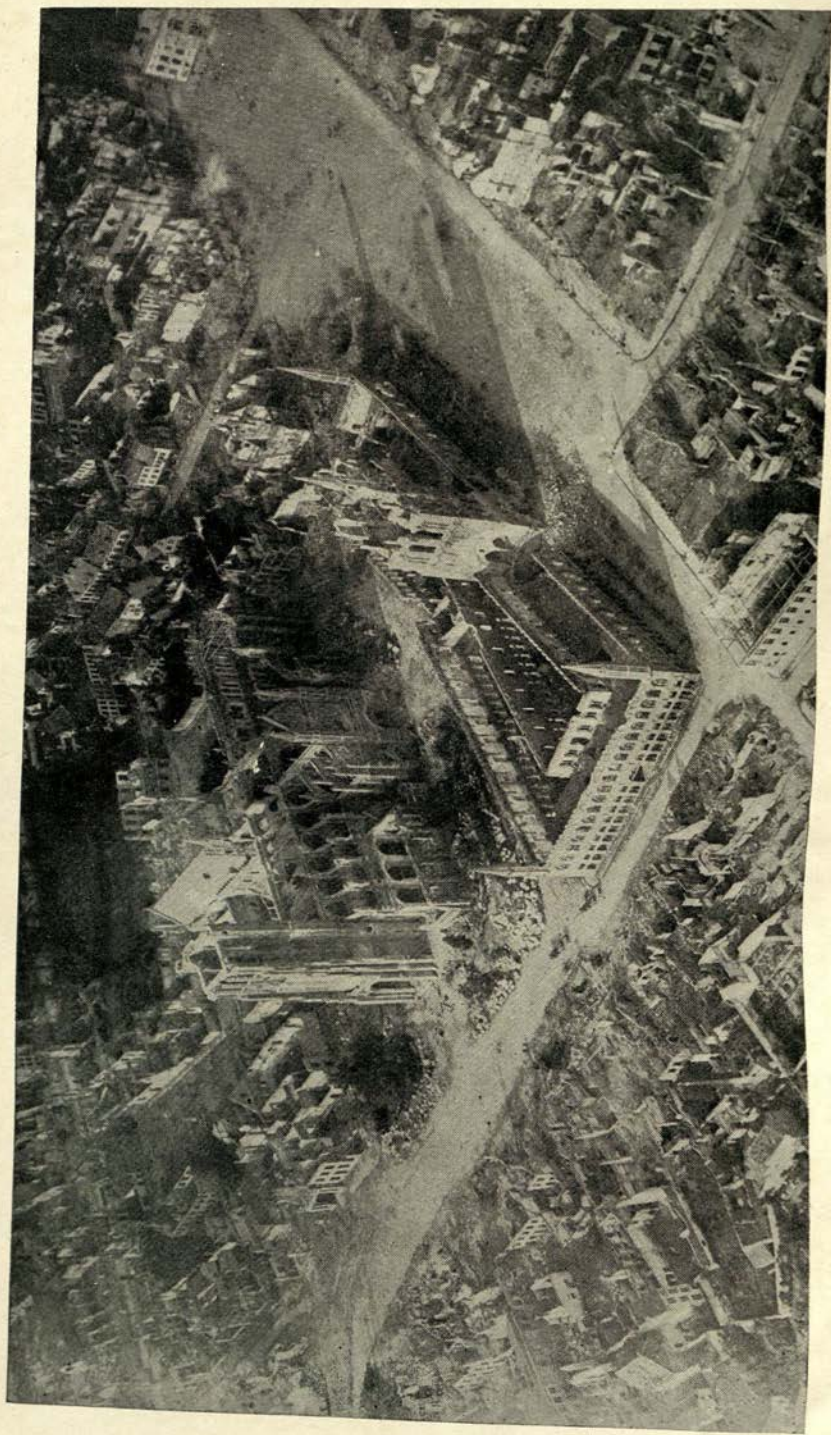
scrawl on the surface of such a map represents the labours of hundreds of men, extended over many nights. Second and third lines grew apace, so that a sudden attack of the enemy would still leave trenches to be held and would reduce the German bite to mere nibbles at the forward trench. The communication trenches are driven true and straight from well in the rear, and up these the ration parties toil in safety night after night under their burdens of food, water, ammunition, and R.E. material to feed the front line. These parties know well enough the difference between well-made lines and bad ones. Stooping under the heavy weights as they struggle on through the dark, they will bless in army fashion a smooth and dry surface underfoot and a sound high parapet which protects them from the casual German shells which are searching for them, or the intermittent whistle of the long-range bullet humming on its errand in the dusk. Messengers or stretcher-bearers with their burdens can move backwards or forwards even by day along the well-built hollow, and all those who pass are protected both from the arrow that flieth by night and the terror which walketh in the noon-day. Very different is the story of a badly-kept line. It finds carrying parties struggling in, hours late, exhausted by wading through mud and water, and delayed by continually climbing out and walking outside the trench to avoid impassable sections. Here an unlucky shell or a casual bullet may take its toll. The men struggle back with

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difficulty, arriving hardly before the dawn, and with their period of supposed rest and recuperation turned into the most arduous of labours. It is not too much to say that the efficiency of a regiment or division can be tested by a comparison between the state in which it takes over and that in which it leaves its trenches.

The creation of secondary positions is as important as that of communication trenches, and on this task the Canadian Corps worked unsparingly throughout the autumn.

The disposition of a brigade is two, or on occasion three, battalions in the front line and one or two in support or reserve trenches. But in most cases even the leading regiments will not have their whole strength in the firing trench. One or two companies lie close up in support or reserve to reinforce any threatened point. The nearness of these supports is a very present help in time of trouble, and gives confidence to officers and men, who would be nervous if they knew that no assistance was nearer than a mile away in distance and an hour in time. But these lines must be dug under cover of dark, so the men toiled with the spade through the nights of autumn and blessed the dawn which put a term to their labours. Their record is written on the scarred earth from St. Eloi down to Ploegsteert. Let us hope that the corps which took their place in March was duly grateful for the blessing of a well-constructed line.



YPRES AFTER BOMBARDMENT.
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IV.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES.*

By JOHN BUCHAN.

THE present writer first saw Ypres from a little hill during the later stages of the battle. It was a brilliant spring day, and, when there was a lull in the bombardment and the sun lit up its white towers, Ypres looked a gracious and delicate little city in its cincture of green. It was with a sharp shock of surprise that one realised that it was an illusion, that Ypres had become a shadow. A few days later, in a pause of the bombardment, he entered the town. The main street lay white and empty in the sun, and over all reigned a deathly stillness. There was not a human being to be seen in all its length, and the houses on each side were skeletons. There the whole front had gone, and bedrooms with wrecked furniture were open to the light. There a 42-cm. shell had made a breach in the line, with raw edges of masonry on both sides, and a yawning pit below. In one room the carpet was spattered with plaster

* From "*The History of the War.*" By John Buchan. (Thos. Nelson & Sons.)

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from the ceiling, but the furniture was unbroken. There was a Buhl cabinet with china, red plush chairs, a piano, and a gramophone—the plenishing of the best parlour of a middle-class home. In another room was a sewing-machine, from which the owner had fled in the middle of a piece of work. Here was a novel with the reader's place marked. It was like a city visited by an earthquake which had caught the inhabitants unawares, and driven them shivering to a place of refuge.

Through the gaps in the houses there were glimpses of greenery. A broken door admitted to a garden—a carefully-tended garden, for the grass had once been trimly kept, and the owner must have had a pretty taste in spring flowers. A little fountain still plashed in a stone basin. But in one corner an incendiary shell had fallen on the house, and in the heap of charred *débris* there were human remains. Most of the dead had been removed, but there were still bodies in out-of-the-way corners. Over all hung a sickening smell of decay, against which the lilacs and hawthorns were powerless. That garden was no place to tarry in.

The street led into the Place, where once stood the great Church of St. Martin and the Cloth Hall. Those who knew Ypres before the war will remember the pleasant *façade* of shops on the south side, and the cluster of old Flemish buildings at the north-eastern corner. Words

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are powerless to describe the devastation of these houses. Of the southern side nothing remained but a file of gaunt gables. At the north-east corner, if you crawled across the rubble, you could see the remnants of some beautiful old mantelpieces. Standing in the middle of the Place, one was oppressed by the utter silence, a silence which seemed to hush and blanket the eternal shelling in the Salient beyond. Some jackdaws were cawing from the ruins, and a painstaking starling was rebuilding its nest in a broken pinnacle. An old cow, a miserable object, was poking her head in the rubbish and sniffing curiously at a dead horse. Sound was a profanation in that tomb which had once been a city.

The Cloth Hall had lost all its arcades, most of its front, and there were great rents everywhere. Its spire looked like a badly-whittled stick, and the big gilt clock, with its hands irrevocably fixed, hung loose on a jet of stone. St. Martin's Church was a ruin, and its stately square tower was so nicked and dented that it seemed as if a strong wind would topple it over. Inside the church was a weird sight. Most of the windows had gone, and the famous rose window in the southern transept lacked a segment. The side chapels were in ruins, the floor was deep in fallen stones, but the pillars still stood. A mass for the dead must have been in progress, for the altar was draped in black, but the altar

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stone was cracked across. The sacristy was full of vestments and candlesticks tumbled together in haste, and all were covered with yellow picric dust from the high explosives. In the graveyard behind there was a huge shell crater, 50 feet across and 20 feet deep, with human bones exposed in the sides. Before the main door stood a curious piece of irony. An empty pedestal proclaimed from its four sides the many virtues of a certain Belgian statesman who had been also mayor of Ypres. The worthy mayor was lying in the dust beside it, a fat man in a frock coat, with side-whiskers and a face like Bismarck.

Out in the sunlight there was the first sign of human life. A detachment of French Colonial *tirailleurs* entered from the north—brown, shadowy men in fantastic weather-stained uniforms. A vehicle stood at the cathedral door, and a lean and sad-faced priest was loading it with some of the church treasures—chalices, plate, embroidery. A Carmelite friar was prowling among the side alleys looking for the dead. It was like some *macabre* imagining of Victor Hugo.

The ruins of old buildings are so familiar that they do not at first dominate the mind. Far more arresting are the remnants of the pitiful little homes, where there is no dignity, but a pathos which cries aloud. Ypres was like a city destroyed by an earthquake; that is the simplest and truest description. But the skeletons of her great buildings, famous in Europe for

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500 years, left another impression. One felt, as at Pompeii, that things had always been so; one felt that they were verily indestructible, they were so great in their fall. The cloak of St. Martin was not needed to cover the nakedness of his church. There was a terrible splendour about these gaunt and broken structures, these noble, shattered *façades*, which defied their destroyers. Ypres might be empty and a ruin, but to the end of time she would be no mean city.

One of the truest of our younger poets, Rupert Brooke, who died while serving in the Dardanelles, wrote in his last months a sonnet on the consolation of death in war :—

“ If I should die, think only this of me :

That there's some corner of a foreign field

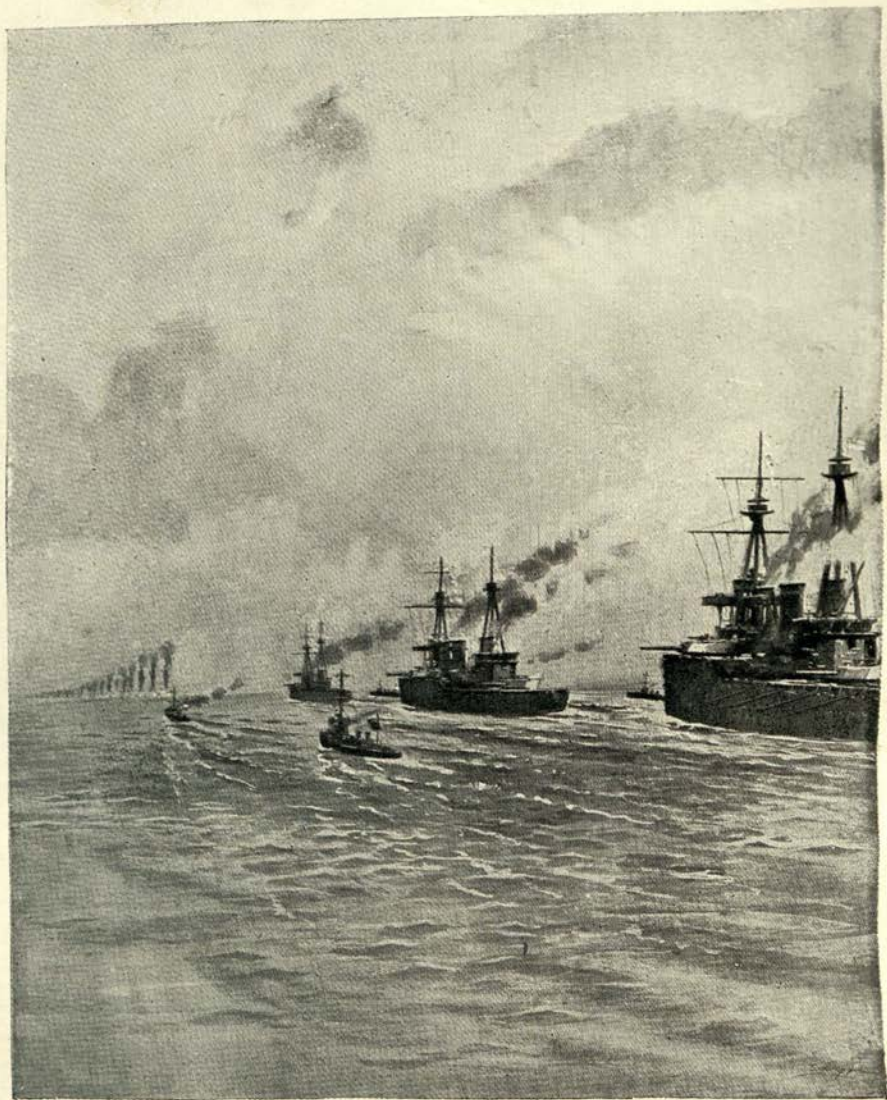
That is for ever England. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed.”

In the salient of Ypres there are not less than a hundred thousand graves of Allied soldiers, sometimes marked by plain wooden crosses, sometimes obliterated by the *débris* of ruined trenches, sometimes hidden in corners of fields and beneath clumps of chestnuts. That ground is for ever England; and it is also for ever France, for there the men of Dubois died around Bixschoote and on the Klein Zillebeke ridge. When the war is over this triangle of meadowland, with a ruined city for its base, will be an enclave of Belgian soil consecrated as the holy land of two great peoples. It may be that it will be specially set

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apart as a memorial place; it may be that it will be unmarked, and that the country folk will till and reap as before over the vanishing trench lines. But it will never be common ground. It will be for us the most hallowed spot on earth, for it holds our bravest dust, and it is the proof and record of a new spirit. In the past when we have thought of Ypres we have thought of the British flag preserved there, which Clare's Regiment, fighting for France, captured at the Battle of Ramillies. The name of the little Flemish town has recalled the divisions in our own race and the centuries-old conflict between France and Britain. But from now and henceforth it will have other memories. It will stand as a symbol of unity and alliance—unity within our Empire, unity within our Western civilization—that true alliance and that lasting unity which are won and sealed by a common sacrifice.



BATTLE OF JUTLAND :
FIRST SIGHT OF THE ENEMY'S HIGH SEAS FLEET
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V.

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND BANK.

By H. W. WILSON.

THE chase and destruction of an enemy takes many hours. Nelson began his battle at Trafalgar at noon, or soon after; the Germans took good care not to engage before the afternoon was well advanced. There was enough time to destroy a detachment, but not enough to complete the destruction of a large fleet. The mist further diminished the advantage which the British possessed in their heavy guns, and enabled the Germans to count on using their numerous 6-in. weapons with success.

Contact with the enemy was obtained. At 2.20 p.m. Admiral Beatty received reports from his light cruisers indicating the proximity of the enemy, and at 2.35 the smoke of a considerable fleet was seen to the E. A seaplane was sent up from a seaplane-carrying ship to reconnoitre the enemy, and transmitted back the first reports about 3.30.

Admiral Beatty at once formed line of battle, steering E.S.E. at 25 knots, with the Fifth Battle

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Squadron 10,000 yards off to the N.N.W. The enemy (five battle-cruisers under Vice-Admiral Hipper, with light cruisers and destroyers) was now 23,000 yards distant. Admiral Beatty seems to have decided that it would be unwise to wait till the Fifth Battle Squadron could join up with him and form into line with his six ships.

The enemy, on seeing him, had turned S. toward the German Battle Fleet, which was steaming up from the S. some 50 miles off, and he followed. At 3.48 Beatty opened fire at a range of 18,500 yards (or rather more than $10\frac{1}{2}$ land miles), and the enemy did the same. Six British ships with broadsides of 32 13.5-in. and 16 12-in. guns were now shooting at five German ships, whose broadsides were 16 12-in. and 28 11-in. guns. Beatty slowly closed on the enemy till a distance of 14,000 yards parted the squadrons; meanwhile the light cruisers were engaged with craft of their kind.

It was in this preliminary action with the odds in our favour that two of Admiral Beatty's splendid battle-cruisers—the *Queen Mary* and *Indefatigable*—were destroyed.

The loss of these two ships reduced Admiral Beatty's armoured ships to four and his weight of metal to an approximate equality with the German battle-cruiser squadron, which was still five ships strong, no single vessel in it having as yet been put out of action. At 4.8, Beatty was in some degree supported by the fire of the 15-in.

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guns in the Fifth Battle Squadron, which opened at 20,000 yards—a long range in misty weather—and the enemy's fire seemed to slacken. A submarine attack was beaten off by the vigilance and skill of the British destroyers, which soon after 4 were flung in on the enemy in a great attack, meeting in their impetuous charge a German light cruiser and 15 destroyers.

All through this encounter the battle-cruisers were still pounding one another and rapidly nearing the German Battle Fleet. From 4.15 to 4.43 he reports that the fighting was "of a very fierce and resolute character," but at 4.18 the third enemy ship was seen to be on fire. The haze had now thickened, and the enemy could only be dimly made out. At 4.38 the German Battle Fleet emerged from the mist to the S.E., and was seen and reported by the Second Light Cruiser Squadron, scouting in advance, to Admiral Beatty, who at 4.42 turned in his course, steaming N.W. instead of S.E., towards Admiral Jellicoe and the British Battle Fleet.

The Germans turned in the same way, their battle-cruisers taking station at the head of the enemy's line and pursuing Beatty. As they executed this turn, the Fifth Battle Squadron closed them, steaming in the opposite direction, engaged them with all its guns, and then turned and fell in astern of Beatty, who now had eight ships in line, proceeding at a speed of something over 21 knots. The enemy's battle fleet was in

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action, and the Germans had concentrated in superior force on a part of the British Fleet.

The range was 14,000 yards and the enemy was getting heavily hit, while he was apparently not making many hits on the British ships. After 5, one of the German battle-cruisers—perhaps the *Lutzow*, which, according to the enemy, received 15 or 16 heavy shells—left the line damaged. At 5.10 the sixth ship in the German line—a Dreadnought—was reported to have been hit by a torpedo, and it is just possible that she sank, as a huge cloud of smoke and steam was seen just after where she had been. The Germans were now edging off to the E., learning either from Zeppelins or their light cruisers that the British Battle Fleet was coming up to the N.W. Admiral Beatty reports that “probably Zeppelins were present,” though they appear to have been seen only by neutrals in the first stage of the battle.

The head of the German line at this part of the battle was getting severely punished, and a second of the German battle-cruisers had vanished, leaving only three enemy battle-cruisers in line. The first stage of the battle was over. Beatty had led the Germans to the British Battle Fleet, which was sighted at 5.56 10,000 yards away to the N.

The position of the Fleet was as follows :—Beatty, with four battle-cruisers, and astern of him the four fast battleships of the Fifth

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Battle Squadron, was now turning sharply eastwards to pass across the head of the German Fleet and prevent it from edging E. and getting away in that direction. This movement of his would have enabled him to "cross the T" of the enemy's line—*i.e.*, to pass at right angles across it, raking the ships as he passed, which is regarded as the most advantageous position that can be obtained in battle—if the enemy had not turned. N. of Admiral Beatty's ships was the British Battle Fleet, with three battle-cruisers under Hood on one wing, and three or four armoured cruisers under Arbuthnot on the other. On a line generally parallel to Beatty's was the whole force of German battle-cruisers (3) and battleships (22), slightly astern of him, so that the German ships at the southern end of the line were out of the battle—too distant to fire. The head of the enemy line was some 12,000 yards from him, and about 22,000 yards from the British Battle Fleet.

Beatty's eastward turn compelled the enemy to turn, and enabled the British Battle Fleet, if it desired, to move in behind the High Sea Fleet and cut it off from its bases. To reinforce Beatty in these critical moments, Hood steamed in fast with his three battle-cruisers, and swung magnificently into position at the head of Beatty's line. There he received a terrific fire from the enemy, 8,000 yards away, and a few minutes later the *Invincible*, his flag-

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ship, was struck by the combined salvoes of the German Fleet and she sank. Three battle cruisers were gone, and of their combined crews of 2,500 men a mere handful were saved. Beatty at 6.35, about the time when the *Invincible* sank, turned S.E. A little earlier, Rear-Admiral Arbuthnot, with three weak armoured cruisers, struck the German Battle Fleet, which was apparently almost hidden in smoke. His intervention prevented a dangerous German torpedo attack on the British battle-cruisers, but in rendering this last service he perished.

The *Black Prince* was very badly hit. The *Warrior* was disabled, and in extreme danger. Probably the German ships were attacking these vessels with concentrated salvoes—battleships of the super-Dreadnought class firing at pre-Dreadnought armoured cruisers. The German shooting must have begun to deteriorate, as the *Warspite* was quickly got under control, and with but slight damage rejoined the Fifth Battle Squadron, which was now taking station astern of Admiral Jellicoe's Fleet.

At 6.17 this Fleet entered the battle. The First Battle Squadron was the first to engage at 11,000 yards, closing the enemy slowly to 9,000 (which is very short range indeed, and would allow the Germans to use their 6-in. guns). The light was very bad. The Germans were shrouded in haze; their destroyers sent up thick clouds of coal smoke, which obscured an

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atmosphere already choked with the fumes of bursting shells, and the smoke from the numerous fires in the ships engaged. From the van of the Battle Fleet never more than five German ships could be seen, and from the rear never more than twelve. The British constantly strove to close, but were eluded by the enemy, who utilised destroyer attacks to cover his retreat. But, difficult though it was to shoot with accuracy, Sir J. Jellicoe reports that in this phase of the battle the enemy ships were repeatedly hit, and one at least was seen to sink.

The *Marlborough*, in the First Battle Squadron, specially distinguished herself, firing seven salvoes (if with all her guns about 70 13·5-in. shell) at a battleship of the *Kaiser* class; at 6.54 she was so unlucky as to be hit by a torpedo fired from a German light cruiser, which she sank. She was the only British ship to suffer in this way. A great cloud of smoke rose from her and she listed violently, then recovered, and nine minutes later re-opened fire. At 7.12 she poured 14 salvoes with great speed upon a battleship of the *König* class, and drove her from the line.

The flagship, *Iron Duke*, at 6.30 engaged a Dreadnought of the *König* class in the German Fleet, hitting her at the second salvo, which was a remarkable gunnery performance at a range of 12,000 yards and in the clouds of smoke. The enemy turned away and escaped. The other ships of the Fourth Battle Squadron were mainly

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engaged with the German battle-cruisers. The Second Battle Squadron attacked the German battleships, and also fired at a damaged German battle-cruiser, from 6.30 to 7.20; at 7 p.m. the British Fleet turned S., and shortly afterwards S.W. The battleship engagement closed about 8.20, when the enemy disappeared in the smoke and mist. He lay to the W. of Admiral Jellicoe's Fleet, and orders were issued to the British torpedo craft to attack him. About 8.20 Beatty pushed W. in support of the light cruisers which had been ordered to locate the enemy's position, and came upon two battle-cruisers and two battleships, which he attacked at a range of 10,000 yards. The leading German ship was struck repeatedly, and turned away sharply with a very heavy list, emitting flames; the *Princess Royal* set a three-funnelled battleship (possibly the *Helgoland*) on fire. A third ship was battered by the *Indomitable* and *New Zealand*, and was seen heeling over, on fire, drawing out of the line. Then about 8.38 the mist came down so thickly that the battle was broken off, the enemy fleet being last seen by the larger British ships about 8.38, steaming W.

At 8.40 a violent explosion was felt by the British Fleet. This was probably caused by the destruction of a big ship.

Beatty steamed S.W. till 9.24, when having seen nothing more of the enemy, he assumed that the Germans were to the N.W., and proceeded

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N.N.E. to the British Battle Fleet. He says :
"In view of the gathering darkness, and the fact that our strategical position was such as to make it appear certain that we should locate the enemy at daylight under most favourable circumstances, I did not consider it proper or desirable to close the enemy battle fleet during the dark hours."



STORMING THE VILLAGE OF LOOS :
HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING IN THE STREETS.

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VI.

THE CHARGE AT LOOS OF THE
LONDON IRISH

(18th London).

A VIVID account of an incident at Loos, which has become historic, was given by one of the London Irish Regiment who was wounded during the charge :—

“ One set of our men—keen footballers—made a strange resolution; it was to take a football along with them. The platoon officer discovered this, and ordered the football to be sent back—which, of course, was carried out. But the old members of the London Irish Football Club were not to be done out of the greatest game of their lives—the last to some of them, poor fellows—and just before Major Beresford gave the signal the leather turned up again mysteriously.

“ Suddenly the officer in command gave the signal, ‘ Over you go, lads ! ’ With that the whole line sprang up as one man, some with a prayer, not a few making the sign of the Cross. But the footballers, they chucked the ball over and went after it just as cool as if on the field, passing it from one to the other, though the bullets were flying thick as hail, crying, ‘ On the ball, London

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Irish!' just as they might have done at Forest Hill. I believe that they actually kicked it right into the enemy's trench with the cry, 'Goal!' though not before some of them had been picked off on the way.

"There wasn't 400 yards between the trenches, and we had to get across the open—a manœuvre we started just as on parade. All lined up, bayonets fixed, rifles at the slope. Once our fellows got going it was hard to get them to stop, with the result that some rushed clean into one of our own gas waves and dropped in it just before it had time to get over the enemy's trench.

"The barbed wire had been broken into smithereens by our shells so that we could get right through; but we could see it had been terrible stuff, and we all felt we should not have had a ghost of a chance of getting through had it not been for an unlimited supply of shells expended on it.

"When we reached the German trench, which we did under a cloud of smoke, we found nothing but a pack of beings dazed with terror. In a jiffy we were over their parapet and the real work began; a kind of madness comes over you as you stab with your bayonet and hear the shriek of the poor devil suddenly cease as the steel goes through him and you know he's 'gone west.' The beggars did not show much fight, most having retired into their second line of trenches when we began to occupy their first to make it

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our new line of attack. That meant clearing out even the smallest nook or corner that was large enough to hold a man.

"This fell to the bombers. Every bomber is a hero, I think, for he has to rush on, fully exposed, laden with enough stuff to send him to 'kingdom come' if a chance shot or stumble sets him off.

"Some of the sights were awful in the hand-to-hand struggle, for, of course, that is the worst part. Our own second in command, Major Beresford, was badly wounded. Captain and Adjutant Hamilton, though shot through the knee just after leaving our trench, was discovered still limping on at the second German trench, and had to be placed under arrest to prevent his going on till he bled to death.

"They got the worst of it, though, when it came to cold steel, which they can't stand, and they ran like hares. So having left a number of men in the first trench, we went on to the second and then the third, after which other regiments came up to our relief, and together we took Loos. It wasn't really our job at all to take Loos, but we were swept on by the enthusiasm, I suppose, and all day long we were at it, clearing house after house, or rather what was left of the houses—stabbing and shooting and bombing till one felt ready to drop dead oneself. We wiped the 22nd Silesian Regiment right out, but it was horrible to work on with the cries of the wounded all round."



BRITISH TROOPS IN ACTION ON THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA.

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VII.

THE LANDING AT V BEACH, NEAR SEDD-EL-BAHR.*

By JOHN MASEFIELD.

THE men told off for this landing were: the Dublin Fusiliers, the Munster Fusiliers, half a battalion of the Hampshire Regiment, and the West Riding Field Company.

Three companies of the Dublin Fusiliers were to land from towed lighters, the rest of the party from a tramp steamer, the collier *River Clyde*. This ship, a conspicuous seamark at Cape Helles throughout the rest of the campaign, had been altered to carry and land troops. Great gangways or entry ports had been cut in her sides on the level of her between decks, and platforms had been built out upon her sides below these, so that men might run from her in a hurry. The plan was to beach her as near the shore as possible, and then drag or sweep the lighters, which she towed, into position between her and the shore, so as to make a kind of boat bridge from her to the beach. When the lighters were

* From "*Gallipoli*." By John Masefield. (Heinemann.)

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so moored as to make this bridge, the entry ports were to be opened, the waiting troops were to rush out on to the external platforms, run from them on to the lighters, and so to the shore. The ship's upper deck and bridge were protected with boiler plate and sandbags, and a casemate for machine guns was built upon her fo'c'sle, so that she might reply to the enemy's fire.

Five picket-boats, each towing five boats or launches full of men, steamed alongside the *River Clyde* and went ahead when she grounded. She took the ground rather to the right of the little beach, some 400 yards from the ruins of Sedd-el-Bahr Castle, before the Turks had opened fire; but almost as she grounded, when the picket-boats with their tows were ahead of her, only 20 or 30 yards from the beach, every rifle and machine gun in the castle, the town above it, and in the curved, low, strongly trenched hill along the bay, began a murderous fire upon ship and boats. There was no question of their missing. They had their target on the front and both flanks at ranges between 100 and 300 yards in clear daylight, 30 boats bunched together and crammed with men and a good big ship. The first outbreak of fire made the bay as white as a rapid, for the Turks fired not less than 10,000 shots a minute for the first few minutes of that attack. Those not killed in the boats at the first discharge jumped overboard

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to wade or swim ashore. Many were killed in the water, many, who were wounded, were swept away and drowned; others, trying to swim in the fierce current, were drowned by the weight of their equipment. But some reached the shore, and these instantly doubled out to cut the wire entanglements and were killed, or dashed for the cover of a bank of sand or raised beach which runs along the curve of the bay. Those very few who reached this cover were out of immediate danger, but they were only a handful. The boats were destroyed where they grounded.

Meanwhile the men of the *River Clyde* tried to make their bridge of boats by sweeping the lighters into position and mooring them between the ship and the shore. They were killed as they worked, but others took their places; the bridge was made, and some of the Munsters dashed along it from the ship and fell in heaps as they ran. As a second company followed, the moorings of the lighters broke or were shot; the men leaped into the water, and were drowned or killed, or reached the beach and were killed, or fell wounded there, and lay under fire, getting wound after wound till they died; very, very few reached the sandbank. More brave men jumped aboard the lighters to remake the bridge; they were swept away or shot to pieces. The average life on those boats was some three minutes long, but they remade the bridge, and the third

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company of the Munsters doubled down to death along it under a storm of shrapnel which scarcely a man survived. The big guns in Asia were now shelling the *River Clyde*, and the hell of rapid fire never paused. More men tried to land, headed by Brigadier-General Napier, who was instantly killed, with nearly all his followers. Then for long hours the remainder stayed on board, down below in the grounded steamer, while the shots beat on her plates with a rattling clang which never stopped. Her twelve machine guns fired back, killing any Turk who showed; but nothing could be done to support the few survivors of the landing, who now lay under cover of the sandbank on the other side of the beach. It was almost certain death to try to leave the ship, but all through the day men leaped from her (with leave or without it) to bring water or succour to the wounded on the boats or beach. A hundred brave men gave their lives thus; every man there earned the Cross that day. A boy earned it by one of the bravest deeds of the war, leaping into the sea with a rope in his teeth to try to secure a drifting lighter.

The day passed thus, but at nightfall the Turks' fire paused, and the men came ashore from the *River Clyde*, almost unharmed. They joined the survivors on the beach, and at once attacked the old fort and the village above it. These works were strongly held by the enemy. All had been ruined by the fire from the Fleet,

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but in the rubble and ruin of old masonry there were thousands of hidden riflemen backed by machine guns. Again and again they beat off our attacks, for there was a bright moon and they knew the ground, and our men had to attack uphill over wire and broken earth and heaped stones in all the wreck and confusion and strangeness of war at night in a new place. Some of the Dublins and Munsters went astray in the ruins, and were wounded far from their fellows, and so lost. The Turks became more daring after dark; while the light lasted they were checked by the *River Clyde's* machine guns, but at midnight they gathered unobserved and charged. They came right down on to the beach, and in the darkness and moonlight much terrible and confused fighting followed. Many were bayoneted, many shot, there was wild firing and crying, and then the Turk attack melted away, and their machine guns began again. When day dawned, the survivors of the landing party were crouched under the shelter of the sandbank; they had had no rest; most of them had been fighting all night; all had landed across the corpses of their friends. No retreat was possible, nor was it dreamed of, but to stay there was hopeless. Lieut.-Colonel Doughty-Wylie gathered them together for an attack; the Fleet opened a terrific fire upon the ruins of the fort and village, and the landing party went forward again, fighting from bush to bush and from stone to stone, till the ruins were in

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their hands. Shells still fell among them, single Turks, lurking under cover, sniped them and shot them; but the landing had been made good, and V beach was secured to us.

This was the worst and the bloodiest of all the landings.



THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME: THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS' SPLENDID CHARGE.
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VIII.

THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS AT THE
BATTLE OF THE SOMME.*

By PHILIP GIBBS.

AND now I must tell a little more in detail the story of the Guards in this battle. It is hard to tell it, and not all can be told yet because of the enemy. The Guards had their full share of the fighting, and of the difficult ground, with strong forces against them. They knew that would be so before they went into battle, and yet they did not ask for better things but awaited the hour of attack with strong, gallant hearts, quite sure of their courage, proud of their name, full of trust in their officers, eager to give a smashing blow at the enemy.

These splendid men, so tall and proper, so hard and fine, went away as one might imagine the old knights and yeomen of England at Agincourt. For the first time in the history of the Coldstreamers, three battalions of them charged in line, great solid waves of men, as fine a sight as the world could show. Behind them were

* From "*The Battles of the Somme.*" (Heinemann.)

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the Grenadiers, and again behind these men the Irish.

They had not gone more than 200 yards before they came under the enfilade fire of massed machine guns in trenches not previously observed. The noise of this fire was so loud and savage that, although hundreds of guns were firing, not a shot could be heard. It was just the stabbing staccato hammering of the German Maxims. Men fell, but the lines were not broken. Gaps were made in the ranks, but they closed up. The wounded did not call for help, but cheered on those who swept past and on, shouting "Go on, Lily-whites!"—which is the old name for the Coldstreamers—"Get at 'em, Lily-whites!"

They went on at a hot pace with their bayonets lowered. Out of the crumpled earth—all pits and holes and hillocks, torn up by great gun-fire—grey figures rose and fled. They were German soldiers terror-stricken by this rushing tide of men.

The Guards went on. Then they were checked by two lines of trenches, wired and defended by machine guns and bombers. They came upon them quicker than they expected. Some of the officers were puzzled. Could these be the trenches marked out for attack—or other unknown trenches? Anyhow, they must be taken—and the Guards took them by frontal assault full in the face of continual blasts of machine-gun bullets.

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There was hard and desperate fighting. The Germans defended themselves to the death. They bombed our men, who attacked them with the bayonet, served their machine guns until they were killed, and would only surrender when our men were on top of them. It was a very bloody hour or more. By that time the Irish Guards had joined the others. All the Guards were together, and together they passed the trenches, swinging left inevitably under the machine-gun fire which poured upon them from their right, but going steadily deeper into the enemy country until they were 2,000 yards from their starting place.

Then it was necessary to call a halt. Many officers and men had fallen. To go farther would be absolute death. The troops on the right had been utterly held up. The Guards were "up in the air" with an exposed flank, open to all the fire that was flung upon them from the enemy's lines. The temptation to go farther was great. The German infantry was on the run. They were dragging their guns away. There was a great panic among the men who had been hiding in trenches. But the German machine gunners kept to their posts to safeguard a rout, and the Guards had gone far enough through their scourging bullets.

They decided very wisely to hold the line they had gained, and to dig in where they stood, and to make forward posts with strong points.

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They had killed a great number of Germans and taken 200 prisoners and fought grandly. So now they halted and dug and took cover as best they could in shell-craters and broken ground, under fierce fire from the enemy's guns.

The night was a dreadful one for the wounded, and for men who did their best for the wounded, trying to be deaf to agonizing sounds. Many of them had hairbreadth escapes from death. One young officer in the Irish Guards lay in a shell-hole with two comrades, and then left it for a while to cheer up other men lying in surrounding craters. When he came back he found his two friends lying dead, blown to bits by a shell.

But in spite of all these bad hours the Guards kept cool, kept their discipline, their courage, and their spirit. The Germans launched counter-attacks against them, but were annihilated. The Guards held their ground, and gained the greatest honour for self-sacrificing courage which has ever given a special meaning to their name. They took the share which all of us knew they would take in the greatest of all our battles since the first day of July, and, with other regiments, struck a vital blow at the enemy's line of defence.



THE ADVANCE ON BAGHDAD : BATTLE ON THE TIGRIS RIVER.
Reproduced by permission of "The Sphere."

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IX.

THE MOONLIGHT BATTLE FOR BAGHDAD.

By EDMUND CANDLER.

THE last fighting before Baghdad is likely to become historic on account of the splendid gallantry of our troops in the crossing of the Diala River. After the action at Lajj the Turkish rearguard fell back on Diala, destroying the bridge which crosses the stream at its junction with the Tigris. We pushed on in pursuit on the left bank, sending cavalry and two columns of infantry to work round on the right bank, and to enter Baghdad from the west. Speed in following up was essential, and the column attacking Diala was faced with another crossing in which the element of surprise was eliminated. The village lies on both banks of the stream, which is 120 yards wide. The houses, trees, nullah, and walled gardens made it impossible to build a road and ramps quickly and to bring up pontoons without betraying the point of embarkation. Hence the old bridge-head site was chosen. The attack on the night of the 7th was checked, but the quality of

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courage shown by our men has never been surpassed in war. Immediately the first pontoon was lowered over the ramp the whole launching party was shot down in a few seconds. It was a bright moonlight, and the Turks had concentrated their machine guns and rifles in the houses on the opposite bank.

The second pontoon had got into the middle of the stream, when a terrific fusillade was opened on it. The crew of five rowers and ten riflemen were killed and the boat floated down the stream. A third got nearly across, but was bombed and sank. All the crew were killed. But there was no holding back. The orders still held to secure the passage. Crew after crew pushed off to an obvious and certain death. The fourth crossing party was exterminated in the same way, and the pontoons drifted out to the Tigris to float past our camp in the daylight with their freight of dead. The drafts who went over were raised by volunteers from other battalions in the brigade. These and the sappers on the bank share the honour of the night with the attacking battalion. Nothing stopped them, save the loss of the pontoons. A Lancashire man remarked: "It is a bit hot here, but let's try higher up," but the gallant fellows were reduced to their last boat. Another regiment, which was to cross higher up, were delayed, as the boats had to be carried nearly a mile across country to the stream. After the

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failure of the bridgehead passage the second crossing was cancelled, but the men were still game.

On the second night the attempt was pursued with equal gallantry. This time the attack was preceded by a bombardment. Registering by artillery had been impossible on the first day in the speed of the pursuit. It was the barrage that secured us the footing—not the shells, but the dust raised by them. This was so thick that you could not see your hand in front of your face. It formed a curtain behind which ten boats were able to cross. Afterwards, in clear moonlight, when the curtain of dust had lifted, the conditions of the night before were re-established. Succeeding crossing parties were exterminated, and pontoons drifted away, but a footing was secured. The dust served us well. The crew of one boat which lost its way during the barrage were untouched, but they did not make the bank in time. Directly the air cleared a machine-gun was opened on them, and the rowers were shot down, and the pontoon drifted back ashore. A sergeant called to volunteers to get the wounded out of the boat, and a party of twelve men went over the river bank. Every man of them, as well as the crew of the pontoons, were killed.

Some 60 men had got over, and these joined up and started bombing along the bank. They were soon heavily pressed by the Turks on both flanks, and found themselves between two woods.

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Here they discovered a providential natural position. A break in the river bund had been repaired by a new bund built in a half-moon on the landward side. This formed a perfect lunette. The Lancashire men, surrounded on all sides but the river, held it through the night, all the next day, and the next night against repeated and determined attacks. Those attacks were delivered in the dark or at dawn. The Turks only attacked once in the daylight, as our machine guns on the other bank swept the ground in front of the position. Twenty yards west of the lunette there was a thin grove of mulberries and palms. The pontoon was most vulnerable on this side, and it was here that the Turkish counter-attacks were most frequent. Our intense intermittent artillery fire day and night on the wood afforded some protection. The whole affair was visible to our troops on the south side, who were able to make themselves heard by shouting. Attempts to get a cable across with a rocket for the passage of ammunition failed.

At midnight on the 9th and 10th the Turks were on top of the parapet, but were driven back. One more determined rush would have carried the lunette, but the little garrison, now reduced to 40, kept their heads and maintained cool control of their fire. A corporal was seen searching for loose rounds and emptying the bandoliers of the dead. In the end they were

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reduced almost to their last clip and one bomb, but we found over 100 Turkish dead outside the redoubts when they were relieved at daylight. The crossing on the night of the 9th and 10th was entirely successful. With our cavalry and two columns of infantry working round on the right bank the Turks were in danger of being cut off, as at Sanna-i-Yat. Before midnight they had withdrawn their machine guns, leaving only riflemen to dispute the passage. The crossing upstream was a surprise. We slipped through the Turkish guard. He had pickets at both ends of the river salient where we dropped our pontoons. But he overlooked essential points in it which offered us dead ground uncovered by posts up and down stream. Consequently our passage here lost us no lives. The other ferry near the bridge was also crossed with slight loss, owing to a diversion up-stream. The Turks, perceiving that their flank was being turned, effected a general retirement of the greater part of their garrison between the two ferries. Some 250 in all, finding us bombing down on both flanks, surrendered. The upper crossing was so unexpected that one Turk was actually bayonnetted as he lay covering the opposite bank with his rifle.

By 9.30 on the morning of the 10th the whole brigade had crossed. Soon after 11 the brigade was complete and the pursuit continued. The Turks continued their rearguard action, and in

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the afternoon there was fighting in the palm groves of Saida, and the Turks were cleared with the bayonet, after artillery had combed the wood. The main body was holding the El Mahomed position, one and a half miles further north—a trench line running nearly four miles inland from the Tigris. We attacked this in front, while another column made a wide turning movement on the flank, and the enemy evacuated it at night. On the morning of the 12th we entered Baghdad. Our force on the right bank, after defeating the Turkish rearguard in two actions, reached the suburb on the opposite side of the Bridge of Boats. A brigade was ferried across in coracles, and at noon they hoisted the Union Jack on the citadel. Meanwhile the cavalry continued the pursuit and occupied Kazimain after slight resistance. Four damaged aeroplanes and 100 prisoners were taken, in addition to the 300 captured on the left bank. The gunboats are still in pursuit of the enemy, who are reported to be entrenching 16 miles north of Baghdad, covering the entrainment of troops.

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X.

THE BATTLE OF ARRAS.*

BY PHILIP GIBBS.

TO-DAY, at dawn, our armies began a great battle, which, if Fate has any kindness for the world, may be the beginning of the last great battles of the war. Our troops attacked on a wide front between Lens and St. Quentin, including the Vimy Ridge, that great, grim hill which dominates the plain of Douai and the coalfields of Lens and the German positions around Arras. In spite of bad fortune in weather at the beginning of the day, so bad that there was no visibility for the airmen, and our men had to struggle forward in a heavy rainstorm, the first attacks have been successful, and the enemy has lost much ground, falling back in retreat to strong rearguard lines, where he is now fighting desperately. The line of our attack covers a front of some 12 miles southwards from Givenchy-en-Gohelle, and is a sledge-hammer blow, threatening to break the northern end of the Hindenburg line, already menaced round St. Quentin. As soon as the enemy was forced

* From the "Daily Chronicle" and "Daily Telegraph."

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to retreat from the country east of Bapaume and Péronne, in order to escape a decisive blow on that line, he hurried up divisions and guns northwards to counter our attack there, while he prepared a new line of defence, known as the Wotan line, as the southern part of the Hindenburg line, which joins it, is known as the Siegfried position, after two great heroes of old German mythology. He hoped to escape there before our new attack was ready, but we have been too quick for him, and his own plans were frustrated.

So to-day began another titanic conflict which the world will hold its breath to watch because of all that hangs upon it. I have seen the fury of this beginning, and all the sky on fire with it, the most tragic and frightful sight that men have ever seen, with an infernal splendour beyond words to tell. The bombardment which went before the infantry assault lasted for several days, and reached a great height yesterday, when, coming from the south, I saw it for the first time. Those of us who knew what would happen to-day, the beginning of another series of battles greater, perhaps, than the struggle of the Somme, found ourselves yesterday filled with a tense, restless emotion, and some of us smiled with a kind of tragic irony because it was Easter Sunday. In the little villages behind the battle lines the bells of the French churches were ringing gladly because the Lord had risen,

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and on the altar steps the priests were reciting the splendid old words of faith. "Resurrexi et adhuc tecum sum. Alleluia" ("I have arisen and I am with thee always. Alleluia"). The earth was glad yesterday. For the first time this year the sun had a touch of warmth in it, though patches of snow still stayed white under the shelter of the banks, and the sky was blue and the light glinted on wet tree-trunks and in the furrows of the new-ploughed earth. As I went up the road to the battle lines I passed a battalion of our men, the men who are fighting to-day, standing in hollow square with bowed heads while the chaplain conducted the Easter service. Easter Sunday, but no truce of God. I went to a field outside Arras and looked into the ruins of the cathedral city. The cathedral itself stood clear in the sunlight, with a deep black shadow where its roof and aisles had been. Beyond was a ragged pinnacle of stone, once the glorious Town Hall, and the French barracks and all the broken streets going out to the Cambrai road. It was hell in Arras, though Easter Sunday.

The bombardment was now in full blast. It was a beautiful and devilish thing, and the beauty of it, and not the evil of it, put a spell upon one's senses. All our batteries, too many to count, were firing, and thousands of gun flashes were winking and blinking from hollows and hiding-places, and all their shells were

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rushing through the sky as though flocks of great birds were in flight, and all were bursting over the German positions with long flames which rent the darkness and waved sword-blades of quivering light along the ridges. The earth opened, and great pools of red fire gushed out. Star shells burst magnificently, pouring down golden rain. Mines exploded east and west of Arras and in the wide sweep from Vimy Ridge to Blangy southwards, and voluminous clouds, all bright with a glory of infernal fire, rolled up to the sky. The wind blew strongly across, beating back the noise of the guns, but the air was all filled with the deep roar and slamming knocks of the single heavies and the drum fire of the field guns.

The hour for attack was 5.30. Officers were looking at their wrist watches as on a day in July last year. The earth lightened. A few minutes before 5.30 the guns almost ceased fire, so that there was a strange and solemn hush. We waited, and pulses beat faster than the second-hands. "They're away," said a voice by my side. The bombardment broke out again with new and enormous effects of fire and sound. The enemy was shelling Arras heavily, and black shrapnel and high explosive came over from his lines, but our gunfire was twenty times as great. Around the whole sweep of his lines green lights rose. They were signals of distress, and his men were calling for help.

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It was dawn now, but clouded and storm-swept. A few airmen came out with the wind tearing at their wings, but could see nothing in the mist and driving rain. I went down to the outer ramparts of Arras. The suburb of Blangy seemed already in our hands. On the higher ground beyond our men were fighting forward. I saw two waves of infantry advancing against the enemy's trenches, preceded by our barrage of field guns. They went in a slow, leisurely way, not hurried, though the enemy's shrapnel was searching for them. "Grand fellows," said an officer lying next to me on the wet slope. "Oh, topping!" Fifteen minutes afterwards groups of men came back. They were British wounded and German prisoners. I met the first of these walking wounded afterwards. They were met on the roadside by medical officers, who patched them up there and then before they were taken to the field hospitals in ambulances. From these men, hit by shrapnel and machine-gun bullets, I heard the first news of progress. They were bloody and exhausted, but claimed success. "We did fine," said one of them. "We were through the fourth lines before I was knocked out." "Not many Germans in the first trenches," said another, "and no real trenches either after shelling. We had knocked their dug-outs out, and their dead were lying thick, and the living ones put their hands up." All the men agreed that their own casualties were not high, and mostly wounded.

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The Next Day.

By three in the afternoon yesterday the Canadians had gained the whole of the ridge except a high strong post on the left, Hill 145, which was captured during the night. Our gunfire had helped them by breaking down all the wire, even round Heroes' Wood and Count's Wood, where it was very thick and strong. Thélus was wiped utterly off the map. This morning Canadian patrols pushed in a snowstorm through the Farbus Wood, and established outposts on the railway embankment. Some of the bravest work was done by the forward observing officers, who climbed to the top of Vimy Ridge as soon as it was captured, and through a sea of heavy barrage reported back to the artillery all the movements seen by them on the country below.

In spite of the wild day, our flying men were riding the storm and signalling to the gunners who were rushing up their field guns. "Our 60-pounders," said a Canadian officer, "had the day of their lives." They found many targets. There were trains moving in Vimy village, and they hit them. There were troops massing on the sloping ground, and they were shattered. There were guns and limbers on the move, and men and horses were killed. Beyond all the prisoners taken yesterday by the English, Scottish and Canadian troops, the enemy losses were frightful, and the scenes behind his lines must

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have been and still be hideous in slaughter and terror.

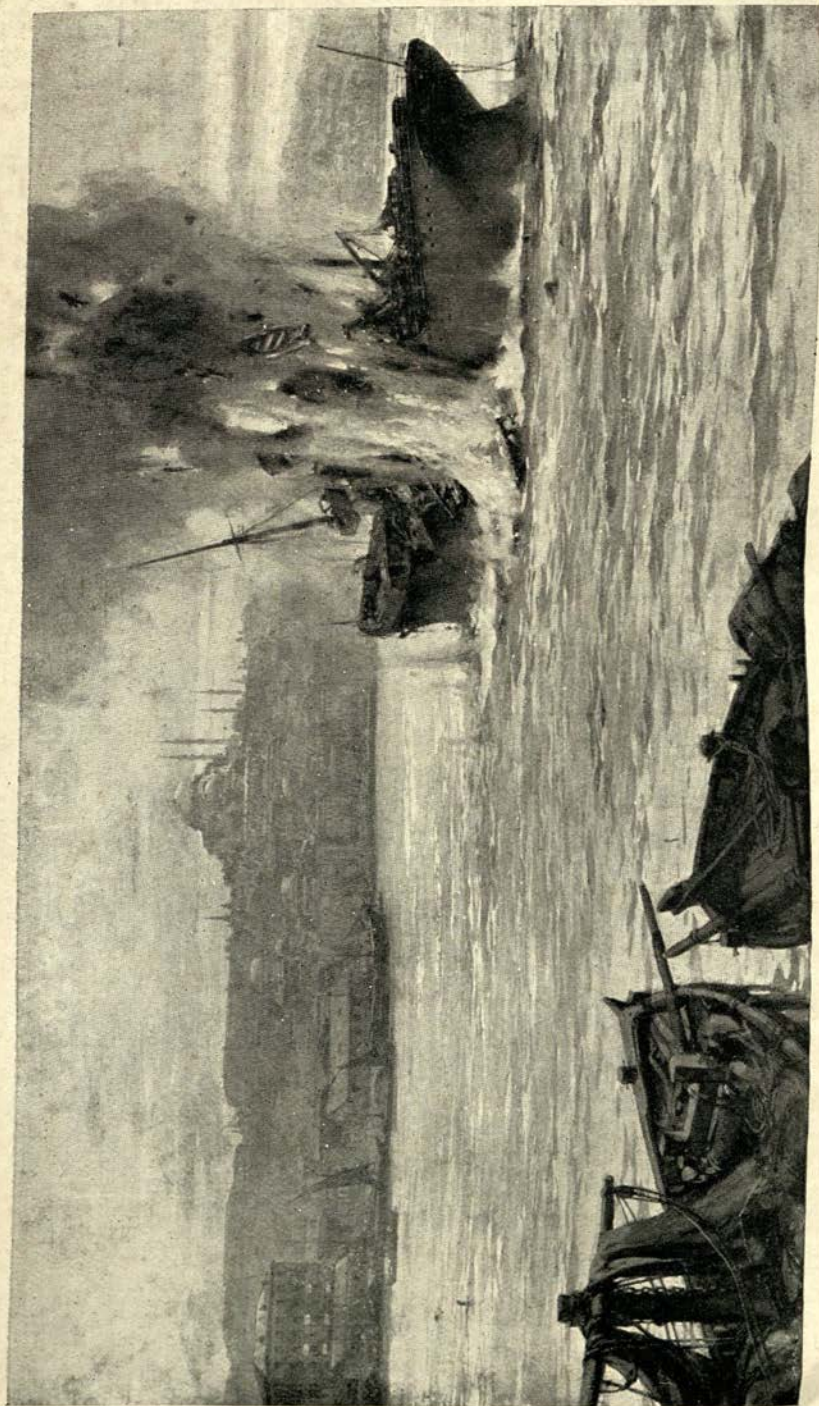
The Battle of Arras is the greatest victory we have yet gained in this war and a staggering blow to the enemy. He has lost already nearly 10,000 prisoners and more than half a hundred guns,* and in dead and wounded his losses are great. He is in retreat south of the Vimy Ridge to defensive lines further back, and as he goes our guns are smashing him along the roads. It is a black day for the German armies and for the German women who do not know yet what it means to them. During last night the Canadians gained the last point, called Hill 145, on the Vimy Ridge, where the Germans held out in a pocket with machine guns, and this morning the whole of that high ridge, which dominates the plains to Douai, is in our hands, so that there is removed from our path the great barrier for which the French and ourselves have fought through bloody years. Yesterday, before daylight and afterwards, I saw this ridge of Vimy all on fire with the light of great gunfire. The enemy was there in strength, and his guns were answering ours with a heavy barrage of high explosives.

This morning the scene was changed as by a miracle. Snow was falling, blown gustily across the battlefields and powdering the capes and

* Increased to 19,343 prisoners and 257 guns on 2nd May.

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helmets of our men as they rode or marched forward to the front. But presently sunlight broke through the storm-clouds and flooded all the countryside by Neuville-St. Vaast and Thélus and La Folie Farm up to the crest of the ridge where the Canadians had just fought their way with such high valour. Our batteries were firing from many hiding-places, revealed by the short, sharp flashes of light, but few answering shells came back, and the ridge itself, patched with snowdrifts, was as quiet as any hill of peace. It was astounding to think that not a single German stayed up there out of all the thousands who had held it yesterday, unless some poor wounded devils still cower in the great tunnels which pierce the hillside. It was almost unbelievable to me, who have known the evil of this high ridge month after month and year after year and the deadly menace which lurked about its lower slopes. Yet I saw proof below, where all the Germans who had been there at dawn yesterday, thousands of them, were down in our lines, drawn up in battalions, marshalling themselves, grinning at the fate which had come to them and spared their lives.



THE GREAT EXPLOIT OF E. 11 : TORPEDOING AN ENEMY VESSEL OFF CONSTANTINOPLE.
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XI.

WARFARE UNDER WATER.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

They bear, in place of classic names,
Letters and numbers on their skin.
They play their grisly blindfold games
In little boxes made of tin.
Sometimes they stalk the Zeppelin,
Sometimes they learn where mines are laid.
Or where the Baltic ice is thin.
That is the custom of "The Trade."

NO one knows how the title of "The Trade" came to be applied to the Submarine Service. Some say the cruisers invented it because they pretend that submarine officers look like unwashed chauffeurs. Others think it sprang forth by itself, which means that it was coined by the Lower Deck, where they always have the proper names for things. Whatever the truth, the Submarine Service is now "the Trade"; and if you ask them why, they will answer: "What else could you call it? The Trade's 'the trade,' of course."

It is a close corporation; yet it recruits its men and officers from every class that uses the sea and engines, as well as from many classes that never expected to deal with either. It takes them; they disappear for a while and return changed to their very souls, for the Trade lives in a world without precedents, of which no generation has had any previous experience—a world still being made and enlarged daily. It creates and settles its own problems

* "Sea Warfare." By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)

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as it goes along, and if it cannot help itself no one else can. So the Trade lives in the dark and thinks out inconceivable and impossible things, which it afterwards puts into practice.

Four Nightmares.

Who, a few months ago, could have invented, or, having invented, would have dared to print such a nightmare as this: There was a boat in the North Sea who ran into a net and was caught by the nose. She rose, still entangled, meaning to cut the thing away on the surface. But a Zeppelin in waiting saw and bombed her, and she had to go down again at once, but not too wildly or she would get herself more wrapped up than ever. She went down, and by slow working and weaving and wriggling, guided only by guesses at the meaning of each scrape and grind of the net on her blind forehead, at last she drew clear. Then she sat on the bottom and thought. The question was whether she should go back at once and warn her confederates against the trap, or wait till the destroyers, which she knew the Zeppelin would have signalled for, should come out to finish her still entangled, as they would suppose, in the net. It was a simple calculation of comparative speeds and positions, and when it was worked out she decided to try for the double event. Within a few minutes of the time she had allowed for them, she heard the twitter of four destroyers' screws quartering above her; rose; got her shot in; saw one destroyer crumple; hung round till another took the wreck in tow; said good-bye to the spare brace (she was at the

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end of her supplies), and reached the rendezvous in time to turn her friends.

And since we are dealing in nightmares, here are two more—one genuine, the other, mercifully, false. There was a boat not only at, but *in* the mouth of a river—well home in German territory. She was spotted, and went under, her commander perfectly aware that there was not more than five feet of water over her conning-tower, so that even a torpedo-boat, let alone a destroyer, would hit it if she came over. But nothing hit anything. The search was conducted on scientific principles while they sat on the silt and suffered. Then the commander heard the rasp of a wire trawl sweeping over his hull. It was not a nice sound, but there happened to be a couple of gramophones aboard, and he turned them both on to drown it. And in due time that boat got home with everybody's hair of just the same colour as when they had started!

The other nightmare arose out of silence and imagination. A boat had gone to bed on the bottom in a spot where she might reasonably expect to be looked for, but it was a convenient jumping-off, or up, place for the work in hand. About the bad hour of 2.30. a.m. the commander was waked by one of his men, who whispered to him: "They've got the chains on us, sir!" Whether it was pure nightmare, an hallucination of long wakefulness, something relaxing and releasing in that packed box of machinery, or the disgusting reality, the commander could not tell, but it had all the makings of panic in it. So the Lord and long training put it into his head

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to reply: "Have they? Well, we shan't be coming up till nine o'clock this morning. We'll see about it then. Turn out that light, please."

He did not sleep, but the dreamer and the others did, and when morning came and he gave the order to rise, and she rose unhampered, and he saw the grey, smeared seas from above once again, he said it was a very refreshing sight.

Lastly, which is on all fours with the gamble of the chase, a man was coming home rather bored after an uneventful trip. It was necessary for him to sit on the bottom for awhile, and there he played patience. Of a sudden it struck him, as a vow and an omen, that if he worked out the next game correctly he would go up and strafe something. The cards fell all in order. He went up at once and found himself alongside a German, whom, as he had promised and prophesied to himself, he destroyed. She was a mine-layer, and needed only a jar to dissipate like a cracked electric-light bulb. He was somewhat impressed by the contrast between the single-handed game 50 feet below, the ascent, the attack, the amazing result, and when he descended again, his cards just as he had left them.

The Exploit of E II.

E II "proceeded" in the usual way, to the usual accompaniments of hostile destroyers, up the Straits, and meets the usual difficulties about charging-up when she gets through. Her wireless naturally takes this opportunity to give trouble, and E II is left, deaf and dumb, somewhere in the middle of the Sea of Marmara, diving to avoid hostile destroyers in the intervals

PEN PICTURES OF BRITISH BATTLES

of trying to come at the fault in her aerial. (Yet it is noteworthy that the language of the Trade, though technical, is no more emphatic or incandescent than that of top-side ships.)

Then she goes towards Constantinople, finds a Turkish torpedo-gunboat off the port, sinks her, has her periscope smashed by a six-pounder, retires, fits a new top on the periscope, and at 10.30 a.m.—they must have needed it—pipes “All hands to bathe.” Much refreshed, she gets her wireless linked up at last, and is able to tell the authorities where she is and what she is after.

* * * *

In due time E II went back to her base. She had discovered a way of using unspent torpedoes twice over, which surprised the enemy, and she had as nearly as possible been cut down by a ship which she thought was running away from her. Instead of which (she made the discovery at 3,000 yards, both craft all out) the stranger steamed straight at her. “The enemy then witnessed a somewhat spectacular dive at full speed from the surface to 20 feet in as many seconds. He then really did turn tail and was seen no more.” Going through the Straits she observed an empty troopship at anchor, but reserved her torpedoes in the hope of picking up some battleships lower down. Not finding these in the Narrows, she nosed her way back and sank the trooper, “afterwards continuing journey down the Straits.” Off Kilid Bahr something happened; she got out of trim and had to be fully flooded before she could be brought to her required depth. It might have been

PEN PICTURES OF BRITISH BATTLES

whirlpools under water, or—other things. (They tell a story of a boat which once went mad in these very waters, and, for no reason ascertainable from within, plunged to depths that contractors do not allow for ; rocketed up again like a sword-fish, and would doubtless have so continued till she died, had not something she had fouled dropped off and let her recover her composure.)

An hour later : “ Heard a noise similar to grounding. Knowing this to be impossible in the water in which the boat then was, I came up to 20 feet to investigate, and observed a large mine preceding the periscope at a distance of about 20 feet, which was apparently hung up by its moorings to the port hydroplane.” Hydroplanes are the fins at bow and stern which regulate a submarine’s diving. A mine weighs anything from hundredweights to half-tons. Sometimes it explodes if you merely think about it ; at others you can batter it like an empty sardine tin and it submits meekly ; but at no time is it meant to wear on a hydroplane. They dared not come up to unhitch it, “ owing to the batteries ashore,” so they pushed the dim shape ahead of them till they got outside Kum Kale. They then went full astern, and emptied the after-tanks, which brought the bows down, and in this posture rose to the surface, when “ the rush of water from the screws together with the sternway gathered allowed the mine to fall clear of the vessel.”

Now a fool, said Dr. Johnson, would have tried to describe that.

LE ROLE DE LA FRANCE



20

**43 Ans de Politique
Pacifique et Conciliante
envers l'Allemagne**

1871 - 1914

Par PIERRE ALBIN

Prix : 50 centimes

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43 ans de Politique Pacifique

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43 ans de Politique

Pacifique et Conciliante

Dans le manifeste qu'il adressait à la nation française, à la veille de la guerre, M. R. Poincaré, Président de la République, rejetait sur l'Empire allemand « l'écrasante responsabilité » du sang qui allait être versé.

L'opinion publique mondiale, dont les sympathies pour la France se sont déjà manifestées à de si fréquentes reprises, doit être convaincue que l'histoire ratifiera ce jugement du Président Poincaré.

Mais cette conviction ne doit pas s'appliquer seulement aux événements qui ont précédé immédiatement le conflit.

L'opinion, chez les Etats neutres, doit aussi savoir que depuis cette victoire de 1870, dont elle semblait surtout fière parce qu'elle l'avait remportée sur la France, et qu'elle invoquait avec ostentation dans toutes les manifestations de sa vie internationale, l'Allemagne n'a jamais rencontré du côté français, à côté d'une volonté légitime d'indépendance et de dignité, que des intentions pacifiques continues et un désir sincère d'entente et de conciliation.

Quelques faits précis et quelques citations répondront mieux que de longs commentaires aux accusations et aux récits tendancieux par lesquels la presse et les publications allemandes essaient d'égarer l'opinion à ce sujet.



La France et l'Empire allemand.

La fondation de l'unité allemande n'a soulevé, en principe, du côté français, aucune opposition. Il y a même eu, avant 1870, des Français pour soutenir, de bonne foi, que la France devait y coopérer. Mais la proclamation de l'Empire allemand fut faite à Versailles, le 18 janvier 1871, à la suite d'événements que tout le monde connaît et le traité de Francfort, qui mit fin, le 10 mai suivant, à la guerre franco-allemande, consacra le démembrement du territoire français; deux provinces françaises: l'Alsace et la Lorraine, furent arrachées à la mère-patrie, contre le gré de leur population.

Il y a donc eu d'abord, à l'origine de l'unité allemande, un abus criant de la force. Vainement, les historiens allemands prétendent-ils que les Alsaciens sont Allemands. Ils confondent ainsi la notion déjà obscure de race avec celle de nationalité et négligent de rappeler que deux siècles d'union politique avaient fait de tous les Alsaciens et de tous les Lor-

rains des Français au même titre que les Basques, les Catalans ou les Savoyards.

Ce démembrement a mis en outre la France dans une situation géographique et militaire particulière qu'il ne faut pas oublier et dont la connaissance est capitale pour une juste appréciation des rapports franco-allemands.

La frontière déterminée par le traité de Francfort était en effet tracée de telle manière — à la suite des exigences du parti militaire prussien de 1871 — qu'elle plaçait la France, au point de vue militaire, dans un état *d'infériorité naturelle permanente*, à l'égard de l'Empire allemand. La *position de défensive défavorable*, telle était la part de la France ; la *faculté d'attaquer* dans des conditions avantageuses était réservée à l'Allemagne. L'état-major allemand avait résumé cette situation dans une formule qui exprimait toute sa pensée : *Metz à l'Allemagne, disait-il, c'est un pistolet sur la tempe de la France.*

Si l'on se rappelle que cette fondation, dans de pareilles conditions, de l'Empire allemand, suivait à quatre ans de date seulement l'écrasement de l'Autriche à Sadowa, on peut deviner, d'ores et déjà, à quelles tendances naturelles la politique française et la politique allemande allaient obéir : celle-ci, toujours plus entraînée par le sentiment de la force, demandera à l'usage de cette force, ou à la menace, des avantages que celle-là s'efforcera de lui accorder ou de lui refuser, suivant qu'ils seront compatibles ou non avec sa dignité et ses nécessités vitales.

La Défensive imposée.

Le traité de Francfort signé, la France l'exécuta loyalement. Le gouvernement impérial allemand prit possession des provinces cédées, dont le sort fut réglé par le Parlement d'Empire, sans la moindre ingérence du côté français. L'indemnité de guerre de *cinq milliards*, stipulée au profit de l'Allemagne, fut payée avant les diverses échéances fixées, de telle sorte que dès 1873, la France fut en droit d'exiger l'évacuation de son territoire par les troupes allemandes d'occupation.

La guerre de 1870 ainsi *liquidée*, les deux nations belligérantes reprenaient chacune leur liberté, c'est-à-dire l'exercice de leur souveraineté respective. Le passé de la France, sa situation présente dans le monde, faisaient à son gouvernement le devoir d'en reconstituer les forces économiques et militaires, de manière à lui assurer, *dans le respect du traité de paix signé avec l'Allemagne*, sa pleine indépendance, sa dignité et l'évolution légitime de sa vie nationale en Europe et hors d'Europe.

C'est ce qu'il a fait pendant quarante-trois ans, avec une application attentive et une patience inlassable, qui n'ont été qu'à de rares intervalles payées de retour par le gouvernement allemand.

La libération de son territoire achevée, le gouvernement français soumit aux Chambres les premiers

projets destinés à assurer la reconstitution de son armée. C'était là, non seulement son droit, mais son devoir. A cet égard, les assurances du gouvernement français autant que la supériorité de fait et l'avance écrasante que lui donnait sa victoire récente enlevaient à l'Allemagne tout sujet de crainte : la France, par la nature même des choses, ne pouvait préparer et ne préparait en effet que sa *défense éventuelle*.

Le gouvernement impérial, s'efforçant de jeter la suspicion sur les intentions de la France, ne l'entendit cependant point ainsi. Tolérant ou favorisant même une campagne systématique de la presse allemande, il laissait s'accréditer dans l'opinion publique de son pays, afin qu'elle se propageât au dehors, la pensée que la France préparait une agression contre l'Allemagne.

Dès 1875, quelque temps après le vote par les Chambres françaises d'une loi sur les cadres de l'armée, le parti militaire créait à Berlin, contre la France, une violente agitation et parut même, un moment, sur le point de céder aux entraînements de ce parti.

Voulut-il, alors, par une guerre préventive, s'assurer contre le relèvement de la France, achever l'écrasement interrompu de 1870 ? C'est une question à laquelle l'histoire répondra.

Ce qui est certain, ce que les hommes de bonne foi de tous les pays peuvent dégager des documents publics allemands eux-mêmes, c'est que toutes les lois militaires proposées par le gouvernement impérial aux autorités législatives ont eu pour but —

l'exposé de leurs motifs et les débats publics en font foi — d'assurer au nouvel Empire *une supériorité militaire telle que l'existence de la France, son indépendance et sa dignité fussent toujours à la discrétion de l'Allemagne.*

Il n'y a, pour s'en convaincre, qu'à rappeler, dans leur ordre chronologique, les grandes lois militaires votées successivement par le Parlement allemand, depuis la fondation de l'Empire.

En 1871, les articles 57, 59 et 60 de la Constitution de l'Empire avaient fixé, avec la durée et les obligations du service militaire, le chiffre des effectifs, et, cette même année, ce chiffre avait été consolidé pour une durée de trois années : il devait atteindre 401.059 hommes.

La France ayant, dès 1872 et 1873, et pour ne pas rester sous le coup de la menace, réorganisé ses cadres, l'état-major allemand demande en 1874, au Reichstag, qui acquiesce, le vote d'un premier *septennat*.

En 1881, deuxième septennat, fixant l'effectif à 427.274 hommes jusqu'au 31 mars 1888.

Quelques années s'écoulent. La France a réparé ses blessures. Elle a conquis la Tunisie et le Tonkin (avec l'assentiment de l'Allemagne, comme on le verra tout à l'heure). Pour qu'elle ne demeure pas en état d'infériorité trop marquée sur le continent vis-à-vis de l'Allemagne, le gouvernement français dépose sur le bureau des deux Chambres un nouveau projet de loi militaire sur le service obligatoire de trois ans. Ce

projet s'enlise dans la procédure parlementaire. Peu importe ! M. de Bismarck en fait état pour demander, à la fin de 1886, le vote d'un nouveau septennat. L'opinion publique allemande paraissant rétive, il fait appel à des arguments historiques étranges : il évoque le moyen âge, le temps des trois évêchés de Toul, Metz et Verdun. Il affirme à la tribune du Reichstag, au mois de janvier, que la France ne pense qu'à la revanche.

Or, à cette même époque, le gouvernement de la République et l'immense majorité de l'opinion publique française donnent au contraire la preuve de leur sagesse et de leur attachement à la paix.

Non seulement dans son ensemble cette opinion condamne et enraye l'agitation superficielle connue sous le nom de boulangisme, mais encore le gouvernement s'attache à entretenir des rapports corrects avec l'Allemagne. C'est ainsi qu'au mois d'avril 1887, un grave incident de frontière — connu sous le nom d'affaire Schnoebelé — ayant surgi entre les deux pays voisins, le gouvernement français, d'accord avec M. Grévy, Président de la République, *donne l'ordre de dégarnir de troupes une grande partie de la frontière est de la France*. Quelques mois après, à la suite d'un autre incident de frontière survenu dans les environs de Raon-l'Etape, une attitude analogue est observée du côté français.

Au printemps de 1888, pendant le règne de trois mois de l'empereur Frédéric III, le gouvernement impérial ayant soumis le séjour des Français en

Alsace-Lorraine à un régime de police *manifestement contraire à l'esprit du traité de Francfort*, le gouvernement français s'abstient de toute mesure de *retorsion* à l'égard des sujets allemands qui vivent déjà alors par centaines de mille sur le territoire de la République.

On pourrait citer un grand nombre d'exemples analogues de la patience de la France au cours des années qui suivirent.

Malgré ces preuves de l'esprit pacifique de la France, la préparation de la guerre continue en Allemagne d'une manière ininterrompue et *toujours dans la même pensée que cette préparation soit telle qu'elle mette la France, militairement, à la merci de l'Allemagne.*

Le 6 février 1888, le Reichstag vote les crédits afférents à une réorganisation de la landwehr et du landsturm qui constitue une véritable militarisation de toute la population mâle valide de l'Allemagne.

Le 24 juin 1890, le chancelier de Caprivi, à son tour, dépose et fait voter par le Reichstag un nouveau projet portant accroissement des forces allemandes, et dont l'exposé des motifs contient l'aveu des projets *d'offensive brusquée de l'Allemagne :*

Les conditions de nos voisins, explique cet exposé d'après le REICHSSANZEIGER, ne permettent plus de pareils affaiblissements (de l'infanterie au bénéfice de l'artillerie), et c'est pour cela que le projet prévoit un nouvel effectif. En outre, il prévoit l'élévation de l'effectif de l'infanterie et de la cavalerie en garnison sur

les frontières de l'Est et de l'Ouest, qui auraient, lors d'une déclaration de guerre, à franchir immédiatement les frontières pour s'opposer aux incursions ennemies, et cela sans attendre l'arrivée des réserves.

Le 15 juillet 1893, nouvelle loi militaire allemande. L'effectif des simples soldats, premiers soldats et caporaux est porté à 492.068 hommes. Le nombre des officiers est augmenté de 2.138 unités. Le total des effectifs atteint 557.728 hommes.

A partir de 1899 cette progression s'accroît encore.

Dans le journal le *Tag* du 9 décembre 1910, M. Erzberger, rapporteur du budget de la guerre au Reichstag, l'établit ainsi :

En 1899 : 495,910 hommes, sans les sous-officiers.

En 1905 : 505,693 d° d°

En 1911 : 515,321 d° d°

A ces chiffres, il faut donc ajouter, pour 1899 : 27.791 officiers et 82.582 sous-officiers; pour 1905 : 29.847 officiers et 87.071 sous-officiers; pour 1911 : 30.031 officiers et 89.446 sous-officiers.

En 1912, une loi crée deux corps d'armée nouveaux, et porte en même temps l'effectif de paix à 544.211 soldats, ce qui fait avec les volontaires d'un an 558.000 hommes, plus 95.000 sous-officiers, soit au total 653.000 hommes.

Enfin, au début de l'année 1913, le gouvernement allemand fait annoncer un dernier projet militaire encore plus grave et la *Gazette de l'Allemagne du*

Nord du 1^{er} mars 1913 laisse entendre qu'il faut qu'il soit voté avant la Pentecôte et exécuté avant le 1^{er} octobre.

Le 28 mars, le même journal officieux publie un résumé du projet, où se trouve le tableau suivant des effectifs proposés au Reichstag :

Soldats.	661.000
Sous-officiers	110.000
Officiers	32.000
Volontaires d'un an	15.000
Officiers assimilés et employés du cadre administratif . . .	48.000
Soit au total. . .	866.000

Et la *Gazette de l'Allemagne du Nord*, précisant le but de cette « mobilisation en pleine paix », dit :

Elle est nécessaire pour accroître les chances OFFENSIVES de l'armée, assurer facilement notre mobilisation et améliorer la valeur de nos réserves.

Dès le mois d'avril 1913, cette loi était votée et une contribution de guerre de *un milliard de marks* en assurait l'exécution.

Pendant ce temps, la France n'a modifié qu'à trois reprises son régime organique militaire, *et toujours en réponse* à une loi militaire allemande antérieure : en 1889, par l'établissement du service de trois ans, en 1905 par la *réduction* du service à deux ans (et

cela au moment des premières discussions avec l'Allemagne à propos du Maroc), et enfin le 7 août 1913, pour parer au péril que faisait courir à sa sécurité la récente et formidable augmentation de l'armée allemande (1).



L'alliance franco-russe.

Plusieurs hommes d'Etat et publicistes allemands ont, depuis quelques années, accusé la France d'avoir cherché, par son alliance avec la Russie, à s'assurer la possibilité de faire à l'Allemagne une guerre de revanche.

Cette accusation est injustifiée.

Les conditions dans lesquelles a été conclue cette alliance, le but qu'elle se proposait n'ont pas été seulement expliqués à plusieurs reprises par des voix autorisées en France et en Russie, mais en Allemagne même il a été officiellement et souvent déclaré qu'on n'y trouvait rien de contraire aux fins légitimes et avouées de la politique allemande.

L'alliance franco-russe est constituée par un ensemble d'accords et de conventions conclus par les deux

(1) Il n'a été question ici, pour abréger la démonstration, que des effectifs. Une comparaison et une table de concordance chronologique des armements allemands et français au point de vue du matériel, des armes, des chemins de fer, seraient encore plus saisissantes.

gouvernements intéressés de 1891 à 1894. M. Alexandre Ribot, signataire de la déclaration du 27 août 1891, qui forme la base de l'alliance, a exposé clairement l'objet de l'alliance : *le maintien de la paix en Europe*, avec obligation pour les deux contractants de se concerter chaque fois que la paix serait menacée (1).

Ce que les deux alliés demandaient seulement en retour, c'est que ce maintien de la paix européenne fût rendu possible par le maintien d'un *certain équilibre des forces en Europe*. De quel autre moyen pouvait-on disposer pour assurer à *toutes les nations* de l'Europe l'indépendance et la dignité nécessaires à leur évolution ligitime? Lorsqu'on se rappelle de quel poids pesait sur l'Europe, depuis 1871, la politique de M. de Bismarck, n'est-on pas obligé de convenir que l'alliance franco-russe n'était qu'une *précaution*, une *mesure de défense*, et non le symptôme d'intentions agressives?

* Il en était d'ailleurs tellement ainsi que dès les premiers mois qui suivirent l'accord franco-russe, l'Allemagne affecta de s'accommoder du nouvel ordre de choses.

Le 27 novembre 1891, répondant à une question de M. Bebel au sujet de la visite d'une escadre française à Cronstadt, le chancelier de Caprivi fit au Reichstag une déclaration significative à cet égard :

(1) Discours prononcé, le 6 avril 1911, au Sénat français par M. Alexandre Ribot. La date de l'accord diplomatique franco-russe et les conditions dans lesquelles il est né ont été indiquées par M. de Freycinet dans le deuxième volume de ses *Souvenirs*.

On s'est montré inquiet, dit-il, parce que la flotte d'un de nos voisins s'est rendue dans le port d'un autre de nos voisins, et parce qu'on l'a reçue amicalement et en lui donnant de grandes fêtes. On donne à entendre que pareille chose ne pouvait se passer que sous ce gouvernement. Eh bien ! je l'avoue, je ne sais pas ce que nous aurions pu faire pour empêcher que d'autres gens se donnent la main les uns aux autres. Nous n'avons aucun moyen d'empêcher cela. L'entrevue de Cronstadt a tout simplement rendu visible aux yeux du monde une situation qui existait depuis longtemps. La guerre s'est-elle rapprochée d'un pouce à la suite de l'entrevue de Cronstadt ? Je ne le crois pas. Je ne suis pas prophète. Il est possible que la guerre éclate, et que nous ayons à faire face à l'ennemi de deux côtés, mais que l'entrevue de Cronstadt donne lieu à des inquiétudes plus grandes que celles que l'on a eues jusqu'ici, je le conteste résolument. J'ai la conviction la plus ferme — ferme comme un roc — que les intentions personnelles de l'empereur de Russie sont les plus pacifiques du monde.

Cette conviction du général de Caprivi, on la retrouve, au cours des années qui suivirent, dans les paroles et dans les actes du gouvernement impérial.

Au mois d'août 1898, l'empereur Nicolas ayant convié tous les Etats à envoyer des délégués à une conférence chargée de rechercher les moyens de limiter les armements, le gouvernement allemand adhéra à cette généreuse proposition d'où devaient sortir les deux grandes conférences de la Haye de 1899 et de 1907.

Plus tard, le caractère pacifique de l'alliance franco-russe fut si bien apprécié en Allemagne que, même après la conclusion de cette alliance, des rapports confiants persistèrent entre les deux gouvernements russe et allemand ; que l'empereur Guillaume II, lors de ses voyages en Russie, se plaisait dans ses toasts à rendre hommage aux sentiments pacifiques de l'empereur Nicolas II, et affectait de rivaliser avec lui sur ce terrain humanitaire.

Un exemple récent montre d'ailleurs avec éloquence que l'alliance franco-russe ne pouvait être suspectée par le gouvernement allemand lui-même. d'opposer quelque obstacle que ce fût au développement de l'Allemagne en Europe et hors d'Europe :

Au mois de novembre 1910, au cours d'un voyage que l'empereur Nicolas II fit à Potsdam, les gouvernements russe et allemand arrêterent les termes d'un accord qui délimitait leurs zones respectives d'influence économique sur les empires de la Turquie d'Asie et de la Perse, et le chancelier de Bethmann-Hollweg, s'expliquant au Reichstag, le 10 décembre 1910, sur la portée de cet accord, put dire :

Le résultat à mentionner de cette entrevue (l'entrevue de Potsdam), c'est que les deux pays sont décidés à ne rien entreprendre qui les oppose l'un à l'autre...

... On a vu disparaître des occasions de malentendus qui existaient çà et là, et les antiques relations de confiance de la Russie et de l'Allemagne ont été affermies et fortifiées.

Comment le chancelier allemand, s'il n'avait eu connaissance du caractère pacifique de l'alliance franco-russe, aurait-il pu tenir un tel langage ?



La France et la Triple-Alliance.

Tout le monde connaît le groupement politique constitué par le prince de Bismarck et qui a pris dans l'histoire le nom de Triple-Alliance. D'après le texte publié du traité austro-allemand du 7 octobre 1879, et les déclarations des gouvernements intéressés, ce groupement avait pour but : le maintien du statut territorial de l'Europe établi en 1871 ; vraisemblablement certains engagements particuliers pris entre deux des contractants relativement à la péninsule des Balkans ; enfin l'obligation pour toutes les parties de se porter réciproquement au secours l'une de l'autre, au cas où une autre puissance viendrait à prendre une attitude agressive à l'égard de l'une d'elles.

Il s'agissait donc là, d'après les déclarations de l'Allemagne, *d'un pacte défensif*.

Malgré l'usage menaçant que l'Allemagne fit souvent de la Triple-Alliance, la France l'a toujours envisagée avec libéralisme et dans un large esprit de tolérance.

C'est pourquoi, dès 1896, la France concluait amicalement avec l'Italie triplicienne, une série d'accords réglant l'importante question des rapports.

économiques entre les deux pays et d'épineuses difficultés nées de l'établissement du protectorat français en Tunisie. Avec l'Autriche-Hongrie également, la France s'est à diverses reprises, parfaitement entendue sur des questions d'ordre politique ou financier non moins délicates.

On va voir que le gouvernement français ne s'est pas davantage refusé à des conversations et à des ententes susceptibles de donner satisfaction à des intérêts allemands, qu'il n'avait à apprécier qu'au point de vue des intérêts et des droits acquis de la France, et sous la seule réserve que les accords à intervenir lui laissassent la pleine indépendance de sa politique générale, de ses alliances et de ses amitiés, sauvegardes de la paix et de sa dignité.



La Politique mondiale allemande.

Un reproche que l'on retrouve souvent sous la plume des publicistes et dans la bouche des orateurs allemands, c'est celui-ci : la France a mis un obstacle systématique à l'expansion allemande dans le monde.

C'est là une allégation absolument injustifiée, aussi bien au point de vue économique qu'au point de vue colonial.

A.— Au point de vue économique, la France a eu

vis-à-vis de l'Allemagne une attitude toujours libérale, souvent même amicale.

Des centaines de milliers d'Allemands vivaient sur le territoire de la République (120.000 à Paris), et y occupaient des situations souvent très avantageuses dans le monde financier ou commercial. Il en était ainsi, malgré des inconvénients manifestes, même à la frontière de l'est : 40.000 Allemands gagnaient leur vie dans un seul des arrondissements du département de Meurthe-et-Moselle.

De nombreux sujets allemands et sociétés allemandes ont obtenu en France d'importantes concessions minières. Dans l'arrondissement de Briey seulement, la superficie totale de ces concessions s'élevait à 9.000 hectares environ ; en voici d'ailleurs, telle qu'elle a été établie par une publication technique allemande, la liste complète avec le nom des localités, la superficie et le nom des bénéficiaires de chacune d'elles :

JARNY : 812 hectares (Hoerde, Phoenix Haspe) ;
MURVILLE : 496 hectares (Aumetz-Friede) ; **SAINT-PIERREMONT** : 917 hectares (Gelsenkirchen) ; **ER-ROUVILLE** : 948 hectares (Lux-Bergwerke Saarbrücken Eisenhütten A. G.) ; **SERROUVILLE** : 720 hectares (Rumelinger und Sankt Ingberter Hochofen A. G.) ; **MOUTIERS** : 696 hectares (Deutsch-Lux-Bergwerks und Hütten A. G.) ; **VALLEROY** : 886 hectares (Roehling-Saarbrücken) ; **BELLEVUE** : 589 hectares (Lux. und Saarb. Eisenhütten A. G.) ; **BATILLY** : 688 hectares (Thyssen) ; **JOUAVILLE** : 1,031 hectares (Thyssen) ; **ANDERNY-CHEVILLON** : (?) (Thyssen) ; **CON-**

**FLANS : 820 hectares (Dillinger-Werke) ; LA MOUR-
RIÈRE : (?) (Sambre und Moselwerke).**

Le libéralisme avec lequel les autorités administratives françaises traitaient les concessionnaires allemands ne saurait être mieux démontré que par l'exemple suivant : au début du mois de juillet 1912, c'est-à-dire une année à peine après l'incident d'Agadir, la firme Thyssen obtenait l'autorisation d'établir, par-dessus la frontière, un chemin de fer aérien destiné à transporter le minerai extrait en territoire français dans une usine située en territoire allemand. Quel Français aurait eu la pensée de demander en Allemagne une faveur analogue ?

Mais voici un exemple plus frappant encore de l'esprit conciliant du gouvernement français à l'égard même des entreprises allemandes offrant, par certains côtés, un caractère politique :

Au commencement du mois de juillet 1910, une société allemande obtint l'autorisation d'établir à Brest un poste d'atterrissage pour un câble télégraphique sous-marin destiné à relier Brest à Emden. Cette autorisation se rattachait d'ailleurs à un ensemble de conventions relatives à des objets de même nature, et dont le *Berliner Tageblatt*, dans la première page de son édition du matin du 4 juillet, rendit compte à ses lecteurs dans les termes suivants :

La conclusion du traité relatif aux câbles franco-allemands est étroitement liée aux plans d'une nouvelle ligne franco-allemande entre Emden et Brest, qui doit

être exécutée l'an prochain, et dont l'établissement est chose décidée.

J'apprends de source certaine que l'Allemagne utilisera pour ces câbles la ligne qu'elle a achetée en 1889, Emden-Valentia, et qui a été mise hors de service en 1900, lorsque le premier câble transatlantique a commencé à fonctionner. Cette partie existante du câble allemand sera utilisée jusqu'au pas de Calais, et de là la France le prolongera jusqu'à Brest. Par ce câble Emden-Brest, deux stations internationales seront mises en connexion directe. Emden possède, comme on sait, deux câbles allant à New-York et passant par les Açores, un câble allant à Vigo, Ténériffe, Monrovia (République de Libéria), qui sera prolongé, au printemps de 1911, jusqu'à Pernambuco. Brest dispose à lui seul de deux câbles avec l'Amérique du Nord et d'un câble qui va à Dakar.

Le câble Emden-Brest fut mis en service à la fin du mois d'août 1911 — au moment même où la France était la plus fondée à se plaindre de la tournure prise par les négociations consécutives à l'envoi d'un bateau allemand à Agadir. Il ne fut coupé qu'au début de la guerre actuelle.

On a protesté bruyamment, à l'époque, en Allemagne contre les modifications et spécifications introduites en 1910 dans le tarif douanier français. Mais on oublie de dire à Berlin que ces modifications n'ont fait que suivre une réforme douanière bien autrement restrictive et protectionniste votée antérieurement par le Reichstag ; que, malgré tout, le commerce allemand d'importation en France n'a fait que s'accroître, et qu'en 1913 il a dépassé *huit cents millions de francs*.

B. — Au point du vue colonial, il n'est pas moins faux de prétendre que la France ait mis volontairement obstacle aux aspirations de l'Allemagne.

C'est le contraire qui est vrai.

On en trouve la preuve dans des documents et des faits émanant de l'Allemagne elle-même.

De 1871 jusqu'à l'avènement de Guillaume II, l'entente est pour ainsi dire ininterrompue entre Paris et Berlin sur le terrain colonial. Le prince de Bismarck, visiblement, s'efforce de détourner de la frontière de l'est l'attention douloureuse de la France. En Tunisie, en Egypte, au Tonkin, au Maroc, on retrouve unis les deux belligérants de la veille.

Dans son récent ouvrage sur la *Politique allemande*, l'ex-chancelier de Bülow parle en ces termes de cette entente :

En tout cas, écrit-il, l'activité coloniale de la France prouve la rapidité et l'intensité avec laquelle son esprit d'entreprise refléurit immédiatement après le cataclysme de 1870 pour tenter un relèvement national dans la direction qui restait ouverte et que l'Allemagne lui laissa ouverte **A DESSEIN** en Tunisie comme au Tonkin (1).

Sur la question marocaine elle-même, dont l'Allemagne devait faire plus tard un sujet de si vives récriminations contre la France et sur laquelle nous reviendrons, l'accord entre les deux diplomaties n'est pas moins parfait à l'époque bismarckienne.

(1). Page 98 de l'édition française, revue et corrigée par l'auteur lui-même.

Au printemps de 1880, une conférence doit se réunir à Madrid, pour régler la question de la protection consulaire et diplomatique dans l'Empire chérifien. Le comte de Saint-Vallier, ambassadeur de France à Berlin, mande à M. de Freycinet, ministre des Affaires étrangères :

Berlin, le 23 avril 1880.

Le prince de Hohenlohe m'a dit être spécialement chargé de me déclarer que, l'Allemagne n'ayant point d'intérêts au Maroc, son délégué aurait l'instruction de régler son attitude d'après celle de son collègue de France ; des ordres en ce sens vont être envoyés au comte de Solms.

SAINT-VALLIER (1)

En 1882, M. de Bismarck donne son approbation à une action militaire commune de la France et de l'Angleterre sur le canal de Suez. En retour, le représentant de la France auprès du Khédive appuie la demande formulée dans une note du 11 décembre 1884 par l'Allemagne et la Russie et tendant à obtenir la nomination d'un délégué allemand et d'un délégué russe à la Commission de la Caisse de la Dette égyptienne.

A la conférence qui règle à Berlin, en 1885, le statut des grands fleuves africains et détermine le bassin conventionnel du Congo, l'accord des deux

(1). Pièce n° 18 du *Livre jaune* intitulé : *Question de la protection diplomatique et consulaire au Maroc.*

diplomatie française et allemande s'affirme encore. L'expédition française au Tonkin ne soulève pas davantage d'objections du côté allemand.

Jusqu'à la démission du prince de Bismarck, l'Allemagne officielle affecte de dédaigner les acquisitions territoriales hors d'Europe, et d'abandonner ces conquêtes à la France. M. de Bismarck dit : « Il faut laisser le sable africain à gratter au coq gaulois ».

Ce n'est que quelques années après l'avènement de Guillaume II, que les tendances générales de la politique allemande se modifient. Le vote de la première grande loi navale obtenu du Reichstag en 1893, l'ère de la politique mondiale s'ouvre : « Notre avenir est sur l'eau, dit l'empereur ».

Cependant pas plus à partir de ce moment qu'antérieurement, la France ne manifeste d'hostilité contre les projets de l'Allemagne. Elle en favorise au contraire à plusieurs reprises la réalisation. Exemples :

1° En 1895, elle agit de concert avec l'Allemagne et avec la Russie pour empêcher un démembrement de la Chine par le Japon, et la flotte française de l'amiral de Beaumont croise dans les eaux chinoises, *pour une action éventuelle commune*, en même temps que la flotte allemande; 2° En 1900, à la suite de l'insurrection des Boxers et de l'assassinat du baron de Ketteler, ministre d'Allemagne à Pékin, une intervention armée des Etats européens est décidée; non seulement la France accepte d'y collaborer en accord avec la chancellerie impériale, mais encore elle consent que le corps expéditionnaire international soit

placé sous le commandement du maréchal de Waldersée.

Au cours de cette même année 1900 s'ouvre à Paris cette Exposition universelle qui consacre aux yeux du monde le relèvement pacifique de la France. L'Allemagne y a été invitée et y participe officiellement dans des conditions particulièrement flatteuses pour son amour-propre. L'emplacement qui lui avait été réservé lui permet d'édifier un palais assez vaste pour que quatre salles soient consacrées à Frédéric le Grand. L'inauguration a lieu le 15 mai. « Après la visite du palais, raconte le *Temps* du 17 mai, visite au cours de laquelle une musique a joué l'hymne national allemand et la *Marseillaise*, les invités ont pris part à un lunch, au buffet qui avait été installé au rez-de-chaussée. »

Est-ce là le fait d'un peuple systématiquement hostile à l'Allemagne ?

La *Gazette de Cologne* elle-même, si peu bienveillante pourtant à l'égard de la France, ne le pensait alors pas :

Maintenant, écrivait-elle, que les pertes de la France sont plus que compensées par les riches acquisitions dans d'autres parties du monde, les citoyens se rendent compte peu à peu que, dans la situation internationale, elle n'a pas besoin de vivre en perpétuelle mésintelligence avec sa voisine, l'Allemagne. C'est pourquoi l'empire allemand est de nouveau représenté à l'Exposition actuelle et que des milliers d'Allemands s'apprêtent à rendre visite à cette fête de la paix...

Quelques mots du Maroc.

Nous avons vu plus haut comment, dès 1880, l'Allemagne, spontanément, avait reconnu le caractère spécial des intérêts français au Maroc.

A la suite d'accords successifs intervenus entre l'Angleterre et la France en 1890, 1898 et 1899, l'ancienne rivalité qui avait séparé ces deux pays avait perdu en Afrique plusieurs de ses causes principales. Pour arriver à l'entente complète, il restait à régler le sort de deux contrées : l'Egypte et le Maroc.

Ce fut l'objet des conventions signées à Londres le 8 avril 1904. Leurs clauses essentielles peuvent se résumer ainsi : sous certaines réserves d'ordre économique, la France acceptait l'état de fait créé en Egypte par l'occupation anglaise ; l'Angleterre, par contre, laissait les mains libres à la France au Maroc.

L'Allemagne, à cette époque, n'avait aucun intérêt spécial au Maroc ; son commerce y atteignait à peine 9 % de l'ensemble du commerce de l'empire chérifien (1).

(1) Voici quels étaient, pour l'année 1901, et pour les huit ports ouverts, les chiffres des importations et exportations des divers pays.

Importations		Exportations	
France.....	13.001.781		5.275.697
Angleterre.....	23.555.556		9 484.388
Espagne.....	624.703		8.821.731
Autriche.....	1.069.539	Egypte.....	1.703.732
Belgique.....	2.215.338	Etats-Unis.....	2.745.772
Allemagne.....	3.442.842	Allemagne.....	2.986.676
Italie.....	132.999	Italie.....	1.315.878
Pays-Bas.....	61.600	Tripoli et Turquie..	30.904
Portugal.....	4.725	Portugal.....	429 840
Totaux...	44.109.083		32.794.618

La France, au contraire, avait avec le Maroc une frontière commune, non délimitée depuis 1845, de plus de mille kilomètres; un droit de poursuite sur le territoire marocain; mais, surtout, le voisinage d'un foyer de fanatisme, dangereux en raison du nombre des indigènes algériens, créait au gouvernement le devoir de s'entendre avec le gouvernement britannique sur la question marocaine.

Cette situation particulière de la France était tellement évidente qu'au lendemain de la publication des accords franco-anglais, le chancelier de Bülow la reconnut lui-même, le 12 avril 1904, au Reichstag dans des termes dont voici la traduction littérale *in extenso* :

Nous n'avons, dit M. de Bulow, aucune raison de croire que l'accord franco-anglais montre les cornes à aucune autre puissance. Ce qui paraît exister, c'est la tentative de supprimer les différends qui existent entre la France et l'Angleterre par le moyen d'un accommodement à l'amiable. Là contre, nous n'avons rien à objecter au point de vue des intérêts allemands.

En ce qui concerne la partle capitale de cet accord, c'est-à-dire le Maroc, nos intérêts dans ce pays, comme en général dans la Méditerranée, sont d'ordre principalement économique. Nous avons, nous aussi, grand intérêt à ce que l'ordre et la paix règnent dans ce pays. D'autre part, nous n'avons aucun motif de craindre que nos intérêts économiques soient mis à l'écart ou reçoivent une atteinte du fait d'une puissance quelconque.

Mais à la suite d'une campagne de la presse pan-

germaniste, qui représentait le règlement franco-anglais comme une tentative d'encerclement de l'Allemagne, l'attitude du gouvernement impérial se modifia.

Il était d'une évidence aveuglante que ce prétendu encerclement n'existait que dans l'imagination des polémistes : la France avait réglé avec l'Angleterre une question franco-anglaise. Pourquoi aurait-elle appelé l'Allemagne à ce règlement ? Si elle l'avait fait, n'aurait-elle pas aliéné l'indépendance de sa politique extérieure ? Enfin, quelle aurait été, au regard de l'histoire comme devant l'opinion de leur pays, la position des hommes d'Etat français qui auraient recherché, pour régler une question nationale aussi essentielle, l'autorisation préalable du cabinet impérial ?

Cependant, l'Allemagne étant peu à peu revenue sur le point de vue exposé le 12 avril 1904 par M. de Bülow, la France accepta une conférence européenne des signataires de la convention de Madrid pour un nouvel examen de la question marocaine.

Seulement, la thèse française était si juste, la situation particulière de la France par rapport à l'empire chérifien offrait un tel caractère d'évidence, que le gouvernement allemand dut accepter, comme condition de la conférence, la reconnaissance préalable de cette situation.

C'est ce qu'établit péremptoirement la lettre suivante qui constate l'accord intervenu à ce sujet :

**M. Rouvier, Président du Conseil, Ministre des
Affaires étrangères, à S. E. S. le prince
Radolin, amassadeur d'Allemagne à Paris.**

Paris, 8 juillet 1905.

Le Gouvernement de la République s'est convaincu, par les conversations qui ont eu lieu entre les représentants des deux pays, tant à Paris qu'à Berlin, que le Gouvernement impérial ne poursuivrait, à la conférence proposée par le sultan du Maroc, aucun but qui compromît les légitimes intérêts de la France dans ce pays ou qui fût contraire aux droits de la France résultant de ses traités ou arrangements et en harmonie avec les principes suivants :

Souveraineté et indépendance du sultan ;

Intégrité de son empire ;

Liberté économique, sans aucune inégalité ;

Utilité de réformes de police et de réformes financières dont l'introduction serait réglée, pour une courte durée, par voie d'accord international ;

Reconnaissance de la situation faite à la France au Maroc, par la contiguïté, sur une vaste étendue, de l'Algérie et de l'Empire chérifien, et par les relations particulières qui en résultent entre les deux pays limitrophes, ainsi que par l'intérêt spécial qui s'ensuit pour la France à ce que l'ordre règne dans l'Empire chérifien.

En conséquence, le Gouvernement de la République laisse tomber ses objections premières contre la conférence et accepte de s'y rendre.

La France a d'ailleurs donné, toujours à propos du Maroc, d'autres preuves de l'esprit conciliant avec lequel elle envisageait l'expansion allemande : en 1909,

elle s'est engagée à encourager et à aider officiellement les associations d'entrepreneurs français et allemands, et les essais loyaux qu'elle fit pour appliquer l'accord intervenu à ce sujet n'ayant pas, par suite des tendances de la diplomatie allemande à donner un caractère politique à ces essais (1), abouti à des résultats satisfaisants, elle consentit en 1911, après une intervention injustifiée, à indemniser l'Allemagne du manque à gagner imaginaire dont elle se plaignait. De vastes et riches territoires, pris sur le Congo français, et dont deux pointes aboutissent au fleuve Congo, vinrent s'agglomérer à la colonie allemande du Cameroun.

Il serait oiseux de rappeler les détails, connus de tous, des négociations qui aboutirent à cette cession, et quelles inquiétudes elles jetèrent en Europe.

Mais n'est-on pas en droit de conclure que la France n'a jamais apporté de parti pris hostile dans les négociations qu'elle a engagées avec l'Allemagne sur le terrain colonial ?

(1) Exemple : le gouvernement allemand demandait non seulement que la construction des chemins de fer marocains fût exécutée par des entreprises où les Allemands seraient intéressés, ce qui était conforme aux accords, mais encore qu'une portion du personnel de ces chemins de fer, proportionnelle au capital allemand, fût choisie parmi des Allemands, ce qui revenait à mettre un grand service public sous un contrôle étranger.

En Turquie d'Asie.

Personne n'ignore que l'Allemagne a toujours poursuivi le dessein « d'ouvrir à la civilisation » et de coloniser la région de l'Asie qui fait partie de l'Empire ottoman. Il y a toute une littérature allemande sur les « droits » de l'Allemagne — droits ethniques, politiques, économiques — en Asie Mineure.

Malgré son rôle glorieux dans le passé de l'Orient, la France n'a jamais cherché à empêcher l'Allemagne d'y développer ses intérêts. Le gouvernement français s'est seulement attaché, comme c'était son devoir, à sauvegarder les droits acquis de la France, et à s'opposer à *ce que les forces financières françaises, par des liaisons d'intérêts compromettantes, pussent servir des fins politiques allemandes contraires aux intérêts essentiels français.*

Telle a été sa ligne de conduite, notamment dans la fameuse affaire du « chemin de fer de Bagdad ».

Ce point de vue était d'ailleurs d'une telle justesse, et la bonne volonté de la France à s'entendre, sur le terrain de la politique mondiale, avec l'Allemagne, si évidente, que, *quelques mois avant la guerre actuelle, un accord était intervenu entre les deux pays précisément au sujet de cette question des chemins de fer de la Turquie d'Asie.*

Les négociations avaient commencé à Paris, après la première guerre balkanique.

La Turquie avait cédé une grande partie de ses ter-

ritoires européens aux Etats des Balkans; par suite une notable portion des « revenus concédés » disparaissait. Comme un tantième des excédents de ces revenus servait de gage à la garantie d'intérêt accordée au chemin de fer de Bagdad, un règlement nouveau s'imposait; des ressources nouvelles devenaient nécessaires. L'élévation du tarif des douanes de l'empire ottoman était proposée. Mais cette élévation devant être acceptée par toutes les puissances bénéficiaires des capitulations ou de traités spéciaux, le consentement de la France devait être obtenu.

Le gouvernement français mit toute la bonne volonté possible à engager la conversation : des sociétés françaises étant concessionnaires d'un réseau ferré dans le nord de l'Asie Mineure et en Syrie, il demandait seulement qu'en retour d'avantages nouveaux et de la consolidation d'avantages anciens accordés à la société de la « Bagdadbahn », des avantages, notamment sous forme de lignes de raccordements, fussent consentis aux sociétés françaises par les groupes allemands.

Une première convention étant intervenue le 4 septembre 1913 entre groupes français et allemands, mais n'ayant pas été jugée satisfaisante, les négociations reprirent.

Ces négociations aboutirent à un accord franco-allemand qui fut paraphé le 15 février 1914 par les représentants des deux gouvernements.

Il devait être rendu exécutoire dès que des négociations connexes à la même question auraient abouti

entre la France et la Turquie, entre l'Angleterre et l'Allemagne, etc.

La presse et l'opinion allemandes exprimèrent leur satisfaction de l'accord intervenu.

Comment peut-on dire de bonne foi, du côté allemand, que la France gênait intentionnellement l'expansion de l'Allemagne dans le monde ?



La « place au soleil ».

La vérité c'est que depuis trente ans, et surtout depuis 1893, un parti colonial s'est développé en Allemagne qui a compté sur l'armée allemande pour exiger, par la menace et au besoin à coups de canon, *un empire colonial qui fût à la dimension de la puissance allemande.*

« Nous n'avons pas la politique de notre force, disait ce parti. » Et les pangermanistes lui faisaient écho.

Il y a, dans l'histoire de l'Allemagne, une disgrâce : c'est qu'elle est arrivée trop tard dans le partage du monde.

Mais de cette disgrâce, est-ce que la France peut être rendue responsable ?

La prétention de l'Allemagne de vouloir réparer le temps perdu au détriment de l'empire colonial de la France ne choque donc pas seulement les notions les

plus élémentaires du droit ; *elle menacerait encore, si elle pouvait jamais triompher, la situation de tous les Etats, comme le Portugal, la Hollande ou la Belgique, dont les possessions coloniales seraient estimées par les hommes d'Etat ou les publicistes allemands disproportionnées avec leur volume de puissance en Europe.*

Vainement, pourrait-on objecter en Allemagne que des cessions de territoires coloniaux ont été autrefois obtenues par la force au détriment de certains Etats et au profit de certains autres.

En quoi consisterait donc le progrès de la morale et de la civilisation, sinon à substituer le régime du droit à celui de la spoliation à main armée ? Comment ne pas reconnaître que ce progrès suppose une sorte de *prescription historique*, mère de la paix internationale, comme la prescription du droit civil privé est la mère de la propriété et de la sécurité au sein des nations ?

Il n'est donc pas douteux qu'en projetant de s'approprier une partie du domaine extraeuropéen de la France, l'Allemagne a sciemment obéi à un mobile contraire au droit des nations, à la morale et à la civilisation. Et il lui est impossible de nier aujourd'hui qu'un tel mobile n'ait été parmi ceux qui l'ont poussée à une guerre d'agression. Le rapport fait par sir E. Goschen, ambassadeur britannique à Berlin, d'un entretien qu'il eut le 29 juillet 1914 avec le chancelier de Bethmann-Hollweg ne laisse aucun doute à cet égard.

Si la neutralité de la Grande-Bretagne était assurée, son Gouvernement recevrait toutes les assurances que le Gouvernement impérial n'avait pour but aucune acquisition territoriale aux frais de la France, en supposant que la guerre s'ensuivît et qu'elle se terminât à l'avantage de l'Allemagne.

J'ai posé, continue Sir E. Goschen, à Son Excellence une question au sujet des colonies françaises. Il me répondit qu'il ne pouvait s'engager d'une manière semblable à cet égard (1).

L'Angleterre s'est honorée, en refusant le marché immoral et contraire au droit qui lui était proposé.



A propos de la " Culture allemande ".

Dans le manifeste signé par 93 « notabilités de la science et de l'art allemands », le militarisme allemand est représenté comme le bouclier nécessaire de la « culture germanique ». La France, laissent donc entendre ces mêmes notabilités, nourrirait des desseins hostiles à cette « culture ».

Une pareille accusation fera sourire tous les étrangers qui se sont tenus au courant du mouvement intellectuel de la France.

Est-il utile de rappeler que les savants, les littérateurs et les artistes français ont, depuis des siècles,

(1) *Livre bleu* anglais, pièce n° 85.

tenu à honneur d'étudier les productions de l'Allemagne et de leur rendre hommage. Leibnitz, Goëthe, Schiller, Kant, tous les poètes et tous les philosophes de l'Allemagne ont trouvé en France des commentateurs et des admirateurs si nombreux qu'ils furent accusés souvent d'avoir créé un snobisme germanophile.

Depuis l'année 1824, au cours de laquelle Habeneck, un bon Français d'Hazebrouck, fit connaître la sixième symphonie de Beethoven, la musique allemande a trouvé, à Paris d'abord, puis dans toute la province, des interprètes et des auditeurs non seulement fervents, mais fanatiques et exclusivistes.

La guerre de 1870, le démembrement de la France, ont à peine interrompu ce mouvement vers la « culture » allemande. Dès 1875, des notabilités françaises, comme le marquis de Chambrun, M. Catulle Mendès, assistaient aux représentations de Bayreuth, les faisaient connaître en France et y attiraient un public français de plus en plus nombreux. Les opéras de Wagner — malgré une brochure injurieuse publiée par le musicien, en 1871, contre la France — ont été montés et applaudis à Paris, depuis 1887, d'innombrables fois. Le 2 janvier 1914, l'Opéra représentait le *Parsifal* devant une salle où se trouvait réunie l'élite de la société parisienne. M. Richard Strauss, compositeur, M. Weingartner, chef d'orchestre, justement estimés d'ailleurs en Allemagne, ont reçu en France le plus flatteur accueil et ont été décorés de l'ordre national de la Légion d'honneur.

Tous les étrangers qui ont séjourné à Paris peuvent encore témoigner que les programmes de nos grands concerts symphoniques, aussi bien que ceux de nos séances de musique de chambre, sont composés, en grande partie, d'œuvres allemandes.

Quant à la philosophie et à la science allemandes, elles ont tenu, en France, depuis trente ans, une grande place dans l'enseignement. Les romanistes Jaehring et Mommsen, le psychologue Wundt, le médecin Wirchow et tant d'autres, qu'il serait fastidieux de nommer, ont été traduits, commentés et... imités. Des auteurs dramatiques, comme M. Sudermann ou M. Gerhardt Hauptmann, ont vu leurs œuvres consacrées par des succès parisiens.

D'autre part, la jeunesse studieuse de l'Allemagne a toujours reçu en France le plus large et le plus amical accueil. Certaines universités ont même fait aux étudiants allemands des avantages spéciaux : celle de Grenoble par exemple, qui en comptait plusieurs centaines et dont le docteur Paul von Salvisberg, directeur des *Hochschulnachrichten*, a pu écrire :

Depuis de nombreuses années, l'Université de Grenoble a pris des dispositions avantageuses pour permettre particulièrement aux juristes allemands de se livrer à l'étude des langues sans interrompre pour cela l'étude du droit. Les Conseils universitaires allemands sont d'accord avec cette combinaison et ils permettent de compter les semestres passés à Grenoble dans des conditions déterminées. A Grenoble même, l'Université s'applique à offrir aux étudiants étrangers de nombreux agréments. Un Comité de patronage des

étudiants étrangers s'est mis à leur disposition pour leur faciliter leurs études, leur fournir l'occasion de visiter les curiosités de la ville, de faire des excursions dans les merveilleuses montagnes du Dauphiné, et pour leur assurer des prix de faveur et d'autres avantages. Dans les Universités allemandes, il n'y a rien de semblable.

Comment les intellectuels de l'Allemagne peuvent-ils affecter de croire que, sans l'appui d'une armée d'un million de soldats, la « culture » allemande pourrait être menacée par la France ?

M. Ed. Chapuisat, un Suisse éminent, dont l'impartialité ne pourra pas être soupçonnée, a donc pu répondre aux « intellectuels » allemands :

En ce qui concerne la France, je vous l'affirme, vous tombez dans une erreur assez amusante. Jamais la France ne fit autant d'efforts, d'efforts loyaux, désintéressés, pour comprendre vos diverses attitudes philosophiques, ou vos conceptions historiques. Prenez, je vous prie, le sommaire des thèses de Facultés de ces dix dernières années, et dites-moi si, au contraire, la jeunesse française cultivée, avec son intelligence souvent brillante et toujours perspicace, n'a pas scruté l'âme de vos penseurs avec une méthode et une lucidité que la jeunesse allemande peut lui envier.



La France et Guillaume II.

Ce n'est pas seulement dans l'histoire des rapports normaux et administratifs entre gouvernements français et allemand que l'on peut trouver d'innombrables preuves de l'esprit conciliant de la France.

A l'égard même du souverain allemand, de ses initiatives personnelles et de ses interventions, l'opinion et le gouvernement français n'ont jamais manifesté cette hostilité dont on a parlé en Allemagne.

C'est le contraire, ici encore, qui est la vérité.

En 1890, l'empereur Guillaume II proposa la réunion à Berlin d'une conférence internationale ayant pour objet l'examen de certaines questions ouvrières.

La France accepta, et s'employa amicalement à faire renoncer le gouvernement fédéral suisse à une proposition semblable qu'il avait antérieurement lancée.

A cette conférence, la France délégua ses spécialistes les plus éminents, notamment M. Jules Simon, ancien ministre, dont les travaux de sociologie faisaient universellement autorité. M. Jules Simon, dans un article qui parut le 1^{er} août 1894 dans la *Revue de Paris*, s'exprima sur le compte de l'empereur dans les termes les plus aimables.

Au cours de cette conférence, un événement sensationnel survint. Le prince de Bismarck, à la suite de dissentiments avec l'empereur, dont tout le monde

se rappelle les éclats, donna sa démission de chancelier. Il se produisit alors un incident qui montre bien la correction de l'attitude de la France.

Quelques jours avant la conférence, M. de Bismarck proposa à l'ambassadeur de France à Berlin de faire échouer l'initiative de son maître en déclinant l'invitation. L'ambassadeur ayant refusé, M. de Bismarck revint quelques jours après demander que la France envoyât comme délégués quelques-uns de ses plus fins juriconsultes et « débaters » avec mandat de faire échouer et avorter les discussions par d'insidieuses embûches. Il ne tenait qu'à la France de dénoncer au monde la bassesse de son ennemi de 1870 et d'infliger une humiliation au jeune empereur. Non seulement, M. de Bismarck fut éconduit, mais l'incident ne fut jamais rendu public par le gouvernement français⁽¹⁾.

Cinq ans après, en 1895, l'empereur Guillaume II, voulant donner à l'inauguration du canal de Kiel une solennité inusitée, invita les flottes de toutes les puissances à y participer. La France envoya une escadre, sous les ordres de l'amiral Ménard.

Or, cette même année, et tandis que les flottes allemande et française croisaient de conserve dans les eaux d'Extrême-Orient, en vue d'une action com-

(1) V. *L'Allemagne et la France en Europe* par P. Albin, p. 193. Les faits rapportés dans ce passage de l'ouvrage n'ont jamais été démentis en Allemagne. Les manœuvres de Bismarck contre la Conférence et contre Guillaume II ont ailleurs été racontées par le prince Clovis de Hohenlohe dans ses *Mémoires*.

mune ⁽¹⁾, l'Allemagne officielle, sur l'ordre de son empereur, célébrait avec une publicité bruyante et une répétition obsédante l'anniversaire des défaites françaises en 1870. Ces célébrations avaient même pris une allure si offensante et tapageuse que l'ambassadeur de France et le personnel diplomatique et consulaire français en Allemagne étaient obligés de se confiner dans leurs résidences.

Le 27 janvier 1896, fête anniversaire de la naissance de l'empereur Guillaume II, une représentation de gala donnée à l'Opéra de Berlin célébra de nouveau les victoires de 1870. Le tableau apothéose final figurait l'entrée des troupes prussiennes à Paris; on y voyait un immense aigle impérial allemand s'acharnant à coups de bec sur un aigle impérial français, dont les plumes arrachées allaient se répandre dans la salle où se trouvait par obligation professionnelle, en sa qualité de doyen du corps diplomatique, l'ambassadeur de France.

Tout le monde sait d'ailleurs que, quelle que fût la situation internationale, quel que fût l'état des rapports avec la France, l'Allemagne officielle comme le public allemand ont toujours fêté avec le même éclat bruyant le *Sedantag*, ou jour anniversaire de la capitulation de l'armée française à Sedan (2 septembre 1870).

Est-il besoin d'ajouter que jamais, en France, on a eu même la pensée de commémorer ainsi l'une quel-

(1) V. plus haut, p. 30.

conquête des nombreuses défaites infligées à la Prusse par la France au cours des guerres de la Révolution et de l'Empire ?

L'empereur Guillaume II est personnellement intervenu, à plusieurs reprises, soit directement, soit par d'obligeants intermédiaires, pour obtenir la participation d'artistes français à des Expositions de beaux-arts en Allemagne. L'accueil le plus courtois a toujours été réservé à ces initiatives, et tous les étrangers qui ont visité nos Salons de peinture des Champs-Élysées peuvent témoigner de la large hospitalité qu'y ont toujours rencontrée ces artistes allemands dont quelques-uns approuvent aujourd'hui la destruction de la cathédrale de Reims ou de l'hôtel de ville d'Arras.

A l'égard même des membres de la famille impériale qui ont manifesté les sentiments les plus hostiles envers la France, l'attitude du gouvernement français a toujours été non seulement correcte, mais courtoise et aimable. C'est ainsi qu'au mois de mai 1905, une délégation composée d'officiers, et à la tête de laquelle avait été placé le général de Lacroix, fut envoyée à Berlin pour représenter la France aux fêtes données à l'occasion du mariage du Kronprinz avec la duchesse Cécile de Mecklembourg-Schwerin. Et ces fêtes suivies de quelques mois seulement la visite faite à Tanger par Guillaume II, pour inaugurer la politique de menace qui devait aboutir au « coup » d'Agadir et à la guerre actuelle !

L'année dernière encore, le colonel von Winterfeldt, attaché militaire à l'ambassade d'Allemagne à Paris, ayant été victime d'un accident d'automobile aux manœuvres d'automne de l'armée française fut l'objet, à Grisolles (Haute-Garonne), où il avait été transporté, de soins si dévoués et d'attentions si délicates que l'empereur Guillaume II récompensa à deux reprises un certain nombre de personnalités françaises en leur attribuant des distinctions honorifiques. Le colonel von Winterfeldt, lui-même, reçut, le 26 juin 1914, du Gouvernement français la croix de Commandeur de la Légion l'honneur.

En résumé, depuis quarante-trois ans, dans ses rapports avec l'Allemagne, la France n'a cessé de faire preuve d'un esprit conciliant et sincèrement pacifique :

Malgré l'abus de la force dont elle avait été victime en 1871, elle a toujours exécuté loyalement, dans son esprit et dans sa lettre, ce traité de Francfort qui lui avait arraché deux provinces ;

Elle n'a accru sa puissance militaire que dans la mesure où cet accroissement était nécessité par sa défense et toujours à la suite d'un nouvel et préalable accroissement de la puissance militaire de l'Allemagne ;

Elle n'a conclu d'alliance ou lié d'amitiés que dans le but de lutter contre la tendance à l'hégémonie de l'Alle-

magne, et en vue d'assurer en Europe un état de paix et d'équilibre qui garantit à elle-même comme à toutes les nations, grandes ou petites, l'exercice de ces droits primordiaux qui ne se mesurent ni à la superficie, ni au chiffre de la population ;

Elle n'a jamais mis d'obstacle systématique à l'expansion allemande dans le monde ; elle le prouvait quelques mois encore avant la guerre en signant à Berlin un accord relatif à la Turquie d'Asie ;

Elle a été accueillante, sur son territoire, aux Allemands comme à tous les autres étrangers, et il est puéril d'affecter de croire que la « culture allemande » fût menacée par elle ;

Dans tous les incidents qu'a pu faire naître son voisinage avec l'Allemagne, c'est de son côté qu'on a trouvé l'esprit de conciliation.

La France attend avec sérénité le jugement de l'Histoire.

L'Histoire dira que pendant quarante-trois ans, par sa patience, par sa confiance dans le Droit seul pour lui accorder les « réparations légitimes », la France a bien mérité de l'Humanité.



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